VIRGINIA BAPTIST MINISTERS

George Braxton Taylor

THIRD SERIES

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VIRGINIA BAPTIST MINISTERS

THIRD SERIES

BY

GEORGE BRAXTON TAYLOR

Professor and Resident Chaplain Hollins College
Pastor of the "Hollins Field"
and author of
"Life and Letters of Rev. George Boardman Taylor, D. D."

WITH A FOREWORD

BY

REV. WM. E. HATCHER, D. D.

1912
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TO

MY WIFE

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THE FOREWORD

I count it an honor, indeed, to hold a modest relation with this book which in a little while is to be presented to the public. It is mine to introduce this volume to the Baptists of Virginia. It is one of a continuous series of biographical records of Baptist ministers of Virginia, who have finished their work and entered into rest. It ought to be recalled that previous volumes of the series appeared years ago, and finished their task up to the year 1860. It was the wish of the Virginia Baptists, expressed in their late annual meeting at Norfolk, that the present volume should cover all the last forty years of the nineteenth century. But the author has found that if he should undertake in any adequate way to embody biographical sketches of all Baptist ministers who died in Virginia during that period of time, it would make a volume too large for companionship with the volumes which have gone before. The author of this book, soon to be published, expresses the hope that some other writer will take up the story at the point where he ends, and bring it up, at least, to the year 1910. But it can be safely said that the public will insist that the honored and great-hearted gentleman who is preparing the present volume may be persuaded to bring out the other volume as soon as he may find it consistent with the cares of his rich and busy life to do so.

There is need of congratulation on every hand that Dr. George Braxton Taylor, out of the magnanimity of his soul, is just finishing the volume which these brief paragraphs are intended to present to the Baptist Brotherhood of Virginia. Dr. Taylor possesses varied and versatile gifts, is scholarly by instinct, by progressive study, and by a rare mastery of details. It was with

serious hesitation that he accepted this task, for his life is full of engrossing cares, and he was in doubt as to the wisdom of further multiplying his burdens; but he is timid only when he measures his own abilities, never timid in the presence of duties which his brethren with loving authority lay upon him. His name assures us of discriminating and appreciative service.

I greatly wish that it were a part of my power to enlist our Baptist brethren in the State generally in these historical sketches of our Baptist fathers. While the period covered by this volume does not glow with the romance and pathos of colonial and revolutionary period, it does deal with another war wondrously rich in deeds of sacrifice and heroism, which constitute no mean part of Southern history. It is no secret that, while it is conceded by all that this work ought to be done, it is also true that there is no financial income to be realized from the sale of the work. It had as well be candidly said that the book has to be published largely by the voluntary gifts of generous brethren, and by the sale of the publication itself. Let the hearts of our people warm generously toward this undertaking, and give to it such kindly coöperation as will not only insure for it an extended circulation, but secure for the book such consideration as will be in proportion to its genuine historical worth.

Wm. E. Hatcher.

Fork Union, Va., July 3, 1912.

PREFACE

Biography is a form of literature that has not enjoyed the popularity it deserves. Every life, if fully known, is interesting and instructive. While all men are not what the world calls great, many have had the greatness of goodness. In the Virginia Baptist ministry not a few great men have filled prominent places with distinction, and there have been in its ranks very many not known to the world, who have lived and labored in our rural districts, whose ability, piety, and consecration have been of a high order. The country pastor among Virginia Baptists, while not commanding a large salary, has usually wielded a wide influence, and had the love of his churches. Strong ties of affection and esteem have bound together in finest fellowship our city and country pastors. In this volume come side by side the stories of prominent pastors, and of those who have labored in humbler spheres. Surely to be one of such a brotherhood, as the Virginia Baptist ministry, is at once a privilege and a blessing.

Since the publication of the first and second series of the "Lives of Virginia Baptist Ministers" the denomination has grown in numbers, and likewise its ministry. While we are more careful in preserving our history than formerly we were, it was not until in the seventies that the Minutes of the General Association began to give place to regular obituary notices of deceased ministers, but these records still are not always complete and full. So far as has been possible, the files of the *Religious Herald,* the minutes of district associations, and private correspondence have been resorted to for information. Yet, doubtless, the record of many worthy ministers, who have passed to their reward in the period

covered by this volume, does not appear in these pages. To some extent this deficiency might have been avoided had there been time for extended research in the room of the Virginia Baptist Historical Society, but since this volume has been prepared at Hollins, among the mountains, and not at Richmond, on the James, and in the midst of the claims of the pastor's work and a teacher's chair, such extended investigation has not been possible. A partial file of the *Herald* and of associational minutes, together with letters and other family records and published volumes, supplemented with occasional visits to the Historical Society room, at Richmond College, have constituted the basis for this book.

It is impossible to give the names of all who have helped me in this work. Besides the committee appointed by the General Association, consisting of Dr. W. F. Dunaway, Dr. A. Bagby, Dr. J. M. Pilcher, Dr. Geo. W. Beale, and Hon. W. W. Moffett, and those whose subscriptions for the book have made its publication possible, there are many whose assistance has been invaluable. To name all were impossible. Perhaps, however, it is not invidious to mention some who have helped. My collection of *Heralds* and minutes was greatly enlarged by Rev. Dr. H. C. Smith, and Miss Addie Brown, of Christiansburg; Miss M. L. Cocke, Miss Ella Lowman, Mrs. Sallie Walrond, and Mr. Jno. O. Myers, of Hollins; Mrs. John Gilliam, of Prince Edward County, and Mr. S. R. Twyman, of Buckingham County. No less valuable coöperation has come from Rev. Dr. E. W. Winfrey, Culpeper; Rev. Dr. C. H. Ryland, Richmond; Rev. W. J. Decker, Lahore; Rev. L. Peyton Little, Yancey Mill; Rev. Dr. W. J. Shipman, Rice, and Miss Ella M. Thomas, Evansville, Ind.

To hold fellowship with such a goodly company as is gathered within these lids is indeed a blessing, and what

here is set forth of holy living and holy dying, as well as what has not been told, should lead us henceforth, as individuals and as a denomination, to preserve more fully than we have done the record of those who, by reason of their useful and righteous lives, as ministers of the gospel, enter the ranks of the immortal dead who live again.

George Braxton Taylor.

"The Hill," Hollins, Va.
August 12, 1912.

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LIVES OF VIRGINIA BAPTIST MINISTERS

JOEL JOHNS

Elder Joel Johns, as the people in his day used to call him, was born in what was then known as Amelia County, at his father's home, "Mountain Hall," in the year 1753. His ancestor Joel John Johns, a native of Wales and a dissenter, immigrated to this country in 1669, and settled at a place near the lower Appomattox. A nephew of his, by the name of Richard Johns, came to America in 1671 in company with George Fox, and, although a Baptist as his uncle, was influenced by Fox, and, instead of settling near Joel John Johns, joined the Society of Friends, and became a minister among them in Calvert County, Maryland. The descendants of this Richard Johns afterwards became members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and gave to Virginia her fourth Bishop of that denomination in the person of John Johns.

Elder Joel Johns at an early age professed religion and became such a zealous member of the Baptist church that the Spirit impelled him to seek ordination to preach the gospel in spite of the difficulties which the Established Church put into the way of any dissenter, and he obeyed his calling so fearlessly that he suffered twice imprisonment in Chesterfield jail. After the Declaration of Independence Elder Johns enlisted seven times in the Revolutionary Army, serving seven years under General Washington, and acting as chaplain among those of his fellow-soldiers who were members of the same faith. After the surrender at Yorktown he returned to his home in Amelia County and devoted him-

self to preaching the gospel and supporting himself by farming. He was so successful in both that at his death he owned all the land along King's Road in Lunenburg County from the Nottoway to the Meherrin River, and he had so burned the Baptist principles into the hearts of the people of that county that the Episcopal Church, once the leading church in the county, had dwindled down to almost nothing. He died in 1837, revered by all as the founder of the Baptist cause in Lunenburg County. Elder Johns began to preach the Gospel as an evangelist in the counties of Amelia, Nottoway, Prince Edward, and Lunenburg. His itinerant life made him abandon his native county after preaching and establishing churches there. So we find him towards the end of the century in Prince Edward County with headquarters at Rice's, where he had again made a home for himself, never calling upon anyone for support, but farming for a living, and preaching because of the Spirit that compelled him. Afterwards he moved into Lunenburg County, and in 1814 he organized the Banner church of Tussekiah, presided over in 1816 by James Jeffress, and continued his evangelistic work among his beloved people until the Master called him home in 1837, when he was laid to rest at "Aspin Hall," his last home and residence in Lunenburg County.

Elder Johns had thirteen children, two sons and eleven daughters, all worthy members of the Baptist church. A brother of his, by the name of Stephen Johns, left Virginia in his early manhood to seek a home further south, and settled in Wake County, North Carolina, becoming the founder of that godly branch of the North Carolina Johns, who are all good and influential Baptist people.

A. T. L. Kusian.

WILLIAM RUFUS POWELL*

William Rufus Powell was born in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, November 13, 1808. His father, Ptolemy Powell, a man of sterling integrity of character and piety, made the Bible his daily study, and those who knew him testified that his life was closely conformed to its precepts. His mother, who was Sidney Daniel, the only child of Robert Daniel, was a woman of marked individuality, and with decided convictions which she did not hesitate to announce and defend before the most learned people she chanced to meet. She died when her son William Rufus was only eight years old, and so his training passed to the hands of his father and the older sisters, yet the precepts and example of the mother continued to live in the home. The Bible and family worship still held their place in the home, and Mt. Hermon Church, whose paster, Rev. J. A. Billingsley, was an honored counselor and friend, was a hallowed place. Into this home, the preachers, journeying on horseback or in gig to or from their appointments, were received with glad welcome. So the children had pure and uplifting influences around them. William Rufus, until his seventeenth year, had the help of this home in his life, his education making good progress in an "old field" school, where his first teacher was Rev. Herndon Frazer. He had become a very fair English and Latin scholar, and had given evidence of considerable literary ability in various poems and essays that his pen had produced. His ambition at this period, however, was to be a lawyer. Yet the schoolroom was still for a season the sphere of his activity, he now, however, being the pedagogue. First in Louisa County and then in Spottsylvania he swayed the rod. In this latter section he boarded at the

*Based on biographical sketch by his daughter in his "Scenes from a Barroom."

home of Capt. Therit Towles, who was a widower. His only daughter, Mary, was making her home with her aunt, Mrs. Col. Philip Slaughter, of Culpeper. But she and her aunt frequently visited her father's home, where the young schoolmaster met her, fell in love with her, and at the age of twenty-one married her. He became deputy to his father-in-law, who was sheriff of the county, and settled down to a farmer's life on a plantation supplied with all the necessary equipment. Here his environment was very different from that of his boyhood home. Sumptuous meals, sparkling wines, the card table, numerous guests, were now the order of the day. The drunken revels disgusted him and proved a warning and safeguard to him. While he continued his law studies, much time was given to cards, chess, backgammon, dancing, and fox hunting. With all this round of amusements he managed to read widely, sitting up to indulge this taste late into the night while the rest of the household slept. This practice soon became such a habit that through life four hours of sleep sufficed him, and often he gave himself only two. By this extensive reading the loss his education had sustained through reason of his early marriage was in no small measure counterbalanced.

For years letters from a pious sister urging him to give heed to his spiritual welfare seemed to bear no fruit. His home at Clover Green, Spottsylvania County, was two miles from Mine Road Church, where Rev. Philip Pendleton, a man of deep piety, was pastor. Upon the entreaty of his wife he attended this place of worship, and came away concerned now no longer about the amusements that had so largely engaged his attention, but about the eternal welfare of his soul. The Bible became his reading and a little grove beyond the barn the place where he cried to God in prayer for pardon. Finally the light came and the next Sunday morning he presented himself at Craig's Meeting House,

some eight miles away, confessing the Saviour. The pastor, Rev. Jacob Herndon, greeted him with the quaint remark: "Ah, my little black-headed fellow, the devil didn't send you here to-day," and gave him an opportunity to address the congregation. This he did out of a full heart. Soon afterwards he and his wife were baptized into the fellowship of the Mine Road Church by Rev. Philip Pendleton. Before long he was licensed and became Mr. Pendleton's assistant, and upon this venerable man's death his successor in the pastorate of the church. He was ordained in 1836. His advocacy of the truth as he saw it was bold and fearless, yet meekness and gentleness were prominent traits in his character, and when railing accusations were brought against him, and this was often the case, the tear of sorrow was seen to trickle down his cheek, and the prayer "Father, forgive them" was heard to fall from his lips. His theology was of the Calvinistic type, yet it did not go to those excesses so common in his day. He was a zealous advocate of missions, and once in his church of thirty or forty members a collection of two hundred dollars was raised for this great cause, the basket coming back full of jewelry that women had contributed. During the early years of his ministry he was perhaps the most popular preacher in his association. His style was natural and unaffected and his language simple and easily understood. The doctrines of grace, election, and predestination were with him especially favorite themes. As a revivalist he was quite successful, often carrying on a protracted meeting in one place for a month, and as a result of it baptizing thirty or forty people.

In the great cause of temperance he was a leader and a pioneer. In his views on this burning question he was many years in advance of the great majority of his brethren and of many of his fellow-ministers. He contended that the church should not allow the use of ardent spirits as a beverage by its members. He believed in

total abstinence, and that the church should hold this position. It was not long before these views caused great divisions in churches, brought on discussions in the Association, and finally led to the organization of a new body known as the Hebron Association. The churches that adopted these views on temperance came to be known as the "Test" churches, and this title came to be the shibboleth of the movement. From the Mine Road and the Massaponax churches minorities went out and formed new organizations and so the fire spread until there were some five or six churches scattered over a considerable area that held these views on temperance. The members who went out from Mine Road called their new organization Hebron and later this name was adopted by the Association of which it became a member. Individual members, who sided with the "Test," took their letters from their several churches and united with these new organizations. At Mine Road about 1847, Mr. Powell, since the church would not adopt his views, resigned. With him went sixteen members. Later they returned, pastor and all, but the reconciliation was not permanent, and a second time the believers in total abstinence, now twenty strong, again withdrew, Hebron was organized, Elders Lawrence Battaile and James L. Powell being the Presbytery, and W. R. Powell chosen as pastor. The Goshen Association cordially received the churches which had adopted what were regarded as extreme views on temperance, until 1857, when the Flat Run Church stated in their letter to the Association that they had adopted a rule refusing to hold in their fellowship those who made, sold, or used intoxicants as beverages. The Flat Run letter asked whether their action was in harmony with the resolution adopted the previous year by the Association disapproving of moderate drinking. In answer the body adopted this resolution: "The Association certainly did not design, by the adoption of the resolution referred to, to recommend what is familiarly

known as the 'Test,' as the proper means to put down the practice of moderate drinking, nor does the Association now think such 'Test' to be the scriptural mode of accomplishing that object." This action compelled the "Test" churches to withdraw and the Hebron Association was formed. The article of its constitution touching the question at issue read thus: "The use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is positively interdicted." Mr. Powell did not stand alone in his temperance views, but had as fellow-champions such Baptist leaders in his section of Virginia as Elders J. W. Herndon, Joseph A. Billingsley, and John Churchill Willis. Besides his advocacy of total abstinence by speeches and sermons, Mr. Willis also used his pen. He wrote for the *Religious Herald* and other papers. Finally he established at Fredericksburg, for the defence of his views, the *Virginia Baptist*, the first issue of which appeared May 1, 1858. After the War the Hebron Association disbanded, its churches, upon the invitation of the Goshen becoming members of that body, carrying their "Test" with them.

For some months before his death Mr. Powell was in a low state of health. When various remedies failed, he went, accompanied by his wife and Dr. Towles, her brother, seeking relief, to the Rockbridge Alum Springs. No improvement came, so he was carried to the kind home of Brother Goodloe at Goshen, and here on Wednesday evening, July 13, 1859, he passed to his reward. His last sermon to his Hebron Church was on the text: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul," etc. During his tedious illness his hopes grew brighter every day. Again and again his children and friends were called on to sing his favorite hymn, "How Firm a Foundation." The one hundred and second and one hundred and third were his favorite psalms. At peace with himself and all the world he awaited with resignation the will of God.

Although no life is without its romance and pathos these features are conspicuous and easy to find in the careers of some men. In our day, when educational advantages are within the reach of almost every youth, and when many preachers have many of the comforts and luxuries of life, such a record as that of John Lamb Prichard should prove a moral tonic to our young men and to our preachers. The second of six children, he was born in Pasquotank County, North Carolina, June 6, 1811. His parents were in moderate circumstances, content with their lot, pious, members of a Baptist church, esteemed for their blameless life. His father would rise at an early hour to study the Bible and pray before the regular work of the day began. Nor was the wife unworthy of such a husband. Alas! this good father died when his son John was only nine years old. Now, labor, more than ever before, became the lot of the mother and her six children. John was apprenticed to a carpenter, where he did neatly and with dispatch his work. A thirst for knowledge led him to spend his leisure moments in the companionship of books. In 1831, when he was twenty years old, he was "happily and thoroughly converted," and was baptized into the fellowship of the church at Shiloh, Camden County, North Carolina, by Rev. Evan Forbes. While he had after this his temptations, one of them, strange to say, being to use profane oaths, his progress in piety was steadily onward. With his conversion came a willingness to speak for Jesus, even though he had to walk three or four miles, when the day's work was done, to reach the prayer-meeting. No wonder that soon he was made deacon.

In May, 1834, Rev. John Armstrong, on a trip through the eastern part of North Carolina, in the interests of Wake Forest Institute (now Wake Forest College), then recently established, met Mr. Prichard. So effective was the agent's plea that the young carpenter threw down his hammer, saying in an emphatic way: "This is my last job here. I am now going to school." With his scanty wardrobe, his tools, and such books as he had, he arrived at Wake Forest in the night about the middle of 1835. During college months, as well as in vacation, he worked with his hands to meet expenses, not even visiting his mother and sisters but twice during these student years, though his devotion to them was profound. Presently his funds, notwithstanding all his labor and economy, were exhausted. A letter to a man of means, asking for the loan of a modest sum of money, closed with these pathetic words: "Dear sir, will you befriend me? Will you become the most valuable friend I can have on earth? Oh, sir, I shall be bound to you by an affection that can never cool, by gratitude that never can change." All the money he borrowed during these days was eventually repaid "with scrupulous exactness." He graduated with honor in 1840.

Upon his graduation, with a view to paying his debts, he taught school in Murfreesboro for a year, and then became associated with Rev. John Kerr, pastor of the Baptist church, of Danville, Va., and formerly pastor of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. In March, 1842, he was ordained and became pastor of the Danville church, his venerable predecessor passing to his reward September 22, 1842. In the same month Mr. Prichard was united in marriage with Miss Mary B. Hinton, daughter of Jas. Hinton, of Wake County, North Carolina. His work in Danville was arduous. It seems that part of his time was given to several neighboring country churches. He labored in protracted

meetings and was a leader in the work of the Association. The old Roanoke Association had divided, on the question of missions, into the Dan River and the Roanoke Associations. The Roanoke, that had taken its stand against the great missionary enterprise, was brought back to acceptance of the obligation of the Great Commission by John L. Prichard. Nor was Mr. Prichard's interest and effort limited to Danville and his district Association; he was regular in his attendance on the General Association and the Southern Baptist Convention. In his work as pastor he kept constantly on hand a good supply of books, which he sold or gave away as circumstances suggested. During his pastorate in Danville his wife died, leaving two children, Mary Hinton and Robert. On October 30, 1850, he was married to Miss Jane E. Taylor, oldest child of Rev. Dr. Jas. B. Taylor, of Richmond, Va. During his ten years in Danville, 256 members had been added to the Danville church, his other churches had been revived, and a new church organized at Bethany. On January 8, 1852, he received an unanimous call to the church in Lynchburg, Va. His diary later in the month says: "19th. Intensely cold. Wrote a letter of acceptance to the Lynchburg church. Bro. Palmer spent the night at our house—the coldest recollected by any of us. 20th. The coldest weather ever known here. The falls entirely frozen over. Ice from five to six inches thick. Began to make arrangements for moving." His diary for two days in February shows how different travel between Danville and Lynchburg is to-day from what it was then. "4th. Made an early start for Lynchburg, traveling till sundown, and stopping through the night at Mrs. B's. 5th. Started at sunrise. Mild, pleasant day. Reached Mr. Hollins' house in Lynchburg about sundown. Devoutly thankful to God for his mercy." Lynchburg then had 10,000 inhabitants, and its streets

were even steeper than they are to-day, for a visitor seeking a friend's house declared that the following direction led him to the place he desired to reach: "Keep up the street and go any way you can without breaking your neck and you will not go wrong." During the pastorate of Mr. Prichard's predecessor, Rev. J. W. M. Williams, a new meeting-house had been begun, but owing to a law-suit and other obstacles, never finished. Altogether the situation that confronted the new pastor was discouraging. Later on "difficulties in the administration of church discipline arose." All of these difficulties were overcome, the new meeting-house was completed, and perfect harmony secured in the church. His pastorate of four years was highly successful, and useful, peaceful years in Lynchburg seemed to await him. However, within a few days of each other two calls came from North Carolina, one to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Wilmington, the other to the presidency of the Oxford Female College. His diary, for January 7, 1856, says: "Wrote to W. indicating my acceptance of the call to the pastorate of the church."

The Wilmington pastorate began January 31, 1856. Since Mr. Prichard was a ready speaker, the entry in his diary for February 2d (the next day he was to preach the first sermon in his new field) is the more amusing: "Boxes of furniture and books not arrived. Feel great anxiety for the Sabbath. *No sermons. Lord, help me.*" He was a faithful pastor and an excellent preacher; he visited his people; he was always in the Sabbath school; he was conscientious in his preparation for the pulpit; gentleness and firmness characterized his work. One Sunday morning he was at the Cape Fear River at 4.30 A. M. to baptize a candidate, the tide, as well as his zeal, compelling this early work. Mr. Prichard's diary gives beautiful glimpses of him as father and husband. His household affections were

deep and strong. When his infant child, Jimmie, died, his heart was greatly moved, and in after years he more than once alludes to this little one's grave. Six other children blessed the home, and held the father's deep love. The picture of the family at prayers is uplifting, and his letters to his daughter away at school are tender and loving. In the process of time plans were put on foot for a new meeting-house. On a single day $10,000 was subscribed to this object. Gifts from other parts of the State came in, but, alas! the cruel Civil War put a stop, all too soon, to this important enterprise. Before the dark war cloud arose, however, the city was visited by the most wonderful religious awakening in its history. It touched all denominations and went on for two months. Mr. Prichard's labors were almost incessant. Each day began with a sunrise prayer-meeting. Then hours of visiting were followed by another prayer-meeting in a different part of the city. After a brief rest in the afternoon came the preaching service at night. Some 100 persons were added to his church during this revival. It is needless to say that Wilmington and this Wilmington pastor shared the anxiety which prevailed in the South during the trying months that led up to the War. Then came the War itself with its tremendous demands upon the resources and sympathy of the Southern people. The soldiers were objects of Mr. Prichard's earnest solicitude. He visited them in their camps, seeking, by the distribution of books and papers, to lessen their lonesomeness and temptations, and by religious conversation and services to bring them spiritual comfort. Many a sick soldier was cared for in this preacher's home. Nor were his efforts on behalf of the soldiers limited to Wilmington. He went to Richmond and spent a week in the crowded hospitals there, doing all in his power for the sufferers. A few weeks later he went again to Richmond, this time in

charge of a car loaded with fruits, vegetables, and other things needed by the sick and wounded. At Weldon, when the conductor, at 3 A. M., refused to attach the car to his train, Mr. Prichard spread out his overcoat in the car and tried in vain to sleep. Presently another train came along, whose conductor agreed to carry the car, and so the good things reached their destination.

By the summer of 1862, many Southern ports were closed and the blockade runners had begun their career. These ships brought to the shut-in people "rich cargoes —munitions of war and the prime necessities of life." Wilmington saw much of the blockade runners and shared in their blessings. One day in July, "the dashing little *Kate*, formerly a Charleston packet-boat, steamed boldly through the Federal fleet blockading the mouth of the Cape Fear River, and brought up to the wharves of Wilmington a valuable cargo from Nassau, New Providence. She rapidly unloaded, as rapidly reloaded with cotton and departed on her second voyage. But she left behind her that which brought to Wilmington many a sad day, and before which even the horrors and excitements of a great war were forgotten. She left behind her the seeds of the dreadful scourge, the yellow fever." At first the disease was not recognized as yellow fever. At last, on September 15th, the dreadful truth dawned upon the people. Many, very many, fled from the city. Already, on August 15th, Mr. Prichard's family had gone to Richmond. Mr. Prichard decided to remain at his post. He and the Catholic priest were the only preachers who remained in the city. During the week ending October 3d there were 267 cases and eighty-two deaths. The next week the deaths numbered forty and the next 102 and the next 111; then the plague seemed to pause and week by week the deaths decreased in number. Of all those who were smitten by the dread disease 377 died. Many prominent men

fell as victims to the awful scourge. Help was sent to the suffering city. Lime was scattered and hundreds of barrels of rosin were burned. The smell of coal tar pervaded the town. The stores were closed, eventually even drug stores did not open their doors. Funerals were the order of the day. Sundays passed without church services. Finally the dreaded disease reached Mr. Prichard's home, and first the servants and then his sister were numbered among the sick. Upon him fell the work of cook and nurse. Finally he, too, was overcome, and his son Robert was the only well person in the home. He secured an excellent nurse and physicians for his loved ones, and wrote again and again to the anxious circle in Richmond. Mr. Prichard rallied once, and there was a brief hope that he would recover, but while a man of temperate habits he was not over strong, and the strain upon him had been most heavy, so that when attacked by jaundice, he rapidly gave way, his death occurring on November 13, 1862. The last words he wrote in a letter to his wife were these: "To God I commit you all and my spirit I commit to Him. Sweet babes, dear wife, friends and brethren, vain world, adieu! in hope of eternal life." And he had felt that death was not far away, for he said to one near him: "This is the last letter I shall ever write my wife." Yet "so rapid was his decline and so unexpected his death, that while the absent members of his family were anticipating a speedy reunion around the fireside, and his friends were rejoicing over the tidings of his improved health, a little band of sincere mourners accompanied his remains to their last resting-place and laid him—in the spot selected by himself—by the side of 'darling Jimmie,' there to repose till the morning of the resurrection."

The son, Robert S., mentioned as faithfully caring for his sick and dying father, became a young man of deep piety and splendid promise. He offered himself

as a missionary, and was appointed, by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, to go to Shanghai, China. While pursuing his studies at the University of Virginia, he contracted, from a walk in the snow to a mission Sunday school, a severe cold, which settled upon his lungs and developed into consumption. On January 21, 1872, in the home where Rev. James B. Taylor had, less than a month before, departed this life, the angel of death came to the young soldier of the cross, who was just girding on his armor. At the General Association of 1872, in Staunton, Va., the report on Foreign Missions, referring to the death of Robert S. Prichard, said: "Of cultivated intellect, enthusiastic nature, and devoted piety, he excited high hopes of future usefulness."

JACKSON JEFFERSON OBENCHAIN

Jackson Jefferson Obenchain was born, March 4, 1818, in Botetourt County, Virginia, where the larger part of his life was spent. On January 9, 1840, he was married to Miss Charlotte Roland Rocke. He was ordained as a minister of the gospel about 1856, in Roanoke County. For a season he had charge of a small church near Blacksburg, sometimes holding services in Craig County. At one time he was a member of the Fincastle Church, and then, as all through his life, he was an active friend of temperance, rearing his family without the use of wine or liquor. For some years he worked as a colporter, being probably at that time the only one engaged in selling Baptist and other good books in the southwestern part of the State. His books came to him from the firm of Starke and Ryland, Richmond. One year, in 340 days of labor, he made 1,006 visits, delivered sixty-seven sermons and addresses, and sold $252.18 worth of Bibles, Testaments, and religious books. His field of labor at this time extended as far east as Botetourt and Bedford. Two of his sons attended the Alleghany College, at the Blue Sulphur Springs, but afterwards died. One daughter survives him. He died December 3, 1862. Who can estimate the good done by the colporters and the preachers whose names the great world never knows?

EDWARD G. SHIPP

The ravages of war explain in part the brevity of this sketch. As is well known, that section of Piedmont Virginia which is embraced in the counties of Orange, Culpeper and Louisa was the scene of much marching and fighting during the Civil War. The home of Rev. Edward G. Shipp was stripped by the Federal Army "of everything in it," even the family Bible, which contained the family record, not being spared. He was born December 8, 1798, and spent at least the larger part of his life in that part of the Old Dominion to which allusion has been made already. While a preacher, according to the custom that largely obtained in his day, in rural Virginia, he was also a farmer, owning a farm first in what is now Greene County and later one in Madison. At this second place he lived the latter part of his life and here he died in 1862. Besides his farm he conducted, for a season, a boarding-school in which he taught. He was pastor at different times of churches in Madison, Greene, Orange, Culpeper, and Louisa counties. The names of all the churches he served are not now known, but in 1855 he was ministering to Good Hope, Madison County, and Blue Run, Orange County, in the Shiloh Association, and to Antioch, Orange County, in the Goshen Association. His death, which took place April 11, 1863, was sudden. While he was dressing himself one morning his summons came. He was buried beside his wife. His son, Mr. John G. Shipp, is living at present at Barboursville, Va.

EDWARD BAPTIST

One of the most useful and distinguished of Virginia Baptist ministers was Edward Baptist, of the County of Mecklenburg. He was born in 1790 and died in Alabama in his seventy-third year. His father was Glanville Baptist, an intelligent and successful merchant, greatly respected in his community. His mother was Margaret Langston.

Edward Baptist was trained by his father not only in letters but in business. At the death of his parent, young Baptist entered Hampden-Sidney College and graduated in 1813.

His religious impressions began as early as his eighth year. His father made no profession of religion, but his mother was a Presbyterian and carefully looked after her son's moral and religious training. She had the pleasure of seeing her son unite with the Presbyterian Church. Subsequently he became troubled upon the subject of baptism and records in his diary that "upon conviction of duty" he was baptized by a Baptist minister, Elder Richard Dabbs. In pathetic language he describes the trials to which he was subjected by this change. His family being opposed to the step manifested their opposition in a very decided fashion. The young man was not moved, however, and steadfastly held on his way.

Previous to his baptism, while he was at college, his mind was turned to the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. His union with the Baptists confirmed his desire to preach and he returned to Hampden-Sidney College and took a course in Theology under Dr. Moses Hoge, the President. He was ordained to the ministry by a Presbytery consisting of Richard Dabbs, Abner Watkins, and James Robertson.

Mr. Baptist's long and useful career as a man and a minister divides itself into two parts. This was due to the fact that the latter half of his life was spent in the State of Alabama, where he removed in the year 1835. What induced him to make this change in his residence is not definitely known. It did not arise from any failure of his work in Virginia. His career in his native State, lasting twenty years, seemed to have been popular and prosperous. He was admired and beloved and left a lasting impression upon the work of his denomination. It seems most probable that the consideration of health for himself and family prompted the change to a more southern climate. To do justice to his life work consideration should be given to his career in both states.

In Virginia

Mr. Baptist was unusually well equipped by a well-rounded education for the pastoral office. After his marriage to Miss Eliza J. C. Eggleston he settled in Powhatan County, where he lived twenty years, actively engaged as pastor, evangelist, and denominational leader.

The churches he served were Mt. Tabor and others in the Middle District Association. He tells that he labored ten years before any notable fruitage rewarded his ministry. His faith was severely tried by a seeming lack of success, but, believing that God had placed him on that difficult field, he held fast to his conviction of duty and refused tempting offers elsewhere. In the meanwhile he was growing in power as a student, a preacher, and in social and religious influence.

At length the blessing came. His churches experienced notable revivals. He baptized more than two hundred people in the two churches he was serving as pastor. The revival spread and under its influence adjacent churches received more than five hundred members.

Contemporaneous history gives this account of that notable work: "A general revival began in the upper part of Powhatan County (which was his field) and moved southeastward slowly but in awful grandeur, men of all ages and character receiving the Lord most High in His terrible majesty." This work attracted wide attention. Accompanied by Rev. James Fife, he went out into the surrounding country, greatly stirring the churches and calling them to duty.

Brother pastors visited the scene of the unusual revival, and more distant churches caught the spirit and were greatly blessed. Among the incidents recited was this: Rev. John Kerr, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Richmond, upon personal observation of this great work, invited Mr. Baptist to visit his people. From a creditable report made at the time we learn that "between six and eight hundred people joined the First Baptist Church, and other churches were greatly revived and blessed with many additions. For the first time, probably, sunrise prayer-meetings were held and attended by large audiences, and the preaching services were crowded to overflowing day and night."

The *Religious Herald* of that day said that "The vast amount of good done and the number of souls converted during these ministerial tours of Baptist and Fife can only be revealed in eternity. Hundreds and hundreds professed faith in Christ." It was estimated that fifteen hundred persons professed faith in Christ before this important work ceased.

But not only was Mr. Baptist successful in the pastorate and in evangelical work; he took active part in the controversial side of the doctrinal effort Baptists were making in Virginia at the time. He had strong, clear, logical, and scriptural opinions and discussed with unusual power the subjects of Baptism, the Lord's Supper and other kindred subjects. When the Camp-

bellite controversy arose the Baptist side found in him a noble champion, and Mr. Campbell acknowledged that Mr. Baptist had "put his back to the wall," but had done it in a very fraternal spirit.

Mr. Baptist himself writes: "About this time, Mr. Alexander Campbell, a Baptist minister in Northwestern Virginia, had acquired considerable celebrity as a public declaimer and debater on religious subjects. It was soon discovered on the full development of his religious sentiments that they were radically erroneous. They were the sentiments of Landeman revived and remodeled, but I can not say improved; they were rather deteriorated. After these sentiments had been exploded and their author demolished by Andrew Fuller, they were reviewed and thrown upon the religious world as worthy of notice by Alexander Campbell. His criticism of the commission which identified baptism with regeneration or conversion I could not help noticing and exposing in a piece over the signature of 'No Theorist,' which Mr. Campbell condescended to notice in his *Extra*. This *Extra* I briefly examined as 'Philander' in the *Herald*. Dr. John H. Rice, a distinguished Presbyterian divine of Virginia, had published a treatise on the subject of baptism, entitled 'The Pamphleteer' which, although a feeble effort, had acquired a factitious importance from its paternity. It passed unnoticed for ten years, until its advocates began to represent it as unanswerable. A reply was published over the signature of 'Wickliffe' in the *Herald* by me, consisting of thirty letters, twenty-nine of which were republished. Several other pieces on various subjects were also published over 'Philander' and my own name."

Mr. Baptist also took a deep interest in missions, education, and temperance. He founded missionary societies and temperance organizations in his own churches, and his eloquent tongue was heard far and

wide in advocacy of these two movements. Abundant proof exists that he suggested the formation of the Baptist General Association and the Virginia Baptist Education Society, writing the constitutions of these great agencies and upholding them with conspicuous eloquence and power. In these movements he exhibited the vision of a seer, and deserves the homage of Virginia Baptists for first planting the seeds of the two strongest institutions which exist among us at this day.

The following is the history of the origin of these two great movements from his own pen: "Without wishing to arrogate, but simply to state historical facts, I was instrumental under Heaven in originating the General Association of Baptists in Virginia. Brother James Fife and myself had buried at Charlottesville, Va., when it died a natural death, the old General Meeting of Correspondence, and I suggested to him the propriety of forming such a meeting as the General Association; he approved, we suggested to a third minister, who also approved. It was accordingly advertised, and the meeting held in the City of Richmond, June, 1823, at which time and place attended several ministers, among them our highly esteemed Bro. Robert B. Semple, who was always ready to every good work. By appointment, I drafted the constitution of that body, which has been gradually increasing in popularity and usefulness up to the present time. Another important institution I suggested and contributed my humble moiety of support to was 'The Virginia Baptist Educational Society and Seminary.' At their first meeting I was called upon by the body to undertake the instruction of the young brethren in the ministry, who might be received. On account of a very feeble state of health, I could not consent to become their regular and permanent instructor, but would cheerfully contribute what health would permit to so important an object. Accordingly I administered in-

struction to them at my residence, "Dunlora," in Powhatan County for near two years, during which their studies were greatly interrupted, but it was by the very finger of God. He seemed to smile on this institution in its origin and bless it in its infancy. During the first spring and summer, there commenced in the vicinity and spread into the surrounding country a glorious revival of religion through the instrumentality of their labors, and we could do little else than preach to perishing sinners. Many were added to the churches during this season of refreshment from the presence of the Lord. This revival had also a secondary effect that was highly important. It made the more contracted brethren look upon the institution with more complacency, and corrected some erroneous sentiments in relation to it. They seemed now more disposed to view it not as a ministerial factory, where we were manufacturing preachers by education, but as in truth it was a school for the improvement of those gifts and talents which God Himself had bestowed, for He had stamped His own divine approbation upon their incipient labors, which was worth more than a thousand human arguments. In about two years a place was purchased, and the seminary located and regularly organized near Richmond, where my connection with it as instructor terminated."

In Alabama

Voluntarily relinquishing the great hold that he naturally had upon Virginia our brother, in 1835, moved to Alabama, locating in Marengo County. He became pastor of country churches and took up with them the same lines of work he had pursued in Virginia. Missions, education, and temperance received his distinguished support.

His daughter says: "He was a trustee of the University of Alabama. When Howard College was founded he delivered the opening address, and was called to the Presidency of the institution. He declined this honor, however, as he did calls to churches in Mobile, Montgomery, Tuscaloosa, and other cities, always preferring the country pastorates."

On one occasion when called to a city pastorate he made a reply which does credit to his philanthropic sentiments and to his Christian principles. He had a large number of slaves which he took with him from Virginia to Alabama. He felt responsible for them and was greatly interested in their welfare. He acknowledged his obligation to provide for and protect them, and felt that it would be a serious reflection on his humanity to give these people into the hands of a manager who would not probably share his feelings in regard to them.

The death of this great and good man occurred in 1863 in his seventy-third year and in the forty-eighth of his ministry.

The eminence of Mr. Baptist's character and the events of his life were so conspicuously important that it can not be inappropriate to follow this necessarily brief review by quoting the testimony of others.

He is described as a man of attractive personal appearance, modest, popular and beloved, and as gifted in conversation as he was in the sacred desk. The Rev. Dr. Tyree said in the *Religious Herald*: "Edward Baptist was regarded as the most eloquent Baptist preacher in Virginia." Honorable Thomas Miller, a distinguished layman of Powhatan County, wrote of him as a man of great mental and oratorical power. Honorable A. P. Bagby, once Governor of Florida and United States Minister to Russia, declared that he had heard at the bar, on the Hustings, and in the pulpit the most gifted men in America and Europe, but he never heard a man

who surpassed Edward Baptist in eloquence. Honorable William Archer Cocke, of Sanford, Fla., wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Gay, after Mr. Baptist's death: "I was pleased to hear that the ministry intend taking steps to preserve your father's name as one of the *very first* in talent, piety, and learning that adorned the pulpit of the Baptist Church. I was accustomed to hear him in Virginia and remember that he always attracted the most cultivated of the neighborhood. He was a man of striking personal appearance and was regarded as the most learned preacher of his day. His learning, talent, and Christian virtues not only made him popular but universally beloved by the Christians of the community and throughout Virginia wherever he was known."

Rev. Dr. Thomas W. Sydnor: "For years he labored and spoke in the General Association of Virginia in behalf of ministerial education until at last that body adopted a unanimous vote requesting him to take charge of and instruct a number of young men, and pledging the churches to raise the money to defray their expenses. He replied that they might have to pay five or six dollars each month for board, washing, etc., to the lady with whom he lived, but for his services he neither charged nor would receive a cent. He returned home, built at his own expense a neat frame academy with three or four rooms, and furnished it comfortably for young men, and advertised in the *Herald* that he was ready. On the 8th of June, 1830, 'very early in the morning,' 5 o'clock, a number of devoted men, Edward Baptist among them, met in the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, where eight years before the General Association had been organized, and was then holding its annual session, and formed the Virginia Baptist Education Society. They received fourteen approved young men under their patronage, placing nine of them with Elder Baptist in Powhatan, and four with Elder Eli Ball

in Henrico. Altogether Mr. Baptist had about twenty theological students under his charge, though never so many at any one time. I recall the names of the following who were favored with his instruction: Richard Herndon, Joseph S. Walthall, Stephen McClenny, William Allgood, J. P. Turner, J. D. McAllister, A. P. Repiton, and C. F. Burnley. Of these young men Mr. Baptist regarded Burnley as having the brightest intellect, and McAllister as the most gifted in public speech.

"This school of the prophets in Powhatan led to the establishment in 1832 of the Virginia Baptist Seminary, now Richmond College. Mr. Baptist was invited to preside over it, but ill health compelled him to decline, and Robert Ryland was chosen to that important position."

From a writer (L. S. F.) in a sketch of his life we quote: "With James Fife and perhaps a few others, he originated the present General Association of Virginia, in the year 1823. He was appointed by this body to draft its constitution, which duty he performed with his usual ability.

"He was also the originator and father of the Virginia Baptist Educational Society and Seminary, if the writer has been correctly informed, and afterwards, at the request of the Association, instructed a number of young men, who were studying for the ministry, at his own house. At the expiration of two years, his health having failed, he was compelled to resign this position. About this time an extensive revival of religion commenced in his churches, which extended its influence to the City of Richmond, and indeed over a large portion of the State of Virginia. He and Elder James Fife went from place to place preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, and warning sinners to 'Flee from the wrath to come.' The vast amount of good accomplished and the number of souls converted, during these ministerial

tours, can only be made known when the secrets of eternity are revealed. Hundreds and hundreds professed faith in Christ, and were made to rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"In his younger days and before his health had failed him, Elder Baptist had but few equals as a pulpit orator. Sound in doctrine, graceful in manner, eloquent in language, with a mind well stored with literary lore, from which he could draw at will, and with a voice as sweet and mellifluous at the notes of a flute, he swayed an influence over his congregation that at times seemed miraculous, and that could be attained by but few men. The most useful and laborious portions of his life as a minister were spent in Virginia.

"In the year 1835 he moved to Alabama, and settled in Marengo County, where he was still at the time of his demise. In this, his adopted State, he organized several churches. The writer of this imperfect tribute is now, and has been, pastor of one of these churches for the past sixteen years. Elder Baptist labored among these churches for a number of years, and until his bodily affliction became so great that he was compelled to desist from preaching. His preaching was always gratuitous. He never demanded or received a salary from any church during his whole ministry. This, however, he frequently regretted, in the latter part of his life, as he was satisfied by such a course he had neither done justice to the churches themselves, nor to the rising ministry. He was a warm advocate of ministerial support, although he never claimed it for himself. Elder Baptist had frequent calls from large and extensive city churches, in different states, but declined them all, seeming disposed to shrink from anything like notoriety. He always preferred to labor among country churches. One reason assigned by him, however, for declining the frequent calls from cities, was the conviction that city life would not suit his con-

stitution, which was always rather delicate. In past years Elder Baptist wrote extensively for religious periodicals, published in different states, and on a variety of subjects. As a writer he was chaste, argumentative, and convincing. In addition to these newspaper articles, which he had written and published, he has written and arranged for the press a large number of sermons. Arrangements were being made for the publication of a series of these sermons, when the present unhappy war broke out. It might be well for some publisher to procure these sermons, and publish them for the benefit of the churches and the world at large. That there is ability displayed in them, and that they would be eagerly sought after, no one will doubt who knows the author.

"For many years previous to his death, Elder Baptist suffered from a disease of the throat, or bronchial tubes, which at times totally unfitted him for the pulpit. Naturally of a weak and delicate constitution, his system gradually gave away, until he became almost entirely helpless. For several years before his death he was confined almost exclusively to his house, not being able to get out without assistance. Although a great sufferer, he bore his affliction with Christian patience and forbearance. No murmur escaped his lips, but, on the contrary, he was cheerful and resigned, constantly looking forward with bright anticipation to the day of his deliverance from the sorrows and trials of earth, and his admittance into the paradise of God on high. His faith in Christ remained firm and unshaken to the last. Even during his last expiring moments of life, "Christ, and Him crucified," was his theme, his stay, and support. A short time before his death he called his family around him, and exhorted them to patience and forbearance, and urged them to faithfulness in the service of the blessed Master. He told them that he should soon sit down with the patriarchs, apostles, prophets, and his departed children

at the supper of the Lamb; that he was ready to depart any moment, whether at sunset, at midnight, or at dawn of day. Having lived the life of the righteous, his last end was like his; and he yielded up his life as calmly and placidly as an infant falls to sleep on its mother's breast. Thus died this great and good man in the seventy-third year of his age and forty-eighth of his ministry.

"As a husband, father, and master, Elder Baptist was kind and indulgent. As a neighbor and friend, social, affable, and obliging in all the relations of life. He had the happiness to live to see all of his children, seven in number, professors of religion, except one. His oldest son, E. G. Baptist, is a minister of the gospel, and is at present living and preaching in Virginia."

A correspondent of the *Southwestern Baptist,* signed E. B. T., writes of him as follows: "He was, for a good while, an active pastor in Virginia, at the same time taking into his house a number of promising young ministers to study theology with him. This was the beginning of the theological schools in the South. Many students became eminent for ability and usefulness.

"My first knowledge of him was brought about by the mention of his name as to preach in Tuscaloosa, by Dr. Alva Woods, at the breakfast table of the students of the University. The Doctor remarked that he was one of the most eminent preachers of Virginia. I went to hear him and was not disappointed. The sermon was one of sparkling, rustling eloquence. This was in 1837, soon after the settling of Mr. Baptist in Marengo County, Alabama, with the object, as I have always understood, of finding means to educate his children. This he did effectually, meanwhile preaching to country churches. He trained one of them, Rev. E. G. Baptist, for the ministry.

"I saw the venerable man often, as a trustee of the University, and on his annual visits to the State Convention. He was a leading man in both bodies. Gifted with great conversational and anecdotical talents, he was a most delightful companion.

"He published a sermon on 'Ministerial Education,' preached before the Alabama Convention, soon after coming to the State, of great excellence and classic finish, besides a valuable tract or two.

"His life was spotless, his end peace."

Edward Baptist was the product of two centuries; the child of one and the strong man of the other. He was at once eloquent in the Scriptures and a man of affairs —one who could lead men captive to Christ, and then show them the way to usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord. His sensitive spirit, godly life, and cultivated mind won the friendship of men, giving them confidence in his character. His practical wisdom enabled him to read the "signs of the times," and an eloquent tongue gave effectiveness to his teachings. He proved his faith by his works and took high rank as a leader in his denomination. To give him proper honor among his brethren the Virginia Baptists must inscribe his name high in the scroll of fame.

More than any other man of his time he must be known as *The Founder* of the *Baptist General Association of Virginia* and of *Richmond College.*

C. H. Ryland.

CUMBERLAND GEORGE

The larger part of the details that we have concerning the life of Cumberland George is what is found, written by his own pen, on the fly leaves of some of the books that were in his library. The memory of him and his work lingers in that section of the State where he labored. "Through the counties of Fauquier, Stafford, Culpeper, Rappahannock, and Orange there are living to-day many who remember him—many whom he baptized, married, and visited. He was doubtless the pride of the Piedmont Baptists, and as a pulpit orator stood at the front of the denomination"; these words were penned some twenty-five years after his death. From more than one source comes testimony to the fact that he was of commanding presence, that he was an orator of no low rank, and that especially upon set occasions he was at his best as a preacher. He had a fine physique and his voice was like a trumpet.

The following extracts copied from his various books were published some years ago in the *Religious Herald*. These lines are from a blank page of the first volume of Gill's Commentary: "Cumberland George, the son of Joseph and Lydia George, was born near Elk Run Church on the 15th day of April, 1797. I humbly hope the great God revealed Jesus Christ to me as the Saviour of sinners in the eighteenth year of my age. In my twenty-first year I was called to ordination to the work of the gospel ministry by the Baptist Church at Fredericksburg, and on the 12th day of March, 1819, I was solemnly set apart to the important work by the imposition of the hands of the Presbytery consisting of Elders Semple, Bryce, Henly, and James. To assist me in the discharge of my important duties I have purchased this

work, and may God make it useful to me; may I be able to receive his exposition (Gill's) as the exposition of a *man* and look higher for such blessings as will make me useful to the church of God and to his people." On the fly leaf of the second volume of this same work are these words: "Forever blessed be the name of the Lord for His goodness and mercy to me. Preached Saturday from Acts 20:24; a solemn, melting time. My soul was full and my tongue at liberty. Sometimes could hardly give utterance to my thought for weeping. O, my God, own the poor labors of thy unworthy servant, and forgive, for Jesus' sake, his many imperfections. Monthly meeting at Jeffersonton, May, 1838." As the extract shows the following is from a notebook: "This little book I bought some time since for the purpose of noting down thoughts that may come to me in my hours of meditation. In preaching I do not depend upon notes but upon the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit. While conscious of this I would endeavor to employ all my powers to have a correct understanding of God's word that I may not be ashamed. Gracious God, whenever I attempt the composition of a sermon give me a heart to look to Thee; grant me the enlightening influence of Thy Spirit. May I never forget the sovereignty of God, the atonement of Christ, the work of the Spirit, the obligations of all men to love God, and that salvation is of the Lord! In my ministrations may I be ever endued with power from on high, that, with all boldness and enlargeness of heart and of views, I may be enabled fluently to declare the whole counsel of God. Let me never dishonor Thee nor the ministerial office in heart or life. But having borne faithful testimony to the Truth, let me be gathered to my fathers in peace, and unto the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, ever one eternal God, be glory forever and ever. Amen." In yet another notebook are these interesting facts about his life and

work: "I have the notes of but few of my sermons. My numerous engagements have prevented me from copying into this book many sketches which I might have saved. I have been preaching ever since 1817. From 1819, I have been actively employed in the work in itinerancy and in connection with the several churches of my pastorate. I have preached since 1819 over four thousand sermons. I am sorry I did not here enter a sketch of every sermon I ever preached. They might be useful to me now in a variety of ways; they might at least tend to humble me and make me more studious and prayerful. God show mercy to me a sinner! Culpeper, 1845."

Even though we do not know many facts about this eloquent preacher, still, thanks to these foregoing extracts, we do get quite a picture of him. We do know that on March 16, 1819, just four days after his ordination, he was married by Rev. W. James, in Stafford County, to Miss Elizabeth C. Garnett, and that in 1835 he preached to the General Association of Virginia in the City of Richmond from words found in Mark 11:22, and that he was pastor of Mount Pony (now Culpeper Court-house) Church. He was evidently in the habit of attending the general gatherings of the Baptists in the State and of bearing an important part in these meetings. The minutes show that at the Baptist General Association in Charlottesville in May, 1855, he was one of the vice-presidents, and that at the meeting the next year in Lynchburg he was again honored with this office. In 1855 he was, at Charlottesville, chairman of a mass meeting in the interests of colportage, the minutes of which meeting became a part of the record of the association. In 1852 he was first vice-president of the Virginia Baptist Foreign Mission Society, which held its session in Norfolk in June, being one of the meetings which went to constitute the "Virginia Baptist Anniversaries." Of this same society in 1846 he had been third vice-president.

It is interesting to remember that Cumberland George baptized the youth who was afterwards that prince of preachers, John A. Broadus. In May, 1843, at Mount Pony Church in a protracted meeting, two young men were converted and baptized the same day in Mountain Run. These two young men were James G. Field and John A. Broadus, and the administrator Cumberland George. On Monday, August 12, 1850, John A. Broadus was ordained to the Gospel ministry and Cumberland George assisted in the exercises.

"In the summer of 1863, while the desolation of war rested upon our fair State, while the excitement of strife and the noise of battle filled the land," Cumberland George was taken to his heavenly home.

JEHU LEWIS SHUCK

The same year that saw Adoniram Judson, the first American missionary, go forth to foreign shores, saw also the birth of Jehu Lewis Shuck, who was to be the first American Baptist missionary to China. He was born in Alexandria, Va., September 4, 1812, when our second war with Great Britain was going on, and perhaps news of the battle between the *Guerriere* and the *Constitution*, which took place on August 19th, had not much more than reached the ancient Virginia town. If the story of his boyhood and youth is not generally known, an incident of his early manhood has been told far and wide. Judson in India and Luther Rice telling the story of the heathen far and wide in this land, had quickened the missionary spirit among the churches. A missionary meeting was held at which young Mr. Shuck was present. A contribution was called for and when the service was over the gifts of the people were being counted. There were bank notes, silver, and even gold. There was a card that had been put in by a young man at the back of the church. It had on it this one word: "Myself." "He could not give silver or gold to the mission cause so he gave himself." On September 10, 1835, he was set apart as a missionary to China, in the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., and on September 22d he sailed on the *Louvre* under appointment of the Boston Board of the Triennial Convention. He did not go alone, for on September 8th he had been united in marriage with Miss Henrietta Hall, of Lancaster County, Virginia, a daughter of Rev. Addison Hall. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Henry Keeling. In one year from the time of their departure from their native land Mr. and Mrs. Shuck reached Macao, China.

In his work in China, after leaving Macao, he lived successively in Hong Kong, Canton, and Shanghai. While in Hong Kong his wife, whose life has been written by Rev. Dr. J. B. Jeter, departed this life. In 1846, Mr. Shuck visited this country, bringing with him a Chinese convert, Yong Seen Sang. They were present in Richmond at the Southern Baptist Convention just starting on its career, and traveled extensively, making appeals for a church building in China. They were cordially received, and for long, long years afterwards Yong Seen Sang was distinctly remembered, and representatives of the Foreign Board were often asked questions as to his welfare. During this visit to America, when Mr. Shuck brought home his children, Mecha, their Chinese nurse, for whom Mrs. Shuck had often prayed, was baptized, December 4, 1846, by Dr. Jeter, who, fifteen years before, had baptized her lamented mistress. In October, 1846, he was married to Miss Lizzie Sexton, of Alabama, Rev. M. P. Jewett performing the ceremony. Upon his return to China Mr. Shuck went to Shanghai, where the rest of his life in that land was spent. While in Shanghai he erected a chapel and translated ten tracts. Mr. Shuck, with Messrs. Yates, Tobey, and James, were assigned to this city to begin the mission here. Mr. Shuck arrived on November 26th. Yong and Min, converts at Canton, moved to Shanghai, and November 6, 1847, a Baptist Church of ten members was organized: "Yates, clerk; Tobey and Yong, deacons; Shuck, pastor." Mr. Shuck soon became familiar with the dialect. During an excursion that he and Mr. Pearcy took into the country each of them was presented with an idol which had been worshipped for many years. In reference to an out-station, which was established, Mr. Shuck remarked: "Let the brethren bear in mind that the Foreign Board of the Southern Baptist Convention was the first Protestant Board of

Missions in the world who ever held property and gained a permanent footing in the interior of China." On November 21st his second wife died. On July 4, 1853, his connection with the Foreign Board was dissolved and the next year he went to California under the auspices of the Domestic Mission Board. On June 5, 1854, he had been married in Charleston, S. C., by Rev. J. R. Kendrick to his third wife, Miss Anna L. Trotti. During his seven years in California as missionary to the Chinese he built a chapel in Sacramento, organized a church of sixteen members, and edited a Baptist newspaper. His first convert in California was Wong Min, who was afterwards for years a successful native preacher in Canton. In 1861, Mr. Shuck left California and located at Barnwell Court-house, S. C., being pastor of the Blackville and Steel Creek churches. Not long before his death, which took place August 20, 1863, he said to a friend at his bedside: "Preaching the gospel has been the joy of my life."

FRANCIS MARION BARKER

While statistics show that ministers of the gospel live longer than any other class of men, still some ministers die in the very prime of manhood. This was the case with Francis Marion Barker. He was born February 17, 1820, and his death occurred October 14, 1863. His parents were John and Polly Brooke Barker. He is thought of, by many who never saw him nor heard him, as a preacher of commanding presence and burning eloquence. Dr. William E. Hatcher, in describing a sermon preached by Mr. Barker, says: "I thoroughly believe he could have preached to ten acres of people and could have been heard by all. That night he preached and used as his text: 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' I heard every word of the sermon and trembled as I heard."

He was born near Porter's Mountain in the western part of Bedford County, and here, after his college work was over, he was married, on May 20, 1846, to Miss Dematris Ann Noel, and ordained, and was for eight years pastor of the Liberty Church. In his nineteenth year he made a profession of religion and would probably have united with the Methodists, but a sermon by Rev. John Goodall led him to become a Baptist. He was licensed to preach and entered Richmond College. From here he went to Columbian College, where, after "distinguishing himself for his piety, gentlemanly bearing, and scholarship," he graduated in 1846. After his pastorate at Liberty, having also supplied for a year or more the Lexington and Mount Moriah churches in Amherst County, in 1854, he became pastor of the Lickinghole, Perkins, and Oakland churches, in Goochland County. After four years in this field he became pastor

of the Franklin Square Baptist Church, Baltimore; here, however, he remained but a year, because, according to Dr. Tyree, he found it "a small and difficult field." He now returned to Virginia, becoming pastor of the Mount Olivet and Hopeful churches, in Hanover County, where he remained until his death. His end came suddenly as the result of an attack of typhoid fever. He had attended the Dover Association in September, being in good health. Upon the fourth Sunday in this month he preached what proved to be his last sermon. It was marked by "unwonted power and pathos." One who heard the sermon afterwards said: "If he had known that this was his last sermon, and that his end was at hand, he could not have been more earnest and faithful."

On the fifth Sunday in November, 1863, Rev. C. Tyree delivered at Hopeful Church a funeral sermon upon the life and character of Mr. Barker. This sketch is largely based on this address. In this sermon Dr. Tyree said: "His understanding was of a high order, active, vigorous, and patient, capable of exerting itself with success on almost any subject. His character was singularly transparent. He wore no disguises. To a rare degree he was what he seemed to be. . . . His piety was thorough and striking. It had its origin in an instantaneous, glorious, well-remembered conversion. It struck through and entwined itself into his whole soul, transforming his whole life and character. His religion . . . was a habit, not an impulse. . . . He would have been an earnest, useful Christian had he never been a minister. . . . His ministerial character should be studied by young preachers. His matter of preaching was the truth as it is in Jesus. His manner had many striking excellencies which should be imitated, and some defects which should be avoided. He was, in the full sense of the word, a preacher of the gospel. There

are many Bible truths which many ministers preach which are not the gospel. Many others preach even duties of the gospel without savingly preaching the gospel itself. In the full saving sense, Brother Barker preached the gospel. I rarely ever heard him that the cross was not his theme. From the blood and shame of Calvary he drew his pleas to induce sinners to become Christians, and Christians to become holy. He was a *scriptural* preacher. . . . He was a *natural* preacher. . . . Brother Barker preached not only with his own voice, but with the same voice with which he conversed. . . . The effect of his sermons was lessened by the continuous loudness of his voice. He was an *earnest, affectionate* preacher. . . . Brother Barker was certainly one of our most useful ministers, and perhaps the main element of his usefulness was his affectionate earnestness. He was a *successful* preacher. He was an able, judicious advocate of our denominational peculiarities. He did not unwisely introduce them into every sermon, but when there was a 'need be,' he, with singular ability, tact, and kindness, preached Baptistic views. While in his native county, he had a public discussion with a Presbyterian minister on the mode and subjects of baptism, which was a triumph to the cause of truth, and most creditable to his own talents and scholarship. . . . In his own and adjacent churches he was a most successful laborer in protracted meetings. . . . In fine if the possession of a clear head and warm heart, if speaking in an earnest, vigorous, unborrowed style, if speaking the truth in the love of it, constitute one an able, eloquent, efficient preacher, then was Brother Barker an able, eloquent, efficient preacher."

While not ungifted with his pen, he left no published writings save a little volume entitled "The Mountain Violet." This was, in expanded form, a sermon preached in Baltimore at the funeral of a young lady, and very

beautifully set forth the value of youthful piety. Rev. Dr. C. C. Meador says that Mr. Barker was an excellent sermonizer, always getting his discourse from his text, and describes thus one of his sermons: "On one occasion so searching and pungent was his sermon that a member of the church, who had been for many years highly esteemed by all who knew him for his religious deportment, rose in the congregation and confessed in the presence of many witnesses that while he had a name to live, he was dead in religious matters, and, crying aloud to God for mercy, he asked the preacher and church people to pray for him that he might be made alive in Christ."

Surely one of the mysteries, which we can not solve in this life, is why one so useful as F. M. Barker should be cut off in the prime of his manhood and in the midst of his ministry. He left nine children, three girls and six boys.

ARCHIBALD A. BALDWIN

Archibald A. Baldwin was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, September 25, 1800. He was converted October 10, 1824. On August 20, 1825, he was licensed to preach, and on March 29, 1834, was ordained to the gospel ministry. In 1845, he commenced to labor in the Middle District Association. On October 4, 1845, a church was constituted in Powhatan County and given the name of Liberty. No less than seven Baptist churches in Virginia to-day bear the name of Liberty. Upon the organization of this church, Mr. Baldwin, who with B. E. Goode had constituted the Presbytery on this occasion, became its pastor, and continued to hold this office until September 30, 1854. From 1852 to 1858 he was pastor of the Midlothian African Church, a church organized in 1846, with six white and fifty-four colored members. From June, 1851, to the end of 1852 he was pastor of the Powhatan Church, which was constituted in 1771. Another old church in the same general section of country, Red Lane, had Mr. Baldwin as pastor from June, 1855, to June, 1857. It is interesting to see the interest felt at this period in the religious welfare of the colored people. Nearly all the churches of the Middle District Association at this time had colored members. For example, in 1855, Powhatan Church had 270 colored members and Red Lane 101. At the meeting of the association there was preaching for the colored as well as for the white people, and the minutes show that at the session of 1850, A. A. Baldwin and H. Crowder were the preachers to the colored people.

Mr. Baldwin had a large, stout frame and a strong, clear voice. While praying or preaching at times he might be heard a long distance. He was gifted in

prayer and was a good singer, but his sermons were not of a high order. While not an educated man, he was honest and strong in his convictions, sound in doctrine, earnest and faithful in his presentation of the truth. Almost every sermon that he preached had portions that were delivered with telling effect. Liberty Church, for a season, and other places in the Middle District Association prospered under his ministry. In his latter years his efficiency was much hindered by trouble and embarrassment. His death occurred in March, 1864.

REUBEN FORD

Goochland County, Virginia, though very narrow, lies for some fifty miles along the northern bank of James River. In this county, on July 22, 1816, Reuben Ford was born. His useful life and ministry make one regret that the circumstances of his early life are not known. In 1840, he was ordained to the ministry and chosen pastor of Goochland, Dover, Deep Run, and Winns churches, all in the Dover Association. He remained on this field until 1846, when he accepted a call to Hepzibah and Spring Creek, both in Chesterfield County. On this field he gave half of his time to Spring Creek, afterwards known as Bethlehem, which was much the larger church. At this latter church he was succeeded by Rev. W. S. Bland. In the fall of 1852, he was called to take charge of a mission on Church Hill, in Richmond. The following June he reported to the General Association that on this field he had preached 145 sermons, baptized twenty-eight persons, and distributed 1,500 pages of literature. During the fall he had carried on for three or four weeks a protracted meeting. His congregations were large and would have been larger, but the place used for worship was not big enough. He reported a subscription of $6,000 towards a meeting-house. A year later he reported to the Association that in October he had held a protracted meeting and that among the eighteen baptized, as a result of these services, were four gentlemen, heads of families. On Christmas Day the basement of the new house of worship had been opened; it seated 500. On the first Sunday in January a Sunday school had been organized that had grown to 250. With "the assistance of the ladies" he had collected $5,600 for the new house, which was to cost $13,000. In 1855, he

reported to the General Association that the Church Hill mission had become a church, the organization having been effected the previous July. So started what is now known as Leigh Street Baptist Church, which, setting out with 103 members, had received by letter and baptism eighty more before the year was closed. In his report this year he expressed the hope that this new church would soon become self-supporting and "one of the most liberal contributors to our treasury." The next year he reported to the Association, through the Board, that at Leigh Street he had baptized thirty persons, and collected $50.05 for the Board. It is interesting to know that in 1853 the State Mission Board appropriated $400, and the "Board at Marion" $200 towards Mr. Ford's support. In 1857, he accepted a call to the Second Baptist Church, of Nashville, Tenn. "Here he rendered faithful and valuable service, which was followed by most gratifying results. The house of worship in which he preached was used as a hospital during the war (1861-5) and he was thrown into prison because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. Soon after his release he died in Nashville, March 12, 1864, from the effects of his imprisonment."

WILLIAM MYLNE

William Mylne was born in Scotland. He came to America in early life. He was educated at the Virginia Baptist Seminary, and in 1835 was set apart as a missionary to Liberia. Rev. Wm. G. Crocker, who had been appointed missionary at the same time, and he selected Edina as their station. At Bassa Cove a meeting-house was erected, and in 1836 sixteen were baptized. Mr. Mylne was pastor *pro tempore*. In 1837, the mission houses were completed and occupied. Among the pupils of the school was an intelligent son of King Kober. Mr. Mylne's health broke down, and in 1838, returning to America, he was first and last pastor in Goochland, Hanover, Louisa, and Orange counties, Virginia. Zion Church, Orange County, and Fork, Louisa County, were among the churches he served. He was of gentle disposition and unfeigned godliness, a man of superior talents, a gifted speaker. He served the cause of Christ with noted fidelity. He died March 8, 1864, aged sixty-three years.

WILLIAM HARRIS

Bedford County, so famous as the birthplace of Baptist preachers, while not the native county of William Harris, was for many years his home, and in large measure the field of his labor. In 1805, having removed from Buckingham, he settled in Bedford, uniting with the church at Goose Creek (now Mt. Zion) Church, whose pastor was Rev. Joshua Burnet. His ministry had commenced in Buckingham and now he was ordained in Bedford, the Presbytery consisting of Elders Joshua Burnet, Joel Preston, and William Leftwich. Later he removed to Liberty (now known as Bedford City), where he lived the rest of his life, and united with the church there that was called then Little Otter. With Bedford as his home and the chief center of his influence, his efforts in behalf of the cause of Christ extended to the counties of Roanoke and Botetourt and even further. During the long course of his ministry he was pastor at one time or another of the following churches: Little Otter, Timber Ridge, Hunting Creek, Goose Creek (Morgan's), Wolf Hill, Suck Spring, Glade Creek, Tinker Creek (Big Lick), Jennings Creek, Cove, New Prospect. Five of these churches, those named last in this list, were organized by him. Especially with two others is his name associated, Hunting Creek, where he was pastor for some forty years, and Suck Spring, where his pastorate ran beyond a half century.

Times have greatly changed since William Harris was in the vigor of his useful life. It is hard to realize how great these changes have been. The railroads and telegraphs and hundreds of other comforts and conveniences that are now within the reach of the humblest and poorest were then unknown. The country was sparsely settled and most of the dwellings and meeting-houses in the rural districts were by no means models of comfort.

The people were simpler in their tastes than we are, lived much in the open air, and while they knew less of the healing art than is known to-day, perhaps they were freer from disease. The people of that period, at least in the community where Elder Harris lived and labored, are described as plain, industrious, unaspiring, and not distinguished for their intelligence or literary taste. "They were a laboring rather than a reading people. They had schools, but in them were taught only the merest elements of learning and even these in a very imperfect manner. There was little except the bold features of the country, and its fine salubrious air, to stimulate intellectual development." Let the reader be reminded that "the bold features of the country," just alluded to, include the majestic Peaks of Otter that lift their heads some four thousand feet into the air, and that once seen are not easily forgotten. The class of preachers to which William Harris belonged, a class that has now almost entirely passed away, "were little indebted to schools and libraries, and not at all to colleges and theological seminaries, for their successes. They were blessed with sound minds and usually with sound bodies, and to these were added piety, experience, an inextinguishable desire for the salvation of sinners, and a readiness and fervency in publishing the rudimental principles of the gospel. They preached not for fame or wealth, but because they felt that they had a divine call to the work. Their own hands ministered to their necessities, while they gave themselves as they had opportunity 'to prayer and to the ministry of the word.' The great aim and labor of their lives was to convert sinners to Christ. To this end they did not find it necessary to look for vacant pulpits, inviting fields, or liberal salaries; but the barn, the forest, or the open space would serve them for a temple; a stump or stone or the level earth for a pulpit; and wherever they could find sinners, willing to hear them, they had a call to preach. Their labors were chiefly among the

poor, the illiterate, and the unsophisticated; and it was no hindrance to their success that they cared nothing for etiquette and show, and made no pretension to refinement. As they were not learned, so they were not pedantic; as they were not great, so neither were they ambitious. They were plain, sensible, godly, earnest, laborious men, who preached because they must—each one hearing the voice of conscience reiterating the words of the apostle, 'Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel.' Their vocation was to preach and preach they did. If their hearers contributed to their support, well—they were thankful and encouraged; but if their hearers contributed nothing, it was still well, the neglect concerned their hearers more than it concerned them; they were laboring for Christ, and expected their reward from Him."

Under the preaching of William Harris multitudes of persons were converted, and by his hands many were buried with Christ in baptism. During one year he led no less than 250 persons into the "liquid grave," and during his whole ministry he must have baptized at least 3,000 candidates. One of the most blessed features of his ministry was the large numbers of young men whom his influence helped to bring to be heralds of the good news of salvation. Here is a list, and it is probably incomplete, of those whom he baptized who afterwards became ministers: William Fuqua, Jno. G. Mills, Armstead Ogden, George Pearcy, Daniel Witt, Jesse Witt, Merriman Lunsford, James Mitchell, Albert Mitchell, Zachariah Whorley, William Jeter, F. M. Barker, James White, Samuel R. White, William L. Hatcher, Marshall Read, John W. Kelly, Harvey Hatcher, Wm. E. Hatcher, Thomas N. Sanderson, John N. Johnson, J. B. Jeter, C. C. Meador. In beautiful guise do the pens of some of these men set before our eyes this man who was their father in the gospel. They all seem to remember distinctly his dress and personal appearance. Dr.

Wm. E. Hatcher says: "I saw in the pulpit . . . Elder William Harris—Father Harris the young people called him—with his hair white as the snow and falling in silken softness around his shoulders, with a face tinged with an Indian hue and cheek bones very high, with an eye blue as the sky and radiant with a light not of this world, with a voice mellow, musical, and irresistible when he sang, with a white handkerchief tie around his neck and a spotless collar. His coat was like a modern cutaway, black with vast flaps over the side pockets, and out of one of the pockets protruded a clean pipe-stem that pushed back the flap and lifted its unblushing length into full view. He was tall, well rounded, the very figure and form and glory of a fine old man." Dr. C. C. Meador remembered the pipe just alluded to and the way it was used. He says: "When the sermon was ended Elder Harris would hasten to the outskirts of the congregation, light his pipe, and indulge in a smoke, at the same time engaging in conversation and a hearty handshaking with all who gathered about him."

Dr. J. B. Jeter in speaking of his early associates in the ministry describes Elder Harris. Elder Harris had helped him in his long search for salvation. Upon hearing his experience Harris said to him: "You are converted," and these words were full of assurance and comfort to Jeter. Dr. Jeter writes: " . . . Had Harris appeared in any assembly a stranger would have been apt to inquire: 'What tall, venerable-looking man is that?' The character of Elder Harris was above reproach. A countryman not remarkable for his charitable judgments of men, who had known him well for forty years, on being asked if he had ever heard any evil report of him, replied with promptness and energy: 'No; and if I had, I should have known that it was a lie.' . . . The Elder was not a great preacher if greatness is to be measured by learning, logical acumen,

an accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, or a vivid imagination. If, however, ministerial greatness is to be estimated by a capacity for usefulness few had a higher claim to it than Elder Harris. . . . Of all preachers we have ever heard, none were less promising in the beginning of their sermons than was Elder Harris. . . . In the commencement of his discourse his speech was slow and unimpressive, his remarks were desultory, and he not unfrequently betrayed a lack of the knowledge of the connection of his text and of its obvious meaning. His hearers need not be discouraged, but should patiently wait for the coming feast. It may not come at all but it will be likely to come. As he advances he warms with his subject. His thoughts brighten, his enunciation becomes more distinct and emphatic, the tones of his voice glide into an indescribable tenderness and pathos, and before he has been preaching an hour you conclude that there is no use in attempting to resist the impression of the discourse, and you unconsciously hang your head and give full indulgence to your emotions and your tears." Later in life, when Dr. Jeter had heard many of the land's best preachers, he heard Elder Harris again, and found that his sermons stood comparison with those of men who had had larger opportunities for education and were known abroad in the land for their pulpit power. He says: "When I was near fifty years old and Harris was not far from eighty, I had several opportunities of hearing him preach, and, to my surprise, I was affected under his ministry precisely as I had been in my youth."

Dr. Harvey Hatcher described in the *Religious Herald* a protracted meeting which took place at Suck Spring when he was a youth. He says: " . . . The old house was of wood, long and rather narrow, with two doors, one in each side about midway the house and opposite each other. There was an open space between

these doors. . . . The house was packed. . . . I was not a Christian. As I drew near and took position among those standing near the door, Elder Harris walked down from the pulpit and took his stand between the doors and began to exhort. He began in soft, gentle tones, but his heart was on fire and rapidly he kindled, and for one half hour he poured forth a torrent of eloquence that I have never heard equalled. . . . How can I ever forget that look of solicitude, of love, of consuming anxiety, as he turned to the door and addressed himself to those who were without! Little did he know how he was stirring the heart of one youth." Later on Elder Harris baptized him, and he describes the scene thus: " . . . A great crowd gathered on the bank of a clear mountain stream. . . . A long list of candidates followed him into the water. . . . There were some twenty boys . . . among whom were W. E. H. and myself. . . . And when we came to the church from the water Elder Harris preached and then he suggested that the brethren sing and give the new members the hand of Christian welcome. With life and fervor they sang: 'How happy are they who their Saviour obey,' and all came to us and bade us welcome among the Lord's saints. And the pastor came also, and what delight beamed in his eye as he took his children in the Lord by the hand!"

Elder Harris departed this life October 29, 1865. For one year his strength had been failing. He continued to conduct his family worship until by paralysis he was deprived of the power of speech. Even then he insisted that the family should gather to pray and read. On the morning before his death, being unable to speak, he pointed again and again upward, as towards the goal for which he longed. A few moments before the end a grandson said to him: "I suppose you are now going home." With an affirmative gesture he replied to this remark and quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

RICHARD NUTT HERNDON

No higher type of Christian manhood ever gave his life and talents to the service of the Master than Elder Richard Nutt Herndon, the second son of Jno. C. and Alice Nutt Herndon, of Fauquier County, Virginia. He was born February 26, 1809, and with Thaddeus, Traverse D., and Henry, formed the "Quartette of Herndon Brothers" sent out by Long Branch Church as messengers for Christ. Inspired by their example, their father, who had long been an honored deacon of the same church, felt called of the Spirit to devote the remainder of his life in the same service, and was duly set apart to the ministry.

Few young men of his day were more peculiarly fitted to preach the gospel than R. N. Herndon. From his boyhood he was an earnest Christian and church worker. Reared in a home of refinement and culture, by godly parents, he had very superior advantages, and, possessing superior intellectual talents, he became an ardent student. His early education was received under the instruction of his father, who conducted a school for his own children, and some of the neighborhood families. After this careful preparation he taught school several sessions and then entered Richmond Seminary (now Richmond College), where he and his beloved friend, J. Lewis Shuck, were the first graduates. Later he took an advanced course at Columbian College, District of Columbia, and then entered upon his chosen life work.

He enjoyed a peculiar privilege in being the "son in the ministry" of Elder Wm. F. Broaddus, whose wise counsel and words of encouragement, and kind, pastoral letters, gave him courage and strength to overcome many obstacles and discouragements.

He was baptized into the fellowship of Long Branch Church, Fauquier County, Virginia, June 22, 1828, by Elder W. F. Broaddus; was licensed to preach the gospel, by the same church, September 31, 1831. Later he was ordained to the ministry, and served as State evangelist under the auspices of Salem Union Association, for many months, in the counties of Loudoun, Berkeley, Jefferson, and Hampshire. He also did some valuable mission work in the counties of Page, Shenandoah, and Rockingham. Here the work of foreign missions and Sunday schools met with much opposition, and the anti-mission adherents also denounced the education of ministers in theological schools. But notwithstanding all of these discouragements he became the exponent of missionary enterprise in the Valley of Virginia, proclaiming the Master's commission, "Go teach all nations," with earnestness and power.

For several years he was agent for the Virginia and Foreign Bible Society in conjunction with his evangelistic work, under the auspices of the General Association of Virginia, traveling through the entire State, aiding in protracted meetings, district associational meetings, helping to build up weak churches, and establishing new missions wherever practicable. He was especially loyal and useful to his *alma mater*, Richmond Seminary, in collecting funds for the support of ministerial students, and in encouraging many young men to consecrate their talents to the Master's service, and to enter this institution to prepare themselves for such service. He found many opportunities to aid Wm. Sands in placing the *Religious Herald* in the homes of his brethren of like faith, and from its first issue until his death he remained a subscriber to this paper.

After several years of pioneer service he entered upon regular pastoral work, serving Olivet, Front Royal, and Howellsville churches, in Warren County; Liberty and

Spring Hill, in Greene County; "F. T," in Rappahannock County; the most fraternal relations existed between him and his co-laborers, Elders Barnett and Aldridge Grimsley, A. H. Spilman, Cumberland George, George Love, Silas Bruce, James Garnett, and a host of other consecrated ministers of his day.

But his life work centered in Page County, in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley, from 1850 to 1866. After months of arduous labor he succeeded in establishing the first missionary Baptist church in this section of the State at the county seat, Luray. The little church had a hard struggle to gain a foothold, owing to the opposition of the anti-mission adherents, who openly ridiculed the "New School Baptists," as they contemptuously styled them, but the brave pastor worked patiently and unfalteringly. A young minister, who was one of the first baptized into the fellowship of this church, wrote of him: "No man ever produced a deeper impression upon the people in his community than Brother Herndon. His letters to me breathed unabated confidence in God. What a power he was in the ministry eternity alone will reveal! No experience, however hard, ever shook his faith!"

He was twice married. His first wife was Margaret A. Pierce, of Westmoreland County, a consecrated and devoted Christian. Four children were born of this union, three of whom died in infancy. Her gentle spirit went home to God, December 26, 1841, leaving a little daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, only a few hours old. Many years afterwards he was married to Elizabeth Jane Tyler, daughter of James Monroe and Matilda Hebb Tyler, of Prince William County, Virginia.

The circumstances which led to his union with this attractive young woman were quite remarkable, she being reared in the Episcopal faith, and mingling in the busy whirl of social life. At a meeting which she at-

tended, near Middleburg, Va., conducted by Elders Thaddeus and Traverse Herndon, she became deeply impressed with the principles and practices of the Baptist faith. She at once became an earnest "seeker after truth," and, after her happy conversion, sought baptism, as she was fully convinced that this act of obedience was obligatory upon all believers, and commanded by Christ and in imitation of His example. She was baptized by Elder Traverse Herndon, in whose home she was often a visitor, and here her Christian character rapidly developed. Here she was thrown into company with the "choicest fellowship of believers," and upon one of these occasions she was introduced to Elder R. N. Herndon by his own little fair-haired Margaret, the little motherless girl, who many years afterwards became the wife of Capt. Fairfax Mitchell, of Litwalton, Va. This new friendship soon became one of deeper interest, and on October 28, 1852, they were married by Elder Traverse Herndon, in the Baptist church at Alexandria, Va. For several years they resided at Dunlora, near Markham, in Fauquier County, whilst preparations were going forward for the church building at Luray. Upon their removal to this town they found the congregation financially unable to support them without other pecuniary aid. They also found the great need of a good school for the education of the young women and girls in that section of the State. Hence the Luray Female Institute, with a corps of accomplished teachers, under their wise direction, became a great power for the intellectual uplift of the young girls intrusted to their care.

Elder Herndon was a *man* of true, sincere, loyal character, conscientious and unselfish to an extreme degree. As a *teacher* he was an intellectual leader, inspiring those about him to develop every talent and to improve every opportunity afforded. Endowed with a handsome personal appearance, possessing a fine intellect,

and a close student of the word of God, he was a man of unusual personality. Musical by nature, and having a rich, melodious voice, his messages of song went home to the hearts of his hearers with marked power and pathos.

During the Civil War he was exempt from military service, owing to physical weakness, the result of the life of hardship and exposure, in those days when he journeyed through the mountain section of the State on horseback, in all kinds of weather, to fill his appointments at the churches which were at great distances apart. In those days many of the pastors preached to as many as three or four churches, giving one Sabbath every month to each church, a few days each week spent in visiting the various congregations, and the remainder of the time spent in journeying to and from each appointment. Although he was an ardent and loyal patriot to his native State, he ever recognized the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, and ministered alike to the "Blue and the Gray," in their hospitals, and to their dead and dying. Despite this Christian service, upon his refusal to take the "oath of allegiance" to the United States Government, he was taken from a sick bed in his home at Luray, and sent to a cold, damp prison at Culpeper Court-House. The day before the memorable one which closed the sad conflict, he was paroled, and one of his beloved friends in that town sent him home to his loved ones. But the severe tax upon him was too great, and, having contracted rheumatic fever during his imprisonment, he gradually weakened and finally succumbed when the fatal malady attacked his heart.

The success of the Baptist cause in the Valley of Virginia is largely due, under the Divine blessing, to the efforts of R. N. Herndon and his consecrated wife, Elizabeth Tyler. The necessary life of hardship and sacrifice on their field of labor was borne with patience and fortitude, and "their works do follow them."

On the morning of October 15, 1866, this beloved minister fell asleep in Jesus, and his mortal remains were laid to rest in the cemetery of the little town where he had labored so faithfully and successfully. A modest marble slab, erected by his beloved congregation, marks the spot, and bears this eloquent tribute to his memory: "He being dead, yet speaketh!" Many years afterwards the remains of his consecrated wife were laid beside him, and her memory is tenderly cherished by those who knew her as a woman of deep piety and unselfish devotion, and whose faith in God led her to the "Blessed Beyond." Their life work accomplished, they will sleep side by side in "God's Acre" until the blessed Resurrection Morn, when they shall "awake in His likeness."

Matilda Herndon Stratford.

SAMUEL DORSET

Samuel Dorset was born February 1, 1789, in New Jersey. His second birth seems to have taken place also in New Jersey, for in June, 1807, he united with the Baptist Church in Newark, N. J. In April, 1816, he moved to Richmond, Va., and on May 8, 1818, to Amelia County. In May, 1819, he established himself in Powhatan County, where he spent the rest of his long life. It is to be regretted that the record of a life which was so long and which was useful, as we know in an interesting way, is so fragmentary. While he is said to have lacked animation and warmth in the delivery of his sermons, he evidently had strong convictions for which he was willing to stand. He is described as "well informed, sound in doctrine, and liberal in his views." The year 1835 was an important one in the Middle District Association, in the bounds of which body Elder Dorset lived. At this time the body decided to coöperate with the General Association. By this step they committed themselves to missions, Sunday schools, temperance work, and an educated ministry. This was too advanced ground for some of the churches of the Middle District. One of this number was Skinquarter. A contest ensued as to who should be their pastor. The majority voted for Elder Edmund Goode, who held anti-mission views. The minority under the leadership of Elder Dorset, for whom they had voted, went out and organized Mt. Hermon Church. Over this flock he was pastor from this time until 1849. From the very first, under his ardent championship of the cause, Mt. Hermon took the lead in Sunday-school work. As late as 1851 only four churches reported Sunday schools, one of them being Mt. Hermon, which reported 105 scholars and eighteen officers

and teachers. The fact that from those days even up to the present time Mt. Hermon has had such an honorable Sunday-school record is largely due to the influence of Samuel Dorset. With the change of one word the lines of Longfellow are timely:

> "So when a good man dies,
> For years beyond our ken,
> The light he leaves behind him lies
> Upon the paths of men."

Skinquarter went into the Zoar Association, but, as is recorded in another part of this volume, the history of this organization was brief. "During the last years of his life he was disqualified for service and seldom went out from home. He died April 4, 1868, at the advanced age of eighty years."

ROBERT BOYLE CRAWFORD HOWELL

While Robert Boylé Crawford Howell was not born in Virginia, and while the larger part of his labors was done in another state, still he was closely identified with the work of Virginia Baptists. His birth took place, March 10, 1801, on his father's farm on the Neuse River, Wayne County, North Carolina, he being the fifth child of Ralph Howell and Jane Crawford. His parents and their forebears were Episcopalians, and in his earlier days, when books were scarce, the boy's library was little more than the Bible and the prayer-book. While his parents gave him religious instruction, and while the superior character of his mother inclined him to habits of thought and towards spiritual things, besides these influences there came to him convictions which he wrought out from the close study of his library of two books. Although he had never read a Baptist book, he came gradually to the conclusion that religion is the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart; that it is not communicated by sacraments; that infant baptism is unsupported by Scriptures, and that the Episcopacy is unauthorized by the word of God. It was with reluctance that he came to these views, as they were contrary to his early training. After several years, during which time he passed through severe and prolonged conflicts, reading his Bible daily on his knees, and praying for light, in the autumn of 1820 he received the joy of salvation, and, on February 6, 1821, was baptized by Rev. Robert T. Daniel, pastor of the Baptist Church, in Raleigh, into the fellowship of the nearest church to his father's home, the Nanghunti Church, some fourteen miles away. While the young man did not realize it at the time, his career as a minister practically began soon

after his baptism. The very next Lord's Day, being urged by the pastor of the church, Rev. John Thomas, he preached his first sermon, from the text Matt. 11:2-6, his subject being the infinite grace manifested in the gospel of Christ. In this sermon he considered: first, the confirmation of the Messiahship of Jesus by miracles; second, the benevolent character of his miracles; and, third, the certainty that those who believe in Him shall be saved. At the first business meeting of his church, after his baptism, he was licensed to preach, and in the following months he conducted various religious services at private houses, speaking to large crowds, but still it was his plan and purpose to take up the study of the law. Yet the question as to the ministry perplexed him, but he decided to hold his decision in abeyance until he went to college, getting in the meantime all the light he could. Before he set out for Columbian College, in the fall of 1821 or the spring of 1822, "a tall, spare-made youth in homespun clothes," nearly 200 persons had professed faith in Christ, and a large church had been organized.

At Columbian College (Washington City), whose president at that time was Rev. Dr. Wm. Staughton, there was a missionary society among the students, whose members went out two by two on Sunday to preach at the Preparatory School of the College, Rock Hill, the Poor House, and at churches in the city and in Alexandria. Mr. Howell became active in this work, and was also the superintendent of the college Sunday school. In July, 1826, as Mr. Howell was planning to spend some time at his home on the Neuse, he was urged by Rev. Dr. R. B. Semple, of the Board of the General Association of Virginia, to preach for a season as a missionary of the Board. Somewhat previous to this, two young preachers, J. B. Jeter and Daniel Witt, afterwards so distinguished among Virginia Baptists,

had been sent by this same Board to labor in the western part of the State. Norfolk was the center of the territory assigned to Mr. Howell. He was to preach once a month to thirty churches, and one day each month at three places. He had as his fellow-laborer a young preacher of Sussex County, Thomas B. Creath. Towards the close of the year, Rev. Noah Davis gave up the pastorate of the Cumberland Street Baptist Church, Norfolk, and moved to Philadelphia. Mr. Howell was asked to supply the pulpit until a pastor could be secured. He consented, and went to work, preaching every night. Finally his plan to be a lawyer was abandoned. The church called on him to be ordained, and, counting this the voice of God, he heeded the call, and finally gave himself without further hesitation to the Gospel ministry. The Presbytery that ordained him consisted of Rev. Dr. Wm. Staughton, Rev. Dr. Samuel Wait, his teachers at Columbian, Rev. Peter Lugg, and Rev. James Mitchell, and the service took place January 7, 1827. Renewed enthusiasm marked his labors; within a short time some 200 young people had been baptized, and before the end of the year the church had called on him twice to become their pastor. The second appeal he granted. This union lasted some seven or eight years, during which time he baptized 519 persons. Not only as a preacher, but also as a pastor, he was ever at work. He was popular among all classes, his manner was hearty and attractive, his physical presence was imposing, his conversation was lively and entertaining, his face was often seen in the homes of the poor and the shops of the working men. He was a leader in his association, the Portsmouth, being first its clerk, and then, until he left Virginia, its moderator. In 1828, he was made one of the vice-presidents of the Triennial Convention, and already he was beginning, notwithstanding his many other engagements, to wield his pen, writing essays and books.

On the first Sunday of January, 1835, he preached his first sermon as pastor of the Baptist Church in Nashville. Upon his acceptance of this field, a church once strong and numerous was weak and small, the change having been wrought by the introduction of the doctrines taught by Alexander Campbell. A better day soon dawned. Before this pastorate ended Mr. Howell had baptized 392 persons, and built a meeting-house, and the feeble band that first greeted him had come to be four aggressive churches; and in this time had sent twenty-three young men out to preach. During these years in Nashville, Mr. Howell, blessed with great physical endurance, was in labors abundant. He founded *The Baptist,* a State denominational organ, was a leader in the establishment of the Union University, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., was a trustee of the Tennessee Institution for the Blind, was active in the discussions that finally resulted in the birth of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and was ever at work with his pen. In 1849, he became pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. In this important field his activity seemed to know no limit. He took no summer vacation. The annual average additions to the church were about fifty-seven. He preached in these years 2,000 sermons, assisted in the organization of five churches, and the ordination of seven ministers of the gospel. Nor was his work confined to his own congregation. He was a trustee of Richmond College, and also of what is now the Woman's College of Richmond, a member of the Foreign Mission Board, and at four successive sessions was elected president of the Southern Baptist Convention. In 1857, he began his second pastorate with the Nashville church, preaching his first sermon on July 19th. Trials assailed the church, but, nevertheless, a revival of power came, and the final outcome was progress in numbers and prosperity. The Civil War took

many young men and finally the meeting-house, and before it was over Mr. Howell had suffered imprisonment. Soon after the war, when his health began to fail, he took his first vacation and visited the Neuse and Norfolk, the scenes of his youth, and his first pastorate. In January, 1867, he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, after which his health gradually gave way until, on Sunday, April 5, 1868, just at the hour when for so many years he had stood in the pulpit to preach the gospel he loved so well, he passed to his reward.

Among the books and pamphlets he gave to the denomination and the world were the following: "Plain Things for Plain Men," "The Evils of Infant Baptism," "The Cross," "The Covenants," "Terms of Christian Communion," "The Way of Salvation," "The Deaconship," "The Early Baptists of Virginia." This last book was not published until after his death, being one of four manuscript books which he left; the others were: "The Family," "The Christology of the Pentateuch," "Memorial of the First Baptist Church, Nashville, 1820-1862." The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him about 1844, by Georgetown College, Kentucky. "As a minister he was regarded as one of the ablest and most learned men in the South, and no one exercised a greater or more beneficial influence within or outside of the church. His life was unspotted, his Christian course was marked by the highest virtues. His courtesy and kindness of heart made him a universal favorite, notwithstanding the fierce theological debates in which he was often engaged. He was a thorough Baptist and always jealous of the fair fame of his denomination." Most of the facts here given, and in some cases the language, are taken from a sketch written by Mrs. Fannie D. Nelson.

Some three miles southeast of Charlottesville, Va., is "Verdant Lawn," a handsome country residence. The house, which was of brick, stood upon "a ridge" that runs parallel and near to Carter's Mountain. East of the ridge is a little stream and a beautiful piece of meadow land. On the west there is first a depression up which the family road winds, and further off is another ridge, and further off still a little north is the University of Virginia, the town of Charlottesville, and back of all, miles away, the Blue Ridge Mountains. In the summer the house is not visible from the public road; it is hidden by the great black oaks that stand in front of it, and in the distance the orchard and forest trees show like a pleasant park. To the northeast of "Verdant Lawn," and as the bird flies, perhaps a third of a mile away, is "Monticello," the home of Jefferson. The environment and appointments of this elegant country home were in keeping with the house—"beautiful grounds, well-trimmed hedges, carefully shaven lawns, and comely walks." The farm itself consisted of some 1,200 acres.

"Verdant Lawn" was the home of Rev. Wm. P. Farish. He was born near Bowling Green, Caroline County, Virginia, February 7, 1797. When he was some twelve years old his father died, leaving a widow and several children. Though his mother was a thrifty housewife and the head of the home, the care of the family, to no small degree, fell to young Farish. He became a successful young farmer, married Miss Milicent Winn Laughlin, and soon after this moved to Albemarle County, where he "established himself as farm manager, landowner, and farmer. He was recognized by leading men of the county and section as a large-minded, resourceful man of large affairs, becoming manager and owner of stage lines, hotel property, and several large

plantations, all of which he operated with marked sagacity and success."

The dates of his conversion and ordination to the ministry can not now be learned, but in the later thirties he was a member of the Charlottesville Baptist Church. During the pastorate of John A. Broadus, Mr. Farish was the largest contributor to the building fund of the spacious meeting-house that was then erected, and that was used by the church until a few years ago. While his family were regular attendants of this church, he was not, for he was pastor of country churches, at one time these four, Milton, B. M., Hardware, and Preddy's Creek, being his field. He was also pastor at one time of Mount Eagle and Limestone churches, and possibly of yet others. He was most regular in meeting his appointments at his churches, and was a leader in the Albemarle Association, of which body he was moderator in 1844 and 1856. Indeed, his helpfulness was felt along Baptist lines throughout the State. Largely through his generosity there was established in Charlottesville, in the forties, a Baptist school for young women, with Rev. S. H. Mirick in charge. Some ten years later he was most influential in the establishing of the Albemarle Female Institute, at whose head was the distinguished educator, Mr. John Hart. Another evidence of his wealth and liberality is found in the fact that once he offered to give Dr. J. B. Taylor, Sr., a fine farm if he would accept the pastorate of the Charlottesville church.

Mr. Farish was not a great preacher, but the picture of him as he ministered to his country congregation with scrupulous fidelity, and held high converse with his brethren in the ministry, is a most attractive one. Rev. Dr. J. L. Johnson, who knew Mr. Farish well and was often an honored guest at "Verdant Lawn," says of Mr. Farish: "I do not believe that he himself thought he would suit the pulpit in 'First Church, High Street, Corner Quality Avenue,' but there were and are now all

sorts of people in Albemarle County, as I know personally, and the 'poor ye have with you always,' especially in the Ragged Mountains. These all needed the gospel, and he could find the audience that he would he helpful to and he did. I suspect that in some cases he received little or no pecuniary compensation, and if I am correct his life was a constant testimony to the Messiahship of Christ; and the poor have the gospel preached unto them." Dr. Johnson thus describes Mr. Farish in his home: "His princely home was a sort of Baptist Hotel, and far and near Baptists of Virginia knew of it; but I don't believe his guests enjoyed receiving his hospitality as much as he did dispensing it. Dr. T. G. Jones, of Norfolk, was an old student at the University; when long years afterwards he came with Broadus, J. B. Taylor, Sr., and Poindexter and Quarles, and A. B. Brown to ordain to the ministry four University young men, J. Wm. Jones, C. H. Toy, J. B. Taylor, Jr., and J. L. Johnson, Dr. Jones set off at once to the home of his old friend. My impression is that half of the preachers and near-preachers named above were guests at the same time, making a gala event of it." The picture of this preacher and his home is made yet more vivid by these further words of Dr. Johnson: "I can not speak definitely about the calibre and qualities of the man, but one can make quite dependable inference when he hears that Brother Farish was a great Baptist, living and prospering and preaching in a non-Baptist atmosphere, and taking to his heart and home such men as John A. Broadus, A. B. Brown, John C. Long, George B. Taylor, John Hart, C. H. Toy, A. P. Abell; moving about and discussing with them the great interests of the day; coöperating with them in the things that make for the betterment of the community, without limiting the meaning of the word community. In the group named above may be found piety, intellect, scholarship, Christian activity, and other highly desirable characteristics."

The pen of Dr. J. C. Long yet further sets before our eyes this genial, hospitable preacher: "On one of these occasions I overtook William P. Farish going home. His ruddy face, his snow-white hair, his strong and vigorous frame, his hearty and cheerful voice all impressed me. He called out to me from a distance, turning on his horse: 'What injury have I done you that you do not come to see me?' When I next went to my Hardware appointment I found Mr. Farish there before me, and I went home with him. More than any one I ever knew he had the art of making a man feel comfortable in his house. There was no overdoing the matter, but somehow he always made me feel that I was doing him the greatest kindness to come to see him. I not only felt free, I felt rich. For the time I seemed to be the owner of a large house and 1,200 acres of land everything about me was mine to use and enjoy. He had traveled, had seen many men; he talked well and loved to talk, and he let his guests talk too." While "a close-carriage, drawn by a span of shining bays and driven by a dignified groom, waited upon the will of the family," if you met Mr. Farish away from the house you would see "mounted on a mettlesome charger a man of perhaps six feet, and two hundred pounds, with attractive features and searching eye, who looked as if he would enjoy leading a squadron of cavalry to scatter a mass of infantry. A cheery greeting would be yours, and he would be apt to point in the direction of his house and say something about the string being still on the latch."

Mr. Farish never had but one child, a daughter, who married Rev. John T. Randolph, and lived on, after her father's death, at "Verdant Lawn," keeping up with her husband the hospitable traditions of the home. Mr. Farish died at "Verdant Lawn," October 29, 1869, and his funeral was conducted by his pastor, Rev. Dr. John C. Long; but surely for many a year the light from such a life as his rests with brightness and blessing along the pathway of other men.

RICHARD HUGH BAGBY

To follow the story of the life of Richard Hugh Bagby it will not be necessary to go from city to city or from state to state. Practically his whole life was spent in the neighborhood of Bruington Church, King and Queen County, Virginia. Here he was born June 16, 1820, being the son of John Bagby, a prominent merchant at Stevensville, and a deacon and clerk of Bruington Church, and was in the fourth generation from the immigrant founder of the family in Virginia, who landed in Virginia in 1628. He grew up to boyhood and youth under the influence of Rev. Dr. R. B. Semple, the pastor of Bruington, whose successor he was to be. At an early age he became a student of the Virginia Baptist Seminary and while there he was converted. Of his conversion and baptism we have an account in his own words. It is as follows:

"I entered the second class and nothing of importance happened, except that, from my entrance at the Seminary, my religious impressions increased, and my views of the pardon of sin through Christ grew brighter and clearer, till some time either in March or April—I regret not noting the exact time—my distress on account of my sins was so great that I gave up all as lost. But, one morning, while at worship in the chapel, and in the act of prayer, I determined to give myself to God—to work for Him while life lasted, and to trust my salvation in His righteous hands, hoping to be saved through the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus. I, at once, felt relief, though so different from what I had thought conversion to be, that I did not venture to hope, till reflection and efforts, in vain, to rid myself of comfort, con-

vinced me that it was of God. It was a month or more after this time before I communicated my feelings to any person, and it was then done more to ascertain what my condition was, than to declare my own hope. At Whitsuntide, I returned home, and, being baptized by Rev. Richard Claybrook, I joined the Baptist church at Bruington. Soon after my hope of a change was felt, I commenced secret prayer three times a day. The chief subjects of my petitions were my own comfort and perseverance, and the conversion of twenty of my unconverted friends whom I had selected to pray for—a large majority of whom are now Christians. Oh, what encouragement to pray! About the time I joined the church, as is usual, my zeal and warmth of feeling were great, and I was rejoiced above measure by the conversion, during a revival which commenced on the day on which I was baptized, of several for whom I had been praying, and whose ridicule and persecution I had boldly withstood."

From the Seminary he went to Columbian College, where he graduated in 1839, being only nineteen years old. This institution, in 1869, conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. When he left college, as has been true of many a young man who finally became a minister, his purpose was to be a lawyer, but God had other work for him. On November 21, 1839, he was married to Miss Ann E. Motley, who made him a loving and most helpful wife, who survived him; to her in the article of death he addressed his last words: "Kiss me, my wife, kiss me." On March 7, 1840, he and his wife united by letter with the Mattaponi Baptist Church, since it was more convenient for them to go there than to Bruington, and in May, 1841, he was licensed to preach. On January 3, 1842, he was ordained by a Presbytery composed of Elders William Todd, Wm. Southwood, and John W. Hillyard. A few

days later he was invited to preach for Mattaponi every fourth Lord's Day, and on February 27th he accepted this call. On December 10th he was dismissed from Mattaponi, being called to the pastorate of the Bruington Church. In the early part of the following year (1843) he took up his pastorate at Bruington, which was destined to continue until July, 1870, almost twenty-eight years. During a period of two years he was pastor of St. Stephen's Church, he and the church understanding that this connection was to be only temporary. While almost his whole life was given to the pastorate of one church this was by no means the limit of his sphere of service. His field really embraced all the surrounding counties, for he was in constant demand "to conduct protracted meetings, to preach missionary sermons, to address Sunday-school meetings, to aid in ordination services, and to perform various other duties incident to the ministerial office." Indeed, his brother preachers regarded him so highly that some one remarked that they had come to feel *"Aut Cæsar aut nullus."*

The characterization of Dr. Bagby, which follows, is from articles by Rev. Dr. A. Broaddus, from which articles most of the facts and some of the language of this sketch are taken:

"The intellectual capacities of different individuals may be compared to the physical features of different regions of country. Some minds may be likened to a dead flat, whose monotonous surface is broken only at long intervals, by a clump of scraggy bushes, a bunch of worthless weeds, or a tuft of unsightly sedge—minds that never rise above a dead level, and whose barren soil is indicated by its useless products. Other minds resemble those regions in which, though the surface is, for the most part, level, yet here and there a lofty hill, and sometimes even a towering mountain, rises abruptly

from the surrounding plain. In minds of this order, while the larger number of the intellectual faculties are not elevated above the average, one or two traits are developed with extraordinary power and strength. Still other minds find their likeness in a 'rolling country,' everywhere elevated—sometimes swelling into gentle acclivities, sometimes rising into bold highlands, and sometimes towering into lofty mountains. With this last mentioned kind of intellect, Dr. Bagby's mind might fairly be classed. Scarcely one of his intellectual qualities could be considered merely ordinary, while in not a few of his mental traits he rose to a commanding eminence. God had denied him the gift of a rich imagination. He could draw no startling images, paint no beautiful pictures, conjure up no striking scenes. In lacking, however, a fertile imagination, he sustained no serious loss as a preacher. Such an imagination *may* be made useful; but it is probably employed more frequently to win the admiration of an audience, than to illustrate or to enforce Divine truth; and it is, at any rate, always a temptation to its possessor. Brother Bagby may have been wanting, too, as a preacher, in pathos. This gift is more valuable than the other, and is more frequently usefully employed. But pathos sometimes degenerates into whining; and then it excites the disgust, instead of moving the feelings of the judicious and intelligent. But, though Brother Bagby was wanting in the softness and tenderness which constitute pathos, this was not due to lack of feeling in himself, or to the want of capacity to excite it in others. He had a great heart, and a warm one. He was a *burning,* as well as a shining light. His preaching affected the feelings with more power and depth than tenderness. It might move less readily than the preaching of some others, but it moved more deeply and permanently. But if he was wanting in the qualities which have been men-

tioned, he was richly endowed with others, far more important and valuable. Probably his most prominent mental characteristic was FORCE. He was, in the true sense, a *powerful* preacher, for he spake with demonstration of the Spirit and with power. No bald platitudes trickled in a vapid stream from his lips, but 'thoughts that breathed and words that burned' poured forth in resistless torrent from a perennial fountain of living waters. He knocked at the door of the sinner's heart with no soft hand, cased in shining silk, but with the mailed fist of the warrior, under whose ponderous blows every fiber of the portal trembled. This force of intellect and spirit shone forth from the whole man whenever he rose in the pulpit or on the platform. It could be heard in his clear, sonorous, and powerful voice, in the nervous Anglo-Saxon words that fell from his lips, and in his earnest and impressive emphasis. It could be seen in his unstudied, significant, vigorous, and abounding action. It could be *felt* in the commanding power of his bright and beaming eye. Nay, this quality seemed to pervade his most trivial actions, and its influence appeared to be felt even by the irrational animals with which he had to deal. His very grasp of the reins impressed a horse with the fact that he was under the hand of a master, and it curbed and controlled his fiery spirit. But in all this force there was no roughness nor rudeness. It was combined with unvarying courtesy and kindness, and not unfrequently with a tenderness which won the heart of the feeblest child.

"But little inferior to the force of Dr. Bagby's intellect was its discriminating capacity. His mind was far more than ordinarily analytical. He could trace the connection of causes and consequences, with clearness and precision, and detect and expose sophistry, though hidden under the most plausible garb. This feature of his mind, united with unusual composure and self-com-

mand, made him a match, in argument, for our most skilful debaters. His power in this direction was tested, at one period, by an oral discussion, on the subjects and action of baptism, with a minister of another denomination. With the result of that debate the Baptists had reason to be more than satisfied; while the voluntary testimony of his opponent to his courtesy and ability was as honorable to that opponent himself, as it was gratifying to Brother Bagby's friends and brethren.

"Dr. Bagby's mind was distinguished by unusual comprehensiveness and quickness. His mental vision took in the whole of a subject at one view. His mind grasped it in all its parts at once, and grasped it with wonderful readiness and quickness. He was not (especially in the later years of his ministry) a student, in the scholastic sense of the term. His ardent temperament and his energetic spirit, ever seeking expression in earnest and vigorous action, would, under any circumstances, have rendered the sedentary habits, close confinement, and dreamy life of a mere student peculiarly irksome to him. But whatever may have been his inclination in that direction, his situation rendered close and continuous study utterly impracticable. There are, indeed, very few country pastors so situated that they can be close students, and he was certainly not among those few. The numberless interruptions to which his studies were subject, the numerous and urgent calls for his services, and the onerous duties of his position as pastor of a church whose membership was scattered over a wide surface, left little time or opportunity for reading or study. Happily, however, he had far less occasion for these than most men. That quickness of perception and that capacity for taking, at once, a comprehensive view of a subject, which I have ascribed to him, combined with a rare power of mental abstraction and concentration, enabled him to do more effective studying in an

hour than many men do in a day. Not a few of his most effective and acceptable sermons were composed in the course of little more than a single hour, while seated in his chamber and surrounded by his flock of romping children.

"Dr. Bagby's sermons, as might be supposed from what has been said of him, were methodical in arrangement, clear in their statements, forcible in their arguments, and fervent in their appeals. They embraced the whole range of divine truth, including the doctrinal, the experimental, and the practical, and were distinguished by a rich variety, which made his preaching, after a pastorate of twenty-eight years, appear as new and fresh to his people as when he commenced his ministry. But, whatever might be their variety, a single vein of thought ran through them all. Whatever might be the topic of a discourse, it was always made to point to Christ. Hence every motive was fetched; here every argument was founded. Like Paul, he determined to know nothing, in the pulpit, 'save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' But, superior as were Dr. Bagby's intellectual qualifications for the pulpit, they were surpassed by those moral and religious requisites for the position, which are far more important and valuable.

"Dr. Bagby was conspicuous for courage and fortitude. He was endowed with much more than ordinary physical courage, being noted for a firmness of nerve which rendered him calm and collected in the midst of great peril, and a boldness and daring which made him ready to face the most threatening danger. But he was distinguished by a far higher and better courage than this. He was eminent for moral courage. He never hesitated to assume the sole responsibility for his own sentiments and actions. He never failed, when the occasion required it, to declare '*all* the counsel of God,' let it please or displease whom it might. He might be de-

nounced as a sectarian, a bigot, a fanatic; he might be censured, maligned, misrepresented; but none of these things moved him a hair's breadth from the truth, or caused him to take one step backwards. Of him it might be said, as was said of John Knox, that 'He never feared the face of man'; but he united with the courage of Knox nothing of his harshness, high temper, or overbearing spirit. With dauntless courage Brother Bagby combined enduring fortitude. Subject all his life to attacks of violent pain and distressing sickness, he maintained a cheerful temper, a serene spirit, and a thankful heart. Burdened by the support of a large and dependent family, pressed by the anxieties of the pastorate, and by the 'care of all the churches' (for he felt a lively interest in them all), he never yielded to despondency or impatience. Subjected to toils and hardships to which the kid-gloved ministry are utter strangers, he 'endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'

"Dr. Bagby was remarkably free from any touch of jealousy toward his brother ministers. It is humiliating that men occupying the exalted position of the ministry should be found entertaining toward each other a little, low, mean spirit of jealousy. But there are such men, and not a few of them. Their jealousy crops out in innuendoes, belittling remarks, depreciatory criticisms, and slighting insinuations towards those whose superior luster, they think, 'pales their own ineffectual fires.' To such a feeling as this Brother Bagby was an utter stranger. So far from depreciating the capacities and excellencies of his brethren, he was inclined to magnify them. His delight in their acceptability and usefulness sometimes blinded his judgment, and induced him to bestow praise where it was scarcely merited. It was this feeling, in part, which rendered him so noted for searching out the gifts of young men, encouraging them to cultivate such gifts, and urging them to enter the ministry.

"Dr. Bagby was preëminently a man of truth. He believed the truth he preached—believed it with all his heart. It was the comfort of his spirit and the guide of his life. He understood the plan of salvation, and had embraced it with the most unquestioning and childlike faith; and hence he earnestly desired that all men should thus understand and embrace it. His piety was of the highest type. It was intelligent, sincere, pervasive, constant, and growing; and hence his path was that of the just, 'shining more and more unto the perfect day.'

"Dr. Bagby's manner in the pulpit was grave, serious, and devout; his style of speaking, always earnest, often impassioned, and sometimes vehement; his gesture, unstudied, energetic, appropriate, and abounding; and his whole bearing, such as to induce the conviction that he was utterly oblivious of self, and intent only on impressing the truth upon the hearts and consciences of his hearers. With the qualifications for the ministry, which I have ascribed to him, it is no wonder that Dr. Bagby's preaching should have been unusually effective. While a large number of Christians owe their intelligent and correct views of truth, their comfort, usefulness, activity and growth in grace to his faithful teaching, hundreds, it may be thousands, will, in the great day, own him as their spiritual father, and contribute to the brightness of his crown of rejoicing.

"Admirably as Dr. Bagby was qualified for the pulpit, he was no less fitted for the pastorate. Indeed, I am not sure that, with all his endowments as a minister, he was not a better pastor than a preacher. He ruled the flock over which the Lord had made him an overseer, with rare judgment, fidelity, forbearance, and affection. He was ever ready, not to unite with others, but to *lead* them in every scheme calculated to foster the graces and to promote the spiritual welfare of his people, and he was ingenious in devising, and prompt and persevering

in executing such schemes. The Sunday school, the Bible class, the prayer-meeting, not only received his hearty sanction, but depended for their efficiency and success on his own personal labors. In directing the discipline of the church, he was distinguished by prudence, patience, promptness, fidelity, and tenderness. But it was in his intimate personal association with his people that his excellence as a pastor was most signally displayed. He warned the unruly, comforted the feeble-minded, supported the weak, and was patient toward all men. He visited his people in their own homes, and manifested a lively and sincere interest in their temporal, as well as their spiritual, welfare. He commanded their confidence by his judicious advice, and won their hearts by his tender sympathy. In his pastoral labors, he was no respecter of persons; or, if he made any distinction in his ministrations, it was in favor of 'God's poor,' whom he so affectingly commended to his wife, in his dying moments. I have never enjoyed the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the pastoral qualifications of city preachers, but, without designing to disparage others, I do not hesitate to say that, within the whole range of my acquaintance, in the country, there is no minister who can bear comparison, as a pastor, with R. H. Bagby.

"Brother Bagby believed neither monkish seclusion nor puritanical exclusiveness to be acceptable to God, or to be consistent with the spirit and teaching of the New Testament. He believed that God had placed ministers, as well as Christians who fill no official position, in the world to benefit the world, and that, in order to do this, they must manifest an interest in its affairs, and aid in promoting its temporal, as well as its spiritual, welfare. Hence, as a citizen, he was prompt to give his influence and support to any scheme calculated to benefit the country. In this direction, his superior talents, sound

judgment, and high character were invaluable to the community in which he lived. In the wide range of his acquaintance, there may have been some envious persons, who, like the man that hated to hear Aristides always called 'the just,' would have felt a malicious pleasure in finding occasion to disparage the character of a man of such high reputation, such decided opinions, and such untiring activity as distinguished Dr. Bagby. If there were such persons, they sought occasion against *him* in vain. In all his business transactions, in all his intercourse with the world, in all his varied activities as a citizen, not a spot was left on his fair name—nay, not a breath of suspicion ever dimmed, for a moment even, the luster of his shining reputation.

"In the inner circle of domestic life, Brother Bagby was marked for excellences no less commendable than those which distinguished him in public positions. Some ministers, of unquestionable piety, who have been noted for earnest zeal, arduous labors, and extended reputation, have been, to say the least, defective in domestic virtues. They have appeared to be so absorbed in public duties as to feel no interest in, and to take little or no care of, the members of their own household. It was far otherwise with Brother Bagby. He manifested as deep an interest in the members of his family, was as watchful over them, and sought as earnestly their comfort and welfare, as if his labors and duties had been confined to the domestic circle. The Scriptures leave us at no loss as to the feelings we should cherish, and the course we should pursue, towards those connected with us by family ties. They require master to 'give to their servants that which is just and equal,' husbands to 'love their wives as their own bodies,' and parents not to provoke their children to anger, but to 'bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' These precepts were so closely and constantly observed by our

loved brother, that he commanded the confidence and gained the affection of his servants, and won the undying love of his wife and children.

"In the various relations of preacher, pastor, citizen, master, husband, and father, Dr. Bagby was distinguished by excellences so rare and admirable, that it was difficult to decide to which of these positions he was best adapted. Should we seek, in the Baptist ministry, for a well-balanced, admirably constructed, full-orbed character, while there are others who might, with propriety, be chosen, yet we would make no mistake in selecting Dr. Bagby for the position. Of him it may assuredly be said, with more truth than has been said of some others,

'We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'"

An incident in Dr. Bagby's life, which occurred during the Civil War, is described as follows by Dr. A. A. Rice: "It was in the month of May, 1864, that the conscript enrolling officer and I met near Bruington three men, one of whom was introduced to us as 'Captain Bagby, of the King and Queen Home Guard.' . . . My companion told me how Captain Bagby, single-handed, had taken five or six Federal officers prisoners. It was the day after Dahlgreen was killed, and the majority of his command captured. Several of the officers had escaped and had taken refuge in a house some three or four miles away. It happened to be the house on Captain Bagby's plantation, occupied by his overseer. Notice of this fact was brought to Captain Bagby early in the morning, and without a moment's hesitation he walked over to the house, entered the room by himself, where there were the five or six Federal officers, as well armed as himself, or even better, for he had only his revolver, and said: 'Gentlemen, lay down your arms; you are my prisoners,' and with but little hesitation they surrendered."

In 1865 and again in 1866, Dr. Bagby was elected moderator of the Baptist General Association of Virginia, and in 1870 that body, at its session in Norfolk, elected him to the position of Associate Corresponding Secretary. The report of the committee that recommended Dr. Bagby for this new office provided that he should "devote his whole time to promoting the general objects of the Association in consultation with the Corresponding Secretary and the several Boards." He was to receive a salary of $1,500. Dr. Bagby died the following October, and the office he had filled was not perpetuated. Upon his election to this work he took it up with ardor and zeal. After a summer of trying official labor, without allowing himself any rest, he began a protracted meeting with the Alexandria Church. He became sick and had to give up the meeting. Not long before his death he said: "I clearly fell a victim to my last two sermons in Alexandria. I ought not to have preached. The brethren told me I ought not. I could hardly stand up." He left Alexandria, hoping to reach home where his loved ones might minister to him, but he got no further than Richmond. In that city, at the home of Mr. W. H. Turpin, after an illness of nine days, on Saturday night, October 29, 1870, he fell on sleep. His words during this illness reminded those who heard him of the rapturous language of Edward Payson, as he anticipated death. He requested that he should be buried at Bruington, that Dr. A. Broaddus should preach his funeral sermon, and that these words be inscribed on his tombstone: "Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you." He was survived by his widow, three sons, and five daughters.

JOSEPH STEPHENS WALTHALL*

If, as we read the story of a life, however humble, we could know the inner workings of the man's heart there would be room for the consideration of the most abstruse philosophical questions. The various phases of the life of Joseph Stephens Walthall have suggested the foregoing remark. He was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, July 2, 1811, the youngest son of John and Catherine Walthall. Upon the death of his mother, when he was quite young, he was cared for by an aunt until he was old enough to be returned to his father's home. Here he grew up and received his primary education. During his stay of a year or so with his older brother in Richmond he was converted, and, on May 8, 1831, baptized into the fellowship of the First Baptist Church, by Rev. John Kerr. He now attended the theological school in Powhatan County, conducted by Rev. Edward Baptist. This school was the root from which the Richmond Seminary (now Richmond College) sprang, and from Powhatan he went to the Richmond school, and then to Columbian College, Washington, where he graduated. After his ordination he was pastor for a season at Columbus, Miss. Next he was agent for the Baptist Publication Society, and then became a teacher at Richmond College. During this period he married Matilda E. Friend, of Chesterfield, and afterwards was pastor of Bethlehem Church in that county. For three years (1843-45) he was moderator of the Middle District Association and twice, in 1842 and in 1844, the preacher of the introductory sermon before this body. Before long he moved to Henrico County and there ran a truck farm. Richmond was his next

*Based on Moore's "History of the Middle District Association."

home, and here, first associated with Mr. George Watt, and then without a partner, he was a manufacturer of plows. He next came back to preaching and was pastor of the church in Newbern, N. C., and then was associate editor of the Baptist paper of North Carolina, the *Biblical Recorder*. During the Civil War his home was in Nottoway County. He now moved to Richmond, where he became a member of the Grace Street Church. His declining health made it impossible for him to do much church work or to preach save occasionally. He grew more and more feeble until his death, May 23, 1870. His funeral was conducted by his pastor, Rev. N. W. Wilson, and the burial took place at Bethlehem Church.

PITTACUS L. RICHESON

The record of the life of Pittacus L. Richeson, so far known, is brief, yet his sphere of labor seems to have been twofold. He was not only a minister of the gospel, but also a physician. He first united with the Piney Mount Church, Amherst County, then in August, 1861, was ordained there, and in 1864-5 was the pastor of this flock. Here he was much beloved and blessed in his ministry. Failing health compelled him to give up preaching; when he gave up preaching he moved to Lynchburg, and engaged in business for a time. He was a Christian gentleman, of earnest piety, with a loving, retiring nature. Long a sufferer, he was cheerful and patient. He died September 3, 1870, aged forty-six.

JAMES LOVETT POWELL

James Lovett Powell was born in King William County, Virginia, in 1801, being the oldest son of Ptolemy and Sidney Daniel Powell. Soon after his birth his father moved to "Green Level," a farm near Mount Hermon Church, Spottsylvania County. Here young Powell was reared and educated, and near this place the rest of his life was spent. His ancestry was of sturdy Welsh stock, and had suffered persecution for conscience' sake. His father, who was an active member of Mount Hermon Church, died in 1840. Young Powell was educated at the "old field" schools of his day, sitting, at least for a season, at the feet of Rev. Herndon Frazer, now of sainted memory, then a young man. In early life he was apparently indifferent to the claims of religion. It is said that undertaking once in fun to preach, his own sermon made such an impression upon him that it led to his conviction and conversion. As early as 1830 he felt called to preach. After seriously considering the question for some time he finally declared: "With God's help I dare not but preach the gospel as best I can." He was soon ordained at Mount Hermon Church by a Presbytery of which Rev. John C. Gordon and Rev. Jno. A. Billingsley were members. Although he never had the advantages of a theological training, he gave much time to the study of the Bible, which was in his opinion the Book of books. His preaching showed his familiarity with its teachings. "His manner in the pulpit was quiet and conversational, and, though earnest in pressing the claims of the gospel," he rarely, if ever, rose to impassioned ardor or to importunate fervor as he sought to persuade men. The doctrine of election occupied a prominent place in his preaching, and he seldom, if ever, preached a sermon

from which this precious doctrine was entirely excluded. In his social intercourse religion was his favorite theme, and he talked on this subject so naturally and with such loving interest that all seemed to enjoy and no one was repelled by it. Among his brethren and friends he was a genial companion. In 1835 or 1836, he became pastor of the North Pamunkey Church, Orange County, and served in this capacity, except for one year, to 1857. About the same time, possibly as late as 1838, he was called to the care of Mount Hermon, and served that church for some twenty years. He was pastor also for several years of Flat Run, in Orange County, and of Hebron, in Spottsylvania. His old age was greatly saddened, and his usefulness much impaired, by the untimely death of his two beloved sons. Robert, his youngest, was slain at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862. The day after the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 10, 1862, W. T. B. Frazer was searching the battlefield for loved ones, when he met Mr. Powell looking for his son John. Soon after they parted, the aged preacher found his boy, lying with his face to the sun, cold in death. He never recovered from this shock, and, while he continued to preach, he gradually gave way until the end came. He died in February, 1870. Another of his sons died while nursing yellow fever patients in Alabama, in 1853; yet another son, James L. Powell, Jr., a lawyer, is still living. Mr. Powell bore a part in what is known as the "Test" cause, though not so prominent in this matter as his brother, Elder W. R. Powell, in a sketch of whose life, in this volume, a fuller account is given of this "Test" movement. The facts for this sketch have been furnished by Rev. W. J. Decker and Deacon W. T. B. Frazer, of the North Pamunkey Church, and in some cases the language of their papers has been used.

DANIEL WITT

Back from the battles of the Revolutionary War a certain soldier, named Jesse Witt, made his way as best he could to Bedford County, lying in the shadow of the lofty Peaks of Otter. His devotion to his country made it necessary to use crutches the rest of his life. With courage he went to work, for peace hath her victories as well as war, to make a living. Presently he managed, by rigid economy, to buy a small farm near what is now known as Bedford City, then called Liberty. Since his injuries on the field of battle made work out of doors impossible, his liking for books was the more developed, and he became a great reader and a remarkably well-informed man. He was of vigorous intellect; indeed, Dr. Archibald Alexander declared that he had never seen a man who so resembled, in mind, Jonathan Edwards as did Mr. Witt. His wife, Alice Brown, a sister of Rev. Samuel Brown (who with five of his sons were Presbyterian ministers), "the very image of modesty and meekness and purity and piety," was born, lived, and died in Bedford County. This husband and wife were people of piety and strong Baptists. The family altar had its place in their home, and under their roof preachers were frequent and welcome guests. Into this home was born, November 8, 1801, Daniel Witt. As he grew up he received limited educational opportunities, his early school days scarcely extending over three years. His knowledge of English grammar was regarded in his day as remarkable. At one point in his career his uncle, Rev. Samuel Brown, offered to take him and have him educated with his sons. This offer Mr. Witt refused, for he feared that the influences which would surround his son would make him a Presbyterian. It was provi-

dential that the youth had to leave the confinement of the school-room and go to work in the open air, for it greatly strengthened a constitution that was naturally frail. Doubtless without this experience he would have filled an early grave.

Until the fourth Sunday of August, 1821, nothing striking had occurred in the religious development of this young man. On this day a "section" meeting of the association began. It was a protracted meeting in which certain pastors and churches took part. The place was Hatcher's Meeting House. To reach this gathering young Witt had to ride twenty miles, a greater distance from his home than he had ever gone before. On this occasion he met for the first time a young man who was to be his bosom friend, his *alter ego* for half a century. This other young man, also a native of Bedford, J. B. Jeter by name, was attracted towards Witt by hearing him use the word "circuitous," a word he had never met with before and which impressed him. Religion was a serious business in those days and the meeting lasted all day, Elders Davis, Leftwich, Harris, and Dempsey being the preachers. Witt, in the course of the services, greatly to his surprise, found himself strangely stirred and moved to tears as he had never been before in his life. He was "the subject of new and strange emotions." In vain he sought to quench this flood of feelings. He hid his face on his companion's shoulder. Young Jeter was experiencing a similar state of mind. Before the day was over they both resolved to become Christians. Weeks, however, passed before peace finally was found. This may have been because the plan of salvation was not made plain. The exact date, however, of his deliverance, October 21, 1821, was ever remembered. The parents hailed this event, which was the beginning of a spiritual quickening for the whole family, with joy. On the second Lord's Day in December, 1821, with ice on the

water, Daniel and Jesse, his brother and his senior by over four years, were baptized into the fellowship of Little Otter (now Bedford City) Church.

"Before I knew it," wrote Mr. Witt concerning this period of his life, "I had become a preacher." The meeting at Hatcher's Meeting House had been followed by a genuine and general revival. Services were held from week to week. These two young men attended assiduously, counting it nothing to walk twelve miles. From the hour of his conversion he had been anxious to do something for Jesus, who had done so much for him. When, at one of these prayer-meetings, Father Leftwich asked him if he would "pray for these sinners," he consented and so made his first public prayer. Early in January he made his first public address. On the eleventh day of the next month he preached his first sermon from the text: "Unto you, O man, I call, and my voice is unto the sons of men." Two months later his church, on April 13, 1822, licensed him to preach. The careers of Jeter and Witt, since the eventful day in August, had been practically parallel. Now they began to preach together, having one sermon between them. Almost before they knew it these young men were going forth to preach wherever a congregation gathered. They were gifted and they were young too; soon crowds were attracted by the boy preachers as they were called. At each appointment both would preach, but as they had but one sermon between them he who came first had the distinct advantage. This matter was equalized, since they took by turn the first place on the programme. The one who came second would describe his effort by saying he had had no liberty that day. Before long the bounds of Bedford no longer limited Mr. Witt's work, and his voice was ringing out with the gospel message in the counties of Henry, Patrick, Pittsylvania, and Campbell. In the winter of 1822-3, his fame having reached Richmond,

he was invited by Mr. Peter Dupuy to visit that city. He accepted the invitation and set out, not a dollar in his pocket, on his journey of over 150 miles. He preached his way down James River, visited and preached in the capital, and then preached his way back home, his saddle-bags now being filled with books and money.

Virginia Baptists, along with Baptists all through the country, were awaking to life and organized effort. Luther Rice was working far and wide for missions and education; he loved to call Virginia his home. Upon the organization of the General Association, J. B. Jeter and Daniel Witt were appointed as its first missionaries, and were assigned the western part of the State, including the counties of Franklin, Henry, Patrick, Montgomery, Grayson, Giles, Wythe, Monroe, Greenbrier, Pocahontas, Alleghany, Bath, Rockbridge, and Botetourt as their field. Where meeting-houses were not found they preached in log cabins or court-houses. While they were most cordially received by people of all denominations and of no denomination, conspicuous for kindness and aid to the young missionaries were Rev. Robert Tisdale, who had recently settled beyond the mountains, and Major Pogue, a Presbyterian layman of Greenbrier County. The second preaching tour which these two friends and these two missionaries took was through Eastern Virginia, where in all their journey they never failed to find a meeting-house in which to deliver their message. Now, at the meeting of the Board to which they reported, a vital question presented itself. Luther Rice offered these young men the advantages of a college education, but, upon the advice of Drs. Semple and Broaddus, the offer was declined. In lieu of this, Mr. Witt studied and preached under the direction first of Dr. Semple, and then of Abner W. Clopton, in Charlotte County. Preaching seems, however, to have had so much attention as to leave little time for arduous work over

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books. While Witt was learning from Mr. Clopton he may be said to have proved teacher and example. Some years before this Mr. Clopton had been greatly impressed at seeing Witt and Jeter refuse wine, on an occasion when other ministers had partaken of it, for it must be remembered that in that day dram drinking was common even among preachers. Witt's views on this matter were adopted by Mr. Clopton, who afterwards organized the second temperance society ever founded in this country, and, so far as he knew at the time, the first. Mr. Witt next worked in Williamsburg, having the counties of Charles City and Warwick with the intermediate territory as his field. Whatever else Mr. Witt accomplished here he records two things he did, namely, he gathered a few scattered sisters into a prayer-meeting, and read the New Testament through on his knees. His ministry had now been going on but three years, but he was already one of the most attractive preachers in the State. To a congregation once in Franklin County, which far surpassed the capacity of the meeting-place, he preached with such power that when he finished, weeping and sobbing might be heard throughout the audience. Upon this occasion he had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, but this was a common custom with preachers in that day. In Richmond, no less than in the country, his power was felt. At the General Association he and Noah Davis, pastor of the Cumberland Street Church, Norfolk, were appointed to preach on the Lord's Day. Witt preached with wonderful power and pathos on the great text: "For God so loved the world, etc.," leaving his congregation "filled with wonder and bathed in tears." Mr. Davis followed, keeping his appointment as best he could, but it was impossible for him to sustain the interest. Dr. Jeter tells of another occasion in Witt's life, when he had to follow Luther Rice, and when he failed as Davis had done; in both cases the second sermon

ought to have been omitted. On July 9, 1824, Mr. Witt set out for another missionary tour, his companion now being Rev. James Leftwich. On this trip Lexington, Greenville, Staunton, Harrisonburg, Warm Springs, and Covington were among the places visited. On August 7th to 8th of this year, at his home in Bedford, he was examined and ordained, by a Presbytery, to the full work of the gospel ministry.

Some uncertainty seems to exist about the exact date and length of Witt's residence in Charlotte County, where he was associated with Rev. A. W. Clopton. However, in February, 1827, he preached perhaps at the Ministers' and Laymen's Meeting of the Appomattox Association, at Sandy River, Prince Edward County. This led to his acceptance of a call to the Sharon Church, at Sandy River. So began a pastorate which lasted forty-five years, and which was characterized increasingly through the years by a strong love between shepherd and flock. The neighborhood of Sandy River was accustomed to preaching of a high order. The presence of Hampden-Sidney College not far away had given intellectual tone to the whole section of country, and Sandy River, a free church, had heard in turn, Rev. Dr. J. H. Rice, of the Presbyterian, and Rev. Matthew L. Dance, of the Methodist Church. Upon accepting the call to Sharon, Mr. Witt purchased a comfortable home within a mile of the church. Here he was to live the rest of his life and here he was to die. The story of all these years must be pictured rather than written. However useful a pastor's life may be, especially that of a man who stays for decades at one church, and that of a country pastor, it is not eventful, though it can scarcely be called monotonous. While Mr. Witt preached well wherever he preached it was the general verdict that he was at his best in the Sharon pulpit. As the years passed on, there were not many unconverted persons in his congregation,

for the reason that in the regular course of his ministry and at the protracted meetings, sinners were reached. Dr. A. M. Poindexter once remarked to Dr. Jeter that Witt had what they did not have in their preaching, converting power. While Witt was a good platform speaker his preëminence was as a preacher, and perhaps his chief power in the pulpit was in the line suggested by Dr. Jeter's remark. Dr. Sydnor thinks that Witt was scarcely as effective as he ought to have been in the matter of training his people in Christian benevolence. As a pastor his power of sympathy and tactfulness seem to have made Dr. Sydnor feel that he might have done larger service in this direction. Dr. Sydnor, in more than one season of sore trouble, had received from Witt, his friend and brother pastor, words of sympathy, written and spoken, that were beautiful and helpful. Mr. Witt's labors were not confined to Sandy River (Sharon). He was also pastor of Jamestown, Cumberland County, of Union, Prince Edward County, of Lebanon and Republican Grove, Nottoway County. Union, Lebanon, and Farmville churches regarded Sharon as their mother church. The Sharon Church having spread over into the adjoining county of Nottoway, it was natural that the Sharon pastor should go in that direction to preach. So it came to pass that the people of Republican Grove heard, alternately, the Presbyterian pastor, Dr. W. S. White, and the Sharon pastor. It appeared that the meeting-house belonged to the Presbyterians. They willingly granted their house to the Baptists for preaching, but were not favorable to the organization of a Baptist church. When it had been clearly ascertained that the house did belong to the Presbyterians, Witt led the Baptists in the erection of another meeting-house and in the organization of a new church.

The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon Mr. Witt by Columbian College, Washington, D. C. In

other ways the denomination and his brethren showed him their confidence and esteem. He presided over the Appomattox Association at eleven of its annual sessions, coming back to the office at six different periods. He was moderator of the General Association at its session in 1861, at Petersburg, and was more than once one of the vice-presidents of this body. While he did not often attend the Triennial Convention or the Southern Baptist Convention, he was in hearty sympathy with the work of these organizations. In 1844, he and Dr. Jeter made an extended trip to the North and West. This trip was at once pleasant and profitable. While Dr. Witt had always kept in touch with the world by means of books, much of his life had been spent apart from the busy walks of men. Upon his return he made even more careful preparation for the pulpit than he had ever done before, and began for the first time the preparation of written notes for his sermons. In 1845, Dr. Witt was one of quite a large party of delegates who journeyed together from Richmond to Augusta, Ga., on their way to the first session of the Southern Baptist Convention. From Wilmington, N. C., to Charleston, S. C., the trip was made by steamer. The rough weather encountered brought so many of the party to the horrors of seasickness that Dr. Witt humorously remarked: "Captain, put out your fires, we can carry the boat on by heaving."

Dr. Witt was blessed in his family life, though in this sphere he had some sore afflictions. In 1829, he was married to Miss Mary C. Cocke, of Cumberland County, Rev. Edward Baptist performing the ceremony. This wife, after years of sickness, died in 1834, leaving one son. In 1836, he was married to Miss Mary A. Woodfin; she died in 1842, leaving two sons, James and Jeter. In 1849, he was married to Mrs. Mary Ellen Temple, the sister of Rev. J. R. Garlick. In the process of time James, a son of the second wife, was married to Mrs.

Temple's daughter, Mary Lewis Temple, a young woman lovely and cultured, but within a year she died. Her distressed husband abandoned the practice of law to enter the ministry, and had spent a session at the seminary in Greenville, S. C., when, alas! he was laid low by fever and soon passed away. Jeter, the other son of the second marriage, enlisted in the cavalry and went to the battlefield, but while at home on a furlough was smitten by disease and soon he was laid to rest on the hillside beside his brother, leaving his home and a lovely young woman, to whom he was engaged, to mourn for him. The only son of the third marriage was Mr. Sam B. Witt, who is now judge of the Hustings Court, of the City of Richmond.

More than once Dr. Witt had been called upon to pass through serious attacks of illness that brought him near to the gates of death. For years he had been the victim of a disease that caused him much discomfort and suffering, but this trouble did not cause his death. He attended the General Association in Petersburg in 1871, where he was in fine spirits and preached with great acceptance. During the summer and early fall he was strong and well, but about the first of November the illness which was to end his life came upon him. It was probably intussusception of the bowels. The progress of the trouble was slow and did not interfere with his devotions or his conversation. He saw and talked with many of his friends and brethren, and rendered clear testimony as to the preciousness of salvation. In these days of departure he gave expression to many beautiful sentiments, such as: "My highest hope is that I may die at the feet of Jesus a penitent sinner, saved by grace," and "I am passing over Jordan and there is not a ripple on the water." He died at his home, November 15, 1871, and upon the wish of his church was buried near the pulpit where for so many years he had proclaimed the

message of eternal life. Within a short time after his death a handsome marble shaft, properly inscribed, was erected by Sharon Church and other friends.

The following outlines of two of his sermons, abbreviated from his own notes, will be of interest. Text: "But now they desire a better country that is a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for He hath prepared for them a city." Heb. 11:16. Intro. Nature of faith. Triumphs of faith. The objects of faith. It rests on divine promise—overcomes the world—looks forward, etc. I. Heaven is the object of devout desire to every pious mind. 1. It is a *reasonable* desire. 2. It is a *spiritual* desire. 3. It is a *supreme* desire. 4. It is an *active* desire. II. This devout desire meets with *divine* approval and secures the divine reward. 1. With the divine approval. (1) God definitely exalted above them. (2) We are sinners. Still He is not ashamed to be called their God. He *is* their God. (1) Object of their adoration. (2) Source of their happiness. (3) Their safety. (4) His attributes keep them. 2. Secures divine reward. (1) Heaven is a *place*. (2) It is a *state*. Application. 1. To those who desire the better country. (1) Seek acquaintance with this country. (2) Cherish a warm desire for this happy land. 2. To the wretched lover of this world who has no desire for the better country. To be pitied. Urged to seek and strive. The other sermon is on the text: "So that they are without excuse." Rom. 1:20. Object of sermon to show fallacy of the excuses of irreligious persons. Excuses noticed: I. Want of Light. II. Want of Ability. III. Want of Feeling. IV. Want of Time. V. Want of Opportunity.

Upon the death of James B. Taylor, his lifelong friend, Dr. Jeter, in an estimate of his character, said: "Of all the Baptist ministers of his time in the State of Virginia, he has the fairest prospect of being known to future generations." Over forty years have passed since James B. Taylor departed this life, yet his memory is still green in our Southern Zion, and his name a household word among Virginia Baptists. Dr. Jeter's prophecy, which had reference to an immortality based on literary productions, seems to be having a wider fulfilment. Truly "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

Although a full life of James B. Taylor has been written and had wide circulation, it is preëminently fitting that in a Third Series of Virginia Baptist Ministers, a work which he began, there should be a sketch of his life; nay this volume without such a sketch would be deficient. What follows is almost wholly derived from the book just referred to, no attempt at originality being necessary or possible.

James Barnett Taylor was born at Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire, England, March 19, 1804, his parents being George Taylor and Chrisanna Barnett. George Taylor, though a cabinetmaker, had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and was passionately fond of books. It was his delight to walk out into the country at break of day, book in hand, and when the lark sprang up singing in its flight, he would throw himself upon his back watching and listening until song and songster were lost in "the blue deep." His wife excelled in energy, method, and administrative ability, traits which he lacked, and for the lack of which he was never success-

ful, rather the reverse, in his financial affairs. In 1805, George Taylor and wife took ship for America, to try their fortunes in the home of the free across the seas. The voyage was eventful. A British man-of-war bore down upon their vessel and Mr. Taylor with others was seized by the press-gang for service in the war against France. In the transfer from the merchantman, Mrs. Taylor fell into the ocean, but fortunately was rescued uninjured. Before long the man-of-war crossed the path of another vessel bound for America. Perhaps it had become evident that wife and babe would render Mr. Taylor of little use for military service. At any rate the trio was transferred once more and allowed to resume their westward journey. When they reached New York the city was being ravaged by the yellow fever. Yet this ill wind blew the new settler good, as it gave him full scope to work at his trade, and thus to gain a foothold in his adopted land.

The twelve years which the family spent in New York were full of formative events for the subject of this sketch. It was through him that his father became a Christian. On a Sunday afternoon stroll the child, attracted by the music, begged to go into a church they were passing. Mr. Taylor, who up to this time had inclined towards infidelity, was touched by the sermon and before long converted. "A little child shall lead them." Young James, in his thirteenth year, with several boy friends, held prayer-meetings at each other's houses, and finally they went in a body to the preacher for instruction and advice. James was converted soon afterwards and baptized into the fellowship of the First Baptist Church. As at that time the Baptist Church had no Sunday school he attended the one in the John Street Methodist Church, where he received deep and blessed religious impressions, and where he learned by heart large portions of God's word, also Pope's "Messias," which he

recited on some public occasion. During these years, Mrs. Taylor being far from strong and the family income small, it fell to the lot of young James to do much sick-room and household service. This yoke in his youth began the development of many valuable traits of character which so distinguished him and blessed others in his mature and later life.

Many men pass their boyhood days in the country; those of their youth and early manhood in the city. This was to be reversed in the case of young Taylor. His father moved in 1817 to Virginia. The next nine years were spent in Mecklenburg and Granville counties, the former being in the Old Dominion, the latter in the Old North State. Here young Taylor used to the best advantage his limited opportunities to secure an education, and here at the age of sixteen he began to exercise his gifts by speaking in public for Christ. He would frequently walk six miles to Buffalo meeting-house to conduct a service at night. Realizing his insufficiency for the great work to which he felt himself called, every spare hour was devoted to devouring all the standard works of the language which were available. He was at pains to improve himself in every way he could, and the neatness and plainness of his penmanship dated from his perseverance and patience at this period. He was licensed to preach in 1824, and ordained at Sandy Creek, Charlotte County, May 2, 1826, the Presbytery consisting of Elders William Richards, Silas Shelbourne, and Pleasant Barnes.

At the Meherrin Association, in April, 1825, he met for the first time J. B. Jeter, and here their friendship, which was to last forty-five years, began. They met again the next year in Richmond at the third session of the General Association (when Mr. Taylor was appointed as a missionary of the Board), and soon afterwards made a preaching tour together. Dr. Jeter

described this trip afterwards as "an occasion in their lives," and speaks of the wonderful ability with which his companion preached, considering his opportunities, in this the very commencement of his ministry. After six months' work Mr. Taylor resigned as missionary, but continued in Dinwiddie engaged in preaching and study; sending occasional articles to the *Columbian Star,* of Washington.

In 1826, a call was received to the pastorate of the Second Baptist Church, in Richmond. At first he considered an acceptance of the call out of the question and would have thought as soon of going to the moon. When he was urged to come, in order to put an end to the matter he arranged to take a horseback trip to Georgia. God, however, blocked the road to Georgia and led to Richmond. Mr. Taylor was induced by Deacon Crane to stop and labor with them a little while, which little while stretched out to thirteen years—years full of moment for the church and for the pastor. In this decade and a third the Second Church, from being a weak, discouraged band of less than twoscore, came to be a vigorous body four hundred strong, known far and wide for her zeal and liberality; and the pastor, from being almost a tyro, took rank as a leader among his brethren.

It was soon evident that the young preacher was a born pastor. The poor, the stranger, the afflicted, nay, all classes, were remembered in his round of visits, and soon the old adage "a house-going pastor makes a church-going people" was fully verified. Years after this, Dr. J. A. Broadus declared that he possessed in a remarkable degree the somewhat rare talent for making *short* and *profitable* religious visits. At this time he had begun to use and develop this talent. His pastoral visiting was not with him a perfunctory work, on the contrary, since he felt a genuine interest in human beings, it

became a real pleasure; in his later years almost a passion. Nor did his pastoral work end with his visits. Everything that concerned his people concerned him, and in all manner of ways he strove to help them. So it was that he constantly strove to circulate the *Religious Herald,* tracts, and good books among his people. So it was that he was interested himself and sought to interest his people in all missionary and educational matters. Soon the church enjoyed a gracious revival and some sixty were added to the membership. Thus the work of growth began, growth not alone in numbers, but also in grace; for months after the ingathering all the converts, he thought, "were steadfast and growing Christians."

Soon after going to Richmond, on October 30, 1828, Mr. Taylor was married to Miss Mary Williams, of Beverly, Mass. The union thus formed lasted forty-three years, his wife proving a helpmeet indeed. Beginning married life on a small salary, and realizing that many a minister brings disgrace on the cause of Christ by carelessness in money matters, Mr. Taylor and his wife resolved upon a "rigid economy," and that they would avoid debt. Thus habits were formed which together with a talent for affairs enabled him to give liberally and largely to benevolent objects, to purchase a home, and in the course of years to accumulate a modest fortune. The Second Church, with such an example, became famous for its liberality to missions. He was, Dr. Jeter declared, of all the men he had intimately known the most liberal. When pressed for money and forced even to borrow, he never diminished, as many do under such circumstances, his gifts. He saved that he might give, and the promise "the liberal soul shall be made fat" was fulfilled; "there is that scattereth yet increaseth."

The variety and multiplicity of his labors astound one. Not in any way neglecting his own church he managed

to broaden the sphere of his activity and usefulness far beyond the limits of his own congregation. Within the city he fostered mission Sunday schools, which in time came to be churches. Into the regions round about he went quite often to preach, in some cases having to make a "forced march" to be back at his own church for the Sunday services. Then he was in the habit of making more extended evangelistic tours throughout the State, undergoing all manner of fatigue and exposure, riding mile after mile on horseback or in the stage coach, frequently losing meals and sleep to fill numerous appointments.

When it is remembered that he was by no means a strong man, the wonder is that he could do so much. He was regular in his habits, observant of the laws of health, abstemious in his eating, a great believer in fresh air, so his physician declared that he had "an improving constitution." Added to all this was the fact that he was systematic in his work; careful not to waste "time, the stuff that life is made of." In his diary, which was kept almost uninterruptedly from early manhood very nearly to the day of his death, occur quite often schedules arranging certain duties for certain hours and certain days. He believed in having a plan in all his work, and Dr. Poindexter said that "his plans were like some thoroughly adjusted and well-oiled machinery which worked right on to the destined end." He knew how to utilize odd moments of time, for the writing of a letter, for the paying of a visit. Though working slowly, perhaps, his work was always done well, and did not need to be done over. Not only work as such, but his Master's work was ever uppermost in his mind, and few men have known better than he how to speak a word in season for Jesus. His work outside of Richmond added strength to his church; a young man converted under one of his sermons in the country, would naturally seek the Second

Church as his spiritual home when he moved to the city to live. So in spiritual things it was true that increase comes by scattering.

In 1830, he and his friend Jeter had the satisfaction of seeing set on foot the Education Society which led to the establishment of Richmond College and almost untold blessings to Virginia Baptists. Many opposed the movement, but the organization was virtually effected "on Monday morning at five o'clock . . . at the Second Baptist meeting-house." Mr. Taylor in a letter to his father assured him that no act of his life had given him more satisfaction. A few years later, with the consent of his church, he went out on a gratuitous agency to secure funds for the purchase of the present site of Richmond College, a trip which, though laborious, was quite successful. In 1836, he was elected moderator of the General Association, which office he filled for about twenty years. In the same year he preached the annual sermon before the American Sunday-school Union, his subject being the "Responsibilities and Duties of the Age." About this time the Union had sought to secure his services as their general Southern agent, and the Home Mission Society wanted him to go as their representative to Illinois.

In the winter of 1831-2, Richmond was blessed with a revival of such power that its influence was felt far out in the surrounding country. All denominations had large accessions, the First Church receiving about 500, 200 being whites. In the spring the people were excited by the preaching of Alexander Campbell, seventy-five leaving the First Church in a body to follow him. The summer of this same year the city was visited by the cholera. All of these things imposed new labors and new responsibilities on the already busy pastor. He was quite ill himself, and even after his recovery continued so feeble that he was strongly in-

clined to resign. His members, however, would not consent to this, so we find him buying a horse that he might have more exercise, and pressing on with his work.

In 1839, the subject of this sketch left Richmond to become chaplain at the University of Virginia, Rev. Robert Ryland having been the first and he being the second Baptist to occupy this position. His sojourn here (at this time the chaplaincy lasted one year, not two as it did later), besides giving him opportunity for study such as a busy pastorate had not allowed, afforded him time to write, at the request of the Trustees of Columbian College, the memoir of Luther Rice. This book, Mr. Frederick Coleman, well known as the principal of Hanover Academy, declared to be the best memoir he had ever read. This was not, however, Mr. Taylor's début as an author; in 1837, he had given to the world the first series of "Virginia Baptist Ministers," a volume of about 500 pages, which had a good sale throughout the South, its circulation in Virginia being very large. The life at the University, with its social companionship, its literary atmosphere, its surrounding hills and mountains inviting to pleasant tramps, its books, its lectures, was found very delightful and very helpful; upon the religious life of the place he made his impress, the weekly prayer-meeting among the professors and their families having been established during his chaplaincy.

The chaplaincy at the University was followed by a return to Richmond, to be pastor of the Third Church, which a few years before had gone out as a colony from the Second Church. Here, as at his first church, foundation work had to be done; that it was done well subsequent years give abundant proof. During the six years of his pastorate, a commodious meeting-house was built on the spot where stands to-day the new Grace Street Church. The church was not strong, and after

they had done their best a load of debt remained. The pastor, by personal appeal, secured much help from persons outside his own congregation and denomination, and to do this we see him plodding patiently from place to place, in rain and sunshine, appealing in such a way that few if any could refuse him. In this way the debt was more promptly removed than any had dared hope would be possible. Mr. Taylor's work as a pastor, which he loved so well, was to end with his six years at the Third Church. In 1845, the Southern Baptist Convention was organized, its Foreign Mission Board being located in Richmond.

Mr. Taylor was elected to be the corresponding secretary of this Board. He sought to know the path of duty and declined the position. The next year he was again chosen as the man of all others to fill the place. His love and zeal for missions, his success in training his own churches to give, his familiarity with the work, his ability as an organizer and leader, his consecrated life, his sound judgment, the confidence and esteem in which he was held by the brotherhood, all these things pointed to him in the opinion of the convention as the one to shape the policy and direct the work of the Southern Baptists in foreign lands. It was hard to turn away from work so congenial as that in which he was engaged, and in which he had been so successful, to one new and unknown, full of crushing labors and responsibilities. At last persuaded that the voice of the brotherhood was the voice of God, on June 21, 1846, he resigned his church, on August 16th preached his farewell sermon, and took the secretaryship, a work to which he was to give twenty-five years of his life.

The work upon which Mr. Taylor now entered, while new, was less so to him than to any of his Southern brethren, for between his first election to the place and his second he had, at the request of the Board, given sev-

eral days each week to its correspondence. A life already busy seems now to become even more busy.

Notwithstanding his other numerous and arduous duties, Mr. Taylor continued to preach. Such a record as this in his diary is not uncommon: "Preached at penitentiary, 9 o'clock; First Church, at 11 A. M.; a funeral, at half-past 2 P. M.; Fourth Church, 4 P. M. . . . Attended First Church at night. . . . Two visits." At the end of one year his diary shows that, in addition to addresses on missions and other subjects, he had preached 141 sermons. During fourteen years of his secretaryship he was pastor of the church at Taylorsville, a station some eighteen miles from Richmond on the Fredericksburg railroad. It was understood, however, that his work here was never to interfere with his work for the Board. Loving to preach, this country pastorate seemed a rest rather than a burden. Not unfrequently he preached to the colored people, and it so happened that his last sermon, preached a few months before his death, was to them. It was in Alexandria. At both services that Sunday he was with the colored people, whom he was striving to enlist in African missions.

The name of his office suggests the large amount of pen work which had to be done. There were letters to the missionaries. These were frequent, full, and fatherly. They manifested not only a deep and individual interest in the missionary, but an intelligent appreciation of the difficulties and hardships of each country and station. They contained wise counsel and loving sympathy. They came to be styled by the missionaries "the epistles of St. John," and were often read and enjoyed by the workers sent out by other denominations. Not to speak of the routine correspondence of his position, during a number of years he was editor of the *Foreign Mission Journal.* With all this writing to do,

many a man would have excused himself entirely from family letters. Not so with him. On long journeys he always managed in spare moments to send to his wife and children, not only detailed accounts of experiences, but tender and minute inquiries and suggestions concerning the home circle and their life and welfare. The example of the father doubtless had much to do with making his family, even to the second generation, remarkable as a family of letter writers.

In a sense the "anxiety of all the churches was upon him." The development of the denomination in the South in systematic missionary liberality was virtually begun during Mr. Taylor's secretaryship, for up to this time the contributions to the Boston Board had been comparatively few and small. That he might awaken, stimulate, and systematize the missionary zeal of the Southern Baptists he went out again and again among them, making long and extended tours. By private and public appeals he not only secured money for immediate needs, but often opened streams of benevolence which became constant. On these long trips he journeyed on, day after day, in heat and cold, early and late, to meet public appointments, and to visit individuals in their homes. The fatigue and the exposure endured on these trips were oftentimes very great. The stage coach, then not unfrequently the only means of transportation, is now almost unknown save as a synonym for slowness and discomfort. We find him once "shaving by moonlight" so as to be in time to take the stage before day, and another time riding until midnight on the outside, by which time he was numb with cold. On another occasion a blanket was purchased, but for which his all-night journey would have meant suffering as well as discomfort. Long rides and drives over bad roads are frequently mentioned in his diary and letters. Once he and several fellow-travelers had a breakdown; while

some of the party went in search of a blacksmith he and "the boys tied up one side of the wheel with a hickory withe," then, "putting one end of the small tree under the wagon and the other on his shoulder, he told the boys to drive on." Such "journeyings oft" might well have broken down a stronger man than Mr. Taylor, but he came to be a good traveler, learning to sleep at odd moments and even under the most unpropitious circumstances.

On these trips he made public appeals for missions at conventional gatherings and to individual churches; pleaded with wealthy brethren in their homes, and received sometimes small, sometimes large contributions; met and talked with persons considering the question of becoming missionaries; addressed young men and women in colleges. More than once he received contributions from the colored people. Mention is made in his diary of a colored woman who had just placed $6 in her pastor's hand for missions, this being only one of a number of liberal contributions she had made. Such statements as this occur frequently in his diary or letters: "It will be three weeks or a month before my return home, and I must if possible secure $1,000 in cash." Dr. Jno. A. Broadus said of his method of collecting money that it was of the fertilizing sort; he left people more friendly to him and his cause after giving and ready to give next time.

As each little company of missionaries set sail for Africa or China, we find Mr. Taylor going on to New York to secure their passage, arrange all the business details, to see them on board, and to bid them adieu. Sometimes farewell services were held in some New York church on the eve of the ship's sailing, which exercises the secretary had to arrange for, and in which he took part.

References have been made to Mr. Taylor's domestic life. He was a loving, thoughtful husband, a wise and kind father. His children were on his heart and in his prayers from their very birth. During his secretaryship, when he was so often and so much away from home, parental responsibility was not forgotten. By letters and messages, when absent, he kept in touch with the children. They could not fail to realize that their father was thinking of them in their work and in their play though he was far away. Upon his return from a long trip his valise was sure to contain some present for each one. From his children's earliest childhood they were furnished with the best books, and so early in life the taste for reading was formed. Nor were their minds ever starved for food. Even when Mr. Taylor had to practice the strictest economy in his household finances, still the children were always supplied with books, and in his later life he loved to give to his grandchildren as he had done to his own sons and daughters. Although inclined to be grave in his manner, Mr. Taylor was by no means austere. He enjoyed the humorous in life, and was ready to join with his children or grandchildren in pleasant conversation or in innocent amusements.

In 1851, Mr. Taylor was withdrawn from active work for some months by an illness which brought him to the very gates of death. The whole city was moved at the news of his critical condition, and prayer was made for his recovery. He always believed that his restoration to health was an answer to prayer. He was slow to regain his strength, indeed for the rest of his life he was never as strong as he had been before this spell. During the days of convalescence he composed a number of hymns, which, with those written at other times, give evidence of a correct taste and some skill in versification. In this connection it is not out of place to refer to his style in prose composition, which Dr. Jeter described as "simple,

neat, easy, in good taste, and well suited to biography and history." This illness probably resulted from overwork, and the same cause finally shortened his life.

In 1855, Columbian College conferred on Mr. Taylor the honorary degree of doctor of divinity. His declining the degree was in keeping with his character, for surely he was the humblest of the humble. He felt that it was wrong to make any such distinctions among ministers, and that he had not had such educational training as the degree would seem to assume. The voice of the people, however, confirmed the decree of the college, convinced that if any one should receive the title, no one deserved it more than he did. This incident is but one of many which might be cited to show his lowliness of mind. Sometimes in his letters and frequently in his diary he deplores his lack of spirituality, consecration, and breathes forth prayers and resolves for greater holiness. In a character remarkable for symmetry, if there was one trait which was conspicuous above the rest it was his not "thinking of himself more highly than he ought to think." His humility and Christlikeness took on mellowness as he advanced in years, and approached his end. The idea that humility means weakness or indecision of character, would receive a striking refutation in the life and character of James B. Taylor. All admitted his humility; those who knew him at all well knew his strength and decision of character; Dr. Poindexter said he was the "firmest man" he ever knew. He exemplified the Latin motto, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* Dr. Franklin Wilson once said to the writer that many were led by Mr. Taylor's gentle manner to think of him as yielding and possibly pliant, but he declared this a great mistake, asserting that few men were ever more tenacious of purpose or unmoveable from the path of duty.

The mission work of the Southern Baptist Convention had been well established, and was giving signs of progress and promise, when the dark cloud of war

gathered over the land and almost entirely interrupted all regular lines of Christian work. Communication between the Board and its missionaries was broken up, and the home work made impossible. Mr. Taylor became post-chaplain, in which position he was able to do much for the sick and dying in the Confederate capital. He preached frequently in the camps around Richmond, and saw the fruit of his labors in many who accepted the Saviour. When the strife was over the work of the Board had to be begun again almost from the foundation. Brave men had faced the privation and suffering of the camp and battlefield. Scarcely less heroism was displayed by those, who, having loved and believed in the "Lost Cause," turned to the work of rebuilding, where everything was in ruins, with firm hands and unwavering hearts. Dr. Taylor was one of this class. The last six years of his life were the years of the reconstruction period, and though his strength had begun to wane, still he did all in his power to bring about a state of good feeling between the estranged sections, and to start again the educational and missionary efforts of his denomination. Without any disloyalty to the South, or to the principles which had led her to fight, his gentle spirit and kind words at this time were like oil on the troubled waters. As to missionary endeavor, though fully recognizing the deep poverty of the South, he never for one moment advocated retrenchment. He called for enlarged gifts in money and reënforcement in men. He arranged in 1868 for a concert of prayer for missions in all the churches of the city, being anxious no doubt that Richmond should lead the Southern brotherhood. Nor was he interested at this time in his own especial work alone. The financial embarrassment of Richmond College gave him great concern, and he proved his interest practically by a business trip to Chicago in the interests of the institution, by which the desired results were secured.

Although he worked to within a few days of his death, Dr. Taylor was in declining health for a year or so before the end came. He sought rest and relief from disease now at the White Sulphur Springs, and now at the University of Virginia, where his oldest son was living and where he secured very able medical attention. Though only partial relief was obtained he continued at his post, writing, preaching, traveling. As the end drew still nearer, he realized the situation and wanted to be ready for the last summons. He writes to one of his sons: "I long for a higher type of piety. . . . I would have this increased devotion to God without a mere reference to the approach of death." Something over a month before his departure he wrote: "My mind has dwelt much lately on my coming dissolution." When it was no longer possible to go regularly to his office he still continued to work, having help in his correspondence and in preparation of articles for the *Journal* from members of his family. His resignation as secretary, offered some time before this and not accepted, was offered again just a few days before his death. Expressions of regret at his resignation began to come in just as the news of his death went out.

A favorite text with Dr. Taylor, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," comes to mind in reading the account of his last hours on earth. Around him were gathered his loved ones. As the day passed, hymns were repeated, and Scripture verses quoted, and prayers offered. The last words spoken by the departing saint were, "All is right." Gradually, almost imperceptibly, his spirit passed from the atmosphere of prayer, to the praise of heaven's court. "The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day and then he awoke and sang."

Dr. Taylor having died on Friday (December 22, 1871), the funeral occurred from the Grace Street Church, of which church he had been pastor for six years and a member for thirty-one, on the following Lord's Day, December 24th. Addresses were made by Drs. Jeter and Curry, and the other exercises were shared in by Drs. N. W. Wilson, J. R. Garlick, C. H. Corey, and Bishop Granberry, of the Methodist Church. The burial took place in Hollywood Cemetery, the services at the grave being conducted by Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows. The papers throughout the South contained sketches of the departed one, and at the meetings the following year of the Virginia General Association and the Southern Baptist Convention, his life work and character were lovingly remembered. It will be appropriate to give extracts from what was said and written at this time that a correct picture of the good man may be obtained.

Dr. Curry, in his address, said: "Whatever of history belongs to the foreign mission work of the Southern Baptist Convention is closely, inseparably interwoven with Brother Taylor. Humanly speaking he was the soul of the work, its moving, energizing representative. His labors were abundant. Consummate caution and wisdom marked his counsels and actions. Body, soul, and spirit, he identified himself with the cause and the missionary. To those laboring abroad he was a brother and a father. He put his heart in closest sympathy, in loving union with their hearts. He shared in their toils, labors, and sacrifices. His prayers went up with theirs. His tears mingled with theirs. All their comforts and joys were shared equally by him. He had so allied and identified himself with labors in foreign fields that he was himself almost a foreign missionary, and certainly caught the character and spirit of Brainerd and Martyn and Boardman and Judson. . . . Others might

fear, stagger, doubt, be discouraged; Brother Taylor, 'seeing Him who is invisible,' had faith in God and walked calmly, steadily, noiselessly forward; and now to-day I can unhesitatingly and truthfully say that whatever of success has attended our special work is, under God's providence and grace, attributable in great degree to the efforts and spirit of our now-sainted brother."

Dr. Jeter wrote: "Of all the men that I have ever known intimately, his qualities, intellectual and moral, were the most perfectly proportioned and rounded. . . . His life was made up not of brilliant exploits or of unusual deeds, but of the diligent, faithful performance of common, ever-recurring duties. . . . Taylor was a greater man than he appeared to be. . . . By nature gentle, amiable, frank, generous, high-minded, and firm in purpose. . . . His piety grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. His naturally excellent qualities were refined and ennobled by grace. . . . Of all the men of my acquaintance he made the best use of the faculties with which he was endowed—the opportunities of self-culture and of usefulness granted to him. It did not seem possible that he should have made higher attainments or have done more good under the circumstances which encompassed him. . . . Dr. Taylor was a good rather than a great preacher. His sermons were eminently evangelical. . . . His obvious aim was to instruct, not to amuse—to profit, not to please. His style was plain, but correct and nervous. His preaching was never boisterous, rarely declamatory, but generally earnest and pathetic. . . . As a pastor Dr. Taylor excelled. His gentle spirit, winning manners, deep experience, and unfaltering faithfulness eminently fitted him for pastoral labors. . . . Dr. Taylor was a man of enlarged views and liberal feelings. . . . He was a Baptist, but he rose above all the bonds and

prejudices of denominationalism. He was a lover of good men of every name and caste. He was Southern in location, interest, and sympathy, but his affections were not confined within sectional limits. He felt that he belonged to a kingdom restricted to no latitude and no clime. . . . The Baptists of Virginia do not know and can never fully know the measure of their obligation to him for his devotion to their interests. . . . As an author, Dr. Taylor attained to considerable distinction. His 'Life of Lott Carey' and of 'Luther Rice,' and his 'Lives of the Virginia Baptist Ministers' were valuable contributions to Baptist literature, and had quite a wide circulation. . . . A more excellent man, a more irreproachable Christian, a more faithful minister I have never known. He was a noble specimen of humanity of which any people in any age might well boast. He was a servant of Christ whom Paul, had he been on earth, would have acknowledged as his 'yokefellow.' "

Dr. A. M. Poindexter, for some years associated with Dr. Taylor in the secretaryship, said in a memorial address: " . . . No one except his immediate family and myself had any idea of the extent and diversity of his labors. Nor did I know until I was associated with him in the office that there was imperatively demanded more work than enough to tax to their uttermost *two* of the best workers to be found. . . . After I became familiar with the business of the office I was astonished that our brother had for so long a time borne up under that which had been done. . . . His memory was retentive and accurate, especially regarding facts, and to this cause was attributed his fondness for historical research and historical writing. He was remarkable for his love of order and the systematic arrangement of all his business."

Dr. C. Tyree wrote: " . . . Upon the whole I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and

since his death, as approaching as nearly the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit. I have never known a minister who could do so many things so well as he could."

These quotations might be almost indefinitely extended. Besides articles in the papers, and resolutions and addresses on public occasions, many private letters from all parts of the country came with words of personal grief at his death, and with loving tributes to his work and character. He had traveled widely in his work as secretary, and wherever he went he had made friends and was lovingly remembered. To-day there are homes all over the South where the memory of his visits abides as a benediction.

Much has been said about his untiring zeal and energy and about the work which he accomplished, yet not too much. Still if it is possible to distinguish between the man and his work, great as was Dr. Taylor's work, *he* was far greater. The character which he built up under God, is to-day the noblest monument to his name. As one contemplates his life and the spirit which breathed in him there seems to come the exhortation:

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low-vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

PATRICK WARREN

Patrick Warren, son of Deacon Patrick Warren and Elizabeth Williams, was born December 22, 1816, on a farm called "Warren Place," a few miles below Capeville, Northampton County, Virginia. He was converted at the age of sixteen in the old Lower Northampton Baptist Church, which he joined, was licensed to preach at eighteen, and ordained at twenty-one, when he became pastor of this church and of Red Bank. He served these two congregations for seventeen years, many of these years without salary, or pay of any sort. At the age of twenty-one he was married to Miss Elizabeth Ann Scott, who was indeed his helpmeet for thirty-four years. Truly his wife was a ministering spirit, always ready, always eager to sacrifice herself for others. The sick, the sorrowing, the afflicted received her active sympathy and help.

While Mr. Warren was pastor of the above-mentioned field, a new house of worship was built by each congregation. A dear brother, ninety-six years of age, living at Cape Charles, Va., in a recent letter, said: "I regard Brother Patrick Warren as one of the ablest preachers and soundest theologians that has ever occupied the Lower Northampton Church pulpit during my recollection, and I have always been in close touch with that field. I distinctly remember on one occasion hearing an attorney, attached to General Lockwood's Federal forces, say: 'He is one of the deepest thinkers that I ever heard preach.' His pastorate in this county was decidedly successful, and he was *very* popular. His memory is still green in the hearts of those that knew and loved him." In 1854, a call came from Onancock, in response to the request in the will of a Mrs. Garrison that Rev. Patrick Warren be the first pastor of a church

to be built with a part of the money she was leaving, the remainder of which was to be put out at interest until enough should accumulate to build another church at Drummondtown, Accomac's county seat. He was pastor of the Onancock Church for thirteen years, giving a part of his time to the Drummondtown congregation, after their house of worship was built. At the end of this pastorate, when Mr. Warren was about to accept another call, Rev. Henry A. Wise, an Episcopal minister, said he ought never to leave the Eastern Shore, where he was so respected, so loved, so honored. The Onancock Baptist Church has to-day on its wall tablets to the memory of him and his wife. His third and last charge was the Navy Yard Baptist Church, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Warren was always noted for his firmness of character, yet broadmindedness. His house and heart were open to all. His life was one of great generosity; not only did he give his money, but he gave his sympathy, his time, *himself*. As an instance of his fellowship with all the servants of his Lord, a Methodist preacher, when told that he must die, asked that Rev. Patrick Warren preach his funeral sermon. While pastor on the Eastern Shore, he held a meeting for Dr. T. G. Jones, of Freemason Street Church, Norfolk. A prominent Episcopalian, of Northampton County, told Mr. Warren's eldest son in what high esteem his father's preaching was held by Dr. Jones and his people, adding: "It did me good to know how he, a product of the Eastern Shore, was regarded by such a man as Dr. Jones."

In May, 1864, during the War between the states, his house being as it had been since the fall of 1861, within the lines of the Federal troops, he received from the officer in command there a communication which was practically an order to him on his "next regular day of Worship to offer up Prayer to Almighty God for the President of the United States, and those in authority."

This quotation is from the communication referred to, the original of which is in the possession of one of his sons. On the following Sunday in the pulpit of the Onancock Baptist Church, of which he was then pastor, just before the beginning of his prayer he said: "I have received the following communication"—and then read it word by word—not omitting the name of the officer whose name was signed thereto, and who was in the congregation to see that his order was obeyed—and, continuing, said: "Not because of the command of any officer or man, for in matters of religion I acknowledge the authority of *no* man, but because I believe it to be my Christian duty to pray for all men anywhere, and because I am reminded of the President of the United States and those in authority, and because I believe they need the prayers of God's people, I will pray for them. Let us pray." The main substance of his prayer for them was that they might see the errors of their ways, repent, and be converted; and, in doing this, he called the name of the officer who had signed the order referred to, who, being present, heard it all. On going out of the church, after the congregation had been dismissed, a prominent citizen of the town asked the officer what he was going to do with Mr. Warren for what he said in his prayer, and in the introduction of his prayer. And he replied: "I am going to let him alone."

When the end of Mr. Warren's life was drawing near, his physicians told him on Saturday that he had better arrange all of his effects, for he would probably die that day. He replied: "You are not frightening me. All of my affairs are arranged. General Grant in the Presidential chair is not as happy a man as I am. But I shall not die to-day; I shall go to heaven on Sunday." This he did as the bells were chiming the hour for morning service. The day before, he said: "Call the children in." All of them were at home save Rev. P. T. Warren, then

pastor in Mobile. As they stood around his bed he said to them: "My children, my way to glory is bright; there is no cloud between me and my Saviour."

When the news of Mr. Warren's death was taken to the Navy Yard Church, soon after he had passed away, the shock was electrical. A meeting was in progress, and many expressed themselves as owing their conviction to the faithful preaching of their pastor just gone to his reward. The outcome was a glorious revival.

The funeral services were conducted by Dr. J. W. M. Williams, of Baltimore, a lifetime friend, and Mr. Warren was buried in the Congressional Cemetery. Afterwards his body was moved to the Onancock Baptist Church yard, where he and his wife now lie in a lot given them by the above-mentioned Mrs. Garrison. A marble monument, erected by the churches of the Accomac Association, marks the resting place of this man of God, who had for thirty-four years labored so faithfully in his Father's vineyard.

GEORGE PEARCY

It was in Bedford County, Virginia, a section famous as the birthplace of many preachers, that on June 23, 1813, George Pearcy first saw the light. This year is memorable in the annals of Baptists as the date of Luther Rice's return to America to begin his appeals for missions and education. Of Nicholas Pearcy, the father of the future missionary, a friend said: "No person, we believe, ever did more to sustain a church and promote vital godliness therein." Within the sphere of influence of the godly preachers William Harris, James and William Leftwich, the boy grew up. His struggle for an education was long and heroic. He first made the means and then wrought at what is now Richmond College, and then at what was Columbian College, from 1836 to 1843, until he won his degree of A. B. at the latter institution. At the age of sixteen he had made profession of his faith in Christ, so we see that the constraining love was a mighty motive with him. Later in life he was described "as a man of sensitive feelings, modest deportment, sanguine temperament, logical intellect, great industry, strong common sense, unwavering devotion to the convictions of right." Doubtless his early life, with its struggles, at once displayed and developed these traits of character. Dr. A. B. Brown, in speaking of this period of his life, calls him a hero. Upon his graduation, at the age of thirty, he became "first tutor" in what is now Hollins College, but what was then the Botetourt Springs Male and Female Institute. This institution was then just commencing its career, Rev. Joshua Bradley being its president, and Geo. P. Tayloe the president of the Board of Trustees, operating under the Valley Union Education Society.

The school was co-educational, and Mr. Pearcy and Rev. Geo. W. Leftwich had charge of the "Male Department." At this time "board, including bedding and room rent per month," was $5.50. Provision was made for two sessions, one commencing June 17th and ending December 14th, and the second running from January 15th to May 14th. For a session of six months the charges for tuition were according to the subjects studied. For example: "Geography, English Grammar, Arithmetic, History of the United States, Natural Philosophy, or Geography Celestial, $9.60," and "Latin, Greek, French, Drawing and Painting, Algebra, Geometry, or Surveying, $18.00." An advertisement of the school announced that "the discipline will be kind and paternal, but steady and inflexible."

In May, 1845, at Augusta, Ga., the Southern Baptist Convention was organized. The first missionaries appointed by the Foreign Board of the Convention were Rev. S. C. Clopton and Rev. George Pearcy. They had been classmates at college, and the appointment of Mr. Clopton to China was followed in a few weeks by that of Mr. Pearcy for the same field. On November 3, 1845, Mr. Pearcy appeared before the Board, and after being examined was accepted. By way of preparation for his work, he pursued for a season the study of medicine at the Richmond Medical College, and on May 30, 1846, was married to Miss Frances Patrick Miller, of Cedar Forest, Pittsylvania County, Virginia, whose father was for many years "the most distinguished classical teacher in all that part of Southern Virginia lying east of Petersburg." On June 15, 1846, profoundly impressive designation services were held at the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, setting apart Clopton and Pearcy for their work in far-away China, one Chinaman, Yong Seen Sang, taking part in the exercises. A week later, on June 22d, farewell services having been held in

New York City, the two missionaries and their wives sailed from New York on the *Cahota*. Hon Alex. H. Everett (a brother of Hon. Edward Everett), who sailed on the *Cahota* as United States Minister to China, in a farewell speech on the ship just before sailing promised to render the missionaries, in his official capacity, all the help he could.

Canton was reached in October. Mr. and Mrs. Pearcy were kindly received by Dr. Devan of the "Missionary Union." Shortly after their arrival, upon the death of Dr. Devan's wife, the Missionary Union closed this station, and the property was bought by the Southern Baptist Convention. Here the Pearcys and Cloptons lived as harmoniously as brethren. The location, however, was by no means ideal, being in a narrow street between a low public house and a duck market. The effluvia arising was so disagreeable that one of the missionaries said: "I must run up on the terrace to get a mouthful of fresh air." A little later an even larger missionary family, composed of three Baptists, three Presbyterians, and one Methodist, dwelt together in a large house in Macao, enjoying the sea breezes, messing together like schoolboys, and dividing the expenses, Mrs. Pearcy being the housekeeper and financial secretary. While the missionary's life, a half century or more ago, in the East had even greater hardships than now, still it was not without its social amenities, as is shown by the fact that one New Year, Mr. Roberts, another missionary, sent the Pearcys a plum pudding, and that about the same time Mr. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Pearcy, and others were at "a party at Dr. Parker's." Nor was the life of the Pearcy-Clopton quartet without thrilling experiences. During some troubles between the English and the Chinese, the rabble threatened to burn the factories, and losing three of their number claimed as many English subjects. The British spiked 800 guns as

they came up the river. All the merchants sent off their money. Thousands of Chinese left with their families and property. While Mr. Clopton took the women to Hong Kong, Mr. Pearcy remained to watch against thieves, and by his tact made many friends among the Chinese.

Disease and death soon invaded the ranks of the little company that had sailed away from their native land on the *Cahota*. In quick succession Rev. S. C. Clopton followed Hon. A. H. Everett to the grave, and from the very first Mr. Pearcy's health began to decline. The thought of leaving China and giving up the work to which he had dedicated his life brought him real sorrow. Twice trips were made to Shanghai in search of health. On both of these trips, first on the *Hindostan* and then on the *John Bunyan,* he and his wife encountered great storms, the first being the most terrific typhoon that had visited the coast of China for fifty years. All hope of their ship was gone, and their final escape seemed miraculous; a hundred vessels and a thousand lives were said to have been lost. Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Pearcy were transferred to the Shanghai mission. Here they labored for five years. Here, among other valuable services, Mr. Pearcy originated the phonetic system of reading and writing the Chinese language, which system was brought to perfection later by another missionary of the Southern Baptists, Dr. T. P. Crawford. Mr. Pearcy's health continued to decline, but he was unwilling to obey the imperative command of the doctor: "I order you home," until his wife's health also gave way. When at last they were about to sail he was seized with Asiatic cholera, and lay for a day and night as if dead. Preparations for his burial were made, and the vessel was held for two days that after the funeral his wife and daughter might sail. The doctor used some violent agency, and the one seemingly dead lived again. During this time

he had been conscious and dreaded being buried alive. On January 8, 1855, he and his wife sailed for the United States, bidding their Shanghai home farewell with sorrow, and hoping that their absence from it would be brief.

They landed at Boston in April and made their way to the home of Mrs. Pearcy's father. It was a bitter trial to have to give up work on which he had set his heart, but he bowed to the will of God. He worked for the Foreign Board as agent, and was to have gone to labor among the Chinese in California, under the Domestic Mission Board, but the war interrupted this plan. While he never became pastor of any church, he never became secularized. He was earnest in Sunday-school work, faithful as a church member, ready to do gratuitously supply work, and to preach to the colored people. While always ready to preach, with great humility of spirit he was no less ready to yield his appointment to a minister whom the people were more anxious to hear. See what was the real spirit of the man! The years after the war were years of poverty and privation for him, and the realization that he would not be able to educate his children as he wanted to do was a deep sorrow. Besides there was his waning health. Then the labor problem was most serious, the negroes being demoralized by their newly given liberty. Presently, however, the tide began to turn; he was able to put up new buildings on his little farm, his tobacco began to bring good prices, and his brother sent him $200 with which to purchase a horse. Alas! at this point typhoid fever broke into the home, laying four of the family low at the same time. The neighbors were afraid to come in to nurse, and before this disease had passed two of the children were dead. At last, on July 24, 1871, Mr. Pearcy was called to his eternal reward. The son, who survived him, is now a minister of the Gospel,

and the daughter Fannie became the wife of Rev. Dr. I. M. Mercer. Mr. Pearcy's grandchildren give promise of being worthy descendants of so pious and consecrated a man. His ashes rest beneath the sod at Cedar Forest, but his name and record may well prove a benediction and an inspiration for years and years to come. These words that he sent back to his native land from China ought to stir our hearts for larger missionary effort: "Will not the Christians of happy America pray that God will enlighten and save these perishing heathen by the gospel?"

ADDISON HALL*

The "Northern Neck," a peninsula lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, is one of the most historic sections of Virginia. Here Washington, Madison, Monroe, and Robert E. Lee were born; here many distinguished families have lived; here "the first public association formed in America, for resistance to the Stamp Act, was organized on the 27th day of February, 1766." At Heathsville, the county seat of Northumberland, one of the counties of the Northern Neck, Addison Hall was born, September 3, 1797. His father, who had first seen the light in the adjoining County of Westmoreland, was at this time keeping the hotel, and a few years later moved to the neighboring village of Kilmarnock, where for thirty-three years he conducted a mercantile business, commanding the confidence and esteem of the community by reason of his strict integrity, prudence, and punctuality. His wife, her maiden name being Clarissa Pollard, was a woman of a literary taste much above the average. The boy Addison's school days lasted only some thirty-three months, the cost for his schooling being thirty-three dollars. The War of 1812 was especially felt in the Northern Neck, and was in part the cause of the boy's limited early education. Though so young he volunteered to serve his country, receiving many years afterwards for this service, from the Government, a land warrant for 160 acres.

After clerking for some time in his father's store, he was for six months in the large dry goods store of Mummy and Meredith, Baltimore, whence he returned home, was married, January 2, 1817, to Miss Susan

*Much material for this sketch is from the "Life of Hall," by Rev. Dr. T. S. Dunaway.

Edmonds, and went into partnership with his father. Soon he opened a store on his own hook at Merry Point, and, a few years later, having studied law by himself, was licensed to practice by Judges Brooke, Cabell, and Brockenborough. He had already been elected to the House of Delegates, and was returned session after session for five years. He did not become a Christian until he was past his majority. In Baltimore, as his employers were Catholics, he occasionally went to their church, but regularly he attended the Baptist church, yet no great impression seems to have been made at either place. When at last his concern about religion began, it was deep. He was in great distress. Under a sermon of Rev. Samuel Lamkin Straughan he was led to acknowledge publicly his concern, and finally, having surrendered to Christ in his room at a friend's house, was baptized a few weeks later, on October 19, 1819, in Indian Creek. Upon the occasion of his conversion his mother wrote an acrostic poem, nor was this her first attempt at verse. A dream in his youth, which impressed on him the truth that Christ was the only way of salvation, so fastened itself in his memory that many, many years afterwards he wrote it out in poetry for the *Religious Herald*.

During his career in the Legislature, when he was called Colonel, he brought back home Rev. J. B. Jeter, hoping to secure him as pastor. Later this was accomplished. Perhaps young Hall little thought that he would succeed Mr. Jeter in that office. Yet thoughts of the ministry pursued him. Once when the preacher was unexpectedly absent from his appointment Mr. Hall addressed the congregation. From this time forward he often spoke, and finally was licensed by the church to exercise a public gift, on June 20, 1829. Yet as no field seemed to offer itself he continued at the bar. During Dr. Jeter's pastorate of the Morattico and Wicomico

churches, a physician, Dr. W. H. Kirk, was led to Christ, and on August 13, 1835, at a camp-meeting in Northumberland County, upon the call of the Morattico Church, Mr. Hall and Dr. Kirk were ordained to the gospel ministry. Before Mr. Hall finally became a pastor he moved to Richmond, becoming agent of the American Colonization Society for Virginia. Years afterwards, in giving advice to one of his sons upon the various callings in life, he said: "Monied *agencies* of almost every kind I abhor. I tried one in 1835, and became disgusted with it, owing mostly to the many cold rebuffs I met with." About this time he made a trip to the West, preaching as opportunity offered, and attending the Baptist State Convention, in Louisville, and the Triennial Convention, in Cincinnati. As he was returning to Virginia an incident occurred, which he described in his notes of travel, as follows: "I took passage in a steamer at St. Louis. . . . Every morning after breakfast in the main saloon a card table was drawn near the stove (it was very cold), and some of the passengers enjoyed the forenoon in playing cards. I was a perfect stranger to the company, and, these players not appearing to be rowdies, I sat near the stove conversing with some of the passengers that I found were professors of religion, and did not interfere with the card players. But on *Sabbath* morning, after breakfast, the table was again placed in position, two persons took their seats thereat, and one of them commenced 'dealing' the cards. I felt then it was time to remonstrate and to prevent, if possible, such gross desecration of the Lord's Day, and determined either to stop the game by appealing to the Captain, or, on a failure, to demand to be set on shore myself at the first stopping place. . . . I concluded to try mild means first. I arose from my seat, took out of my pocket a small Testament . . . walked up to the gentleman who was in the act of 'deal-

ing' the cards, and, presenting the Testament to him, remarked, 'You had better use this book *to-day.*' 'Oh,' he replied, 'it is Sunday,' and immediately took the book, put up the cards, and continued to read the book, apparently for some twenty minutes. It was rather a dangerous experiment thus to interrupt such sport on a western steamer, but it succeeded."

Dr. Jeter resigned his charge of the Morattico and Wicomico churches and removed to Richmond, being moved to take this step in part by the desire to leave fuller scope for the labors of Dr. Kirk and Mr. Hall. This result followed. These churches called Mr. Hall, and he accepted. It was not long before an unusual, but as it turned out a very profitable, arrangement was made. Dr. Kirk became associated with Mr. Hall, on this field, each man preaching once a month at each church. The Morattico Church held services at two points, Kilmarnock and White Stone meeting-houses, the former above and the latter below the village of Kilmarnock. During the ministry of these two men Wicomico Church had some glorious revivals, when scores and hundreds were added to its membership. One year the pastor baptized into the fellowship of the church 166 members, the next year 156, and four years later 176, a large majority of these persons being white. In 1843, the Morattico Church had 968 members. During this pastorate two new churches, Fairfield and Lebanon, were organized, and a new meeting-house built by the Wicomico saints, who, at the same time changed the name of their church to Coan. These changes led to Mr. Hall's becoming pastor of the Morattico and Lebanon churches, and Dr. Kirk, of Coan and Fairfield.

Mr. Hall was not an eloquent preacher, yet he was "something better." Dr. Jeter says of him: "He was not eminent as a preacher. A feeble, husky voice, with little compass or pathos, and a naturally hurried delivery,

formed an insuperable barrier to his pulpit popularity, but his ministry was distinguished by something better than the fluent verbiage which passes with most for eloquent preaching. He was a well-instructed theologian, a safe interpreter of Scripture, an earnest, laborious, faithful teacher of Divine truth, a religious guide, whom all trusted and loved. As a pastor he was more notable than as a preacher. His experience, gained from an extended intercourse with the world, his sound practical judgment, his frank independence, his unquestioned devotion to the interests of his flock, and great firmness of purpose, eminently qualified him to rule, not with a rod of iron, but by the force of argument and persuasion, and by the gentle, yet firm, exercise of his proper pastoral authority. His great and long-continued popularity and usefulness, in the only field of his ministerial labors, furnish the most conclusive evidence of his fitness for the office of a bishop." He remained pastor in this one field till December, 1870, a period of almost thirty-five years.

Mr. Hall was over six feet in height, carried himself well, and was quick and rather graceful in his movements. His complexion was ruddy and rather dark. His forehead was high, and his head, which was well formed, covered with black, curly hair. His eyes were such a dark blue that many thought them black. He never wore a beard, thinking that this was not suitable for a preacher. While his face was grave and his bearing dignified, he was not averse to the "lighter vein," and, indeed, his demure countenance enabled him to make the climax of a joke all the more striking. Dr. Jeter tells of how Mr. Hall, knowing Dr. Jeter's admiration of Robert Hall, of England, had quite a joke on him. Dr. Jeter says: "He informed me that Robert Hall had recently arrived in this country. To all my questions as to the time and place of his landing and the

design of his coming, he gave evasive but plausible answers, until my curiosity and interest were raised to the highest excitement. He then informed me of the recent birth of a son, of which I had not previously heard, whom he had named Robert."

It has been seen that Mr. Hall was first a merchant, then a lawyer, and then in the Legislature. This catalogue does not exhaust, however, the list of his occupations, besides his work as a minister. Again and again he was called to represent his county and section in political conventions. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention, which was in session in Richmond some eight months, adjourning August 1, 1851. During this period he supplied the pulpit of the Grace Street Baptist Church, the pastor, Dr. Kingsford, being absent on a trip to England. He was a member of the Virginia Convention, of 1861, where, like so many others, having been opposed to separation from the Union, voted for secession when Virginia was threatened with invasion. Here are some of the other offices he held, Dr. Dunaway says: "For a long time he was an active Justice of the Peace, under the old Constitution of Virginia, and for many years Presiding Justice of the County Court, under the Constitution of 1850. He was also for many years Commissioner in Chancery, both of the Circuit and County Courts, of Lancaster; a School Commissioner and Treasurer of the Glebe Fund, of Lancaster County. Besides these public offices, which he filled for a long term of years, he was frequently called on to settle estates, and to discharge in other capacities the duties of fiduciary." In the best sense of the word, he was an educated man. His letters and sermons prove that he was master of a strong English style. Nor did he limit himself to prose. His mother had written verses and he followed her example. Some of these effusions are humorous, and at least one is a hymn, which he prepared

for a service where no hymn in the Virginia Selection seemed to him appropriate.

Some may question the wisdom of a preacher's holding so many positions of a public, not to say political, character. Yet such a course seemed necessary for Mr. Hall. His salary was small, never exceeding, and often less than, $500, while his family was large. He had eighteen children, of whom twelve lived to be grown up. He was married three times. His first child, Henrietta, became the wife of Rev. J. Lewis Shuck, and as his wife the first woman missionary from America to China. Mrs. Shuck died suddenly in China, her death proving a great blow to her loved ones at home. Another daughter married Rev. Thos. W. Tobey and went to China, but, on account of her ill health, they returned after a few years to this country. Mr. Hall's second wife was Miss Catherine C. Crittenden; she lived seventeen years after her marriage, a helpmeet indeed to her husband. Mr. Hall's third wife was Miss Lucy A. Noyes, a native of Massachusetts, who had come to Northumberland County as teacher of a private school in the family of Dr. Hudnall. In the end, this marriage proved a most unfortunate alliance. After a number of years of loyalty to and fellowship with her husband, and after bearing him several children, this wife brought Mr. Hall such sorrow and distress that many thought he died of a broken heart. Her affections turned to another, and she was unfaithful to her husband. So clear were the proofs of this conduct of hers that Mr. Hall could not do less than secure legal separation. This he did, receiving at once the approval and sympathy of the whole community. Shortly afterwards he resigned his churches, broke up, and moved to South Carolina, expecting to make this his home. He found, however, that his great sorrow went with him, and that being out of Virginia and out of the pastorate only made matters worse. So

he returned to his native heath. He now considered a plan for a tour to Palestine, but, instead of going to the earthly Jerusalem, he was called in a short while to the *new* Jerusalem. Not long before his death, which came with little notice, he remarked that he would like to visit *Old Jerusalem* and walk where the Saviour trod, but if he recovered he should have to abandon this cherished wish, adding: "If I can only reach the *New Jerusalem* I will now be satisfied." He died on Sunday, April 2, 1871, and was buried in the spot, in the cemetery by the Kilmarnock Meeting House, which he had long before selected as his last resting place.

ABRAM MAER POINDEXTER

Long ago a certain French Protestant left his native land and fled to England in order to escape persecution. His family was large, and one of his sons, Thomas Poindexter, he sent to Virginia, giving him a handsome estate, in order to prevent his marriage to a certain young lady whom he considered an undesirable companion for his son. The young woman learned of the whereabouts of her lover, indented herself as a servant for four years in order to follow and find him, and was sent to Virginia. Young Thomas heard that a shipload of servants had arrived, and going to seek a servant, found his sweetheart whom he speedily made his wife. Two brothers, grandsons of this couple, were Baptist preachers, Richard Jones Poindexter and John Poindexter, the former being the father of the subject of this sketch. Fannie Maer, after the death of her first husband, Mr. Jordan, married Richard Jones Poindexter, becoming the mother of eight children, of whom the only one who lived to manhood bore the name of his maternal grandfather, Abram Maer. The two half-brothers, William Hill Jordan and Abram Maer Poindexter, were devoted to each other all their lives, both of them becoming distinguished divines. As a boy, young Poindexter, who was born September 22, 1809, in Bertie County, North Carolina, worked on the farm and went to school. His father was from Louisa County, Virginia, and towards the close of his life pastor of the Hollis Grove Baptist Church, in North Carolina. Quite soon in life the boy displayed that argumentative ability which was to be such a distinguishing trait in his subsequent life. After a discussion with his son, Mr. Poindexter was candid enough to say: "Well, my son, you have cornered me," and the victor in this debate was

quite youthful, for his father died when he was seventeen years old. So the young man set out on life. As a boy he had read his Bible no little, and for want of some one better had been superintendent of a Sunday school long before his conversion. Various lines of work presented themselves, such as being a lawyer or a printer, and for some six months he lived with his half-brother in Granville County, North Carolina. He was baptized by Rev. R. Lawrence, pastor of the Caskie Church, Bertie County, North Carolina, in July, 1831, and licensed to preach the following February. His sojourn in the home of Rev. Abner W. Clopton, in Charlotte County, was an epoch in his spiritual development. This country preacher, who was a great pioneer in the temperance movement in Virginia, made a lasting impression on young Poindexter. He called him his "venerated instructor in ministerial duty," and through life remembered him. Years afterwards in *The Commission* he quoted these words of Mr. Clopton: "Never suffer an opportunity to pass unimproved, when you can properly introduce religious conversation with the unconverted." From the first, young Poindexter preached frequently, though as yet he had no church, nor any college training. In a diary, called the "Remembrancer," which he kept at this period for some five years, expressions occur such as: "tried to preach ten times," and "Lord's Day was a melting time." The former of these allusions was to work done while visiting relatives in North Carolina, and the latter to a four days' meeting at Ash Camp (Keysville, Va.). The same "Remembrancer" tells how at an association an old minister "blundered greatly in his sermon," and how the young preacher thought it his duty to correct his errors, and how the matter afterwards caused him much uneasiness, though he could not feel that he had acted wrong.

On February 12, 1833, Mr. Poindexter entered Columbian College, Washington D. C. Rev. Dr. Stephen Chapin, at that time president of the College, was a man of high scholarship and genial spirit. He gave for three years his own salary in an effort to remove a burdensome debt from the College; he was intimate with most of the great statesmen of the day, many of whom, like Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and others, were often seen at his hospitable board. Sickness first hampered and finally brought to an end Mr. Poindexter's college work. Trouble with his throat and a cough that suggested consumption came to him now, and were more or less his companions for life. Dr. A. Bagby declares that only strong will and common sense saved him for his life work. What with his uncertain health, his restiveness under college restraint, and the fact that he was in demand as a preacher, his studies doubtless suffered. On a college composition of his the president wrote: "If I could write as well as you *can* I would write better than you *do*." He was called on quite often to preach at the Washington churches. The Navy Yard Church asked him to preach regularly for them, and on the last Sunday of the session, upon special request of President Chapin, he supplied the pulpit of the leading Baptist Church of Washington. About this time two friends rejoiced his heart by giving him $20 with which to buy a commentary. Dr. Broadus says that a dedication sermon, which Mr. Poindexter preached about this time, had two features that marked his preaching through life, namely: 1. Everything was argued out; 2. The treatment of the subject takes a very wide range.

On January 20, 1834, he determined to leave college and go to North Carolina. In Charlotte, having exposed himself in waiting on a sick friend, he was so ill with "bilious pleurisy" that it was thought he would not re-

cover, and Luther Rice, who was in the neighborhood, began to prepare his obituary. While at college he had declined a call to churches in Charlotte County, but soon after his recovery from this illness he accepted the care of Catawba and Clarksville churches, Halifax County, Virginia. In these days the cause of foreign missions began to command his interest and attention. A letter came from Jas. B. Taylor, who later was foreign mission secretary, and still later had Poindexter as his associate in this work, asking the question: "How do you feel about a mission to the heathen?" Doubtless his health had much to do with the answer he sent: "I do not now think it my duty," for shortly before this the "Remembrancer" has this record: "O Lord, I am Thy servant. Send me whither Thou wilt." About this time he was thrown much into the company of Luther Rice. Later, Poindexter said of Rice, "in virtues among the first and in talents the first of those whom he had intimately known," and Rice said of Poindexter that he was the most promising young preacher whom he knew. In the spring of 1836, he took a trip to raise money for printing the Burmese Bible, which translation Judson had completed, on December 29, 1835. Upon the suggestion of Dr. Daniel Witt he was called to the Charlottesville Church. He resigned his country churches and spent some months in Charlottesville, to decide whether he should accept the call. It was finally declined. He deemed his strength unequal to the tax of preparing several sermons a week such as a university town would demand, and of meeting all other necessary engagements. Besides, he was now anxious to enter into the estate of marriage, and the salary offered at Charlottesville prohibited this step. He turned to a country field, and on May 25, 1837, was married to Mrs. Eliza J. Craddock. This marriage, Dr. Jeter says, proved to be one of great happiness and usefulness. Mr. Poindexter was pastor

for a longer or shorter time of the following churches in Halifax and Charlotte counties: Catawba, Hunting Creek, Millstone, Republican Grove, Beth Car, Charlotte Court-House. Concerning his life as a pastor, Dr. T. W. Sydnor says that he was not successful as a pastor, either in adding to numbers or in promoting efficiency, but adds that he was exceedingly popular, and regarded as incomparably the ablest minister of any denomination in all that section, and crowds attended upon his ministry. In 1842, Mr. Poindexter published in the *Baptist Preacher* a sermon on "Piety, the Chief Element of Ministerial Power," which had been delivered before the Virginia Baptist Education Society, in June. It had been preached with great earnestness, and seems to have made a deep impression. A year later, when he was thirty-six years old, Columbian College conferred on him the honorary degree of D. D.

Dr. Poindexter gave a large part of his life to agency work. In this field of labor he was highly successful. Here there was play for his especial talents. While he was strong as a preacher he seems to have been even more powerful on the platform. His will power, perseverance, and powers of persuasion added to his effectiveness as an agent. As a representative of Columbian College and Richmond College, and as assistant secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, he went far and wide pleading for the two great causes of education and foreign missions. In his position also of secretary of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, at Charleston, S. C., he doubtless traveled; certain it is that for this society he raised a fund of $20,000 for stereotyping books, one valuable book published by this means being "The Baptist Psalmody." Six hymns in this hymn book were from his pen. In this connection his deep interest and part in the establishment of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary ought to be mentioned.

He was at several of the meetings which resulted in the birth of this great institution, and helped toward the noble accomplishment. His agency for Columbian College lasted for three years, and in this time he raised $25,000. In June, 1851, his first agency for Richmond College began, continuing for three years. This movement for Richmond College, in which Dr. Poindexter bore the leading part, is thus described in a historical sketch of the college, published in 1885: "In 1851, it was decided to raise $85,000 in bonds of $100 or over, payable in three annual instalments, the first to become due as soon as $60,000 had been secured. Rev. A. M. Poindexter was appointed agent, and all unpaid bonds and pledges hitherto given were turned over to him for adjustment. His success was so complete that on the 10th of June following he reported in bonds and cash $60,732.40, in unbonded subscriptions and pledges of less than $100, $3,696. This was counted as making the endowment $75,000, and the agent was requested to continue his labors and raise $25,000 more for endowment and $50,000 for buildings. At this he worked two years longer, and secured means to erect, in 1854, according to plans drawn by Thomas A. Tefft, architect, and at a cost of $25,500, the north wing of the present college buildings, devoted mainly to dormitories. The collection of bonds progressed fairly, the funds invested in public securities was, in 1854, $72,642; in 1859, $77,042. . . . The fervid eloquence of Poindexter stirred the people all over the State, and the attendance increased rapidly, reaching its highest point, 161, in 1855-56." The second agency of Dr. Poindexter for Richmond College, in the terrible years that followed the Civil War, secured in bonds and subscriptions $75,000. "A little more than one-third of the amount was paid in and added to the interest-bearing fund. The rest was swallowed in the whirlpool of general bank-

ruptcy which soon followed, or merged into the Memorial endowment." Dr. A. Bagby, in describing Dr. Poindexter's personal appearance, says that he was about five feet ten inches tall, weighing from 140 to 160 pounds, and that he was bony, muscular, and that his forehead was not unusually high but broad, while his eye was his most prominent feature, being bluish grey, unusually alert and penetrating. Those who remember nothing else about Dr. Poindexter's personal appearance never seem to be able to forget his eyes. Generally we speak of the flashing *black* eyes. Dr. Poindexter's clear blue eyes had the flash and fire commonly associated with dark eyes. Dr. George B. Taylor says: "His eye told the tale; that pleading blue eye which Dr. Fuller declared to be irresistible, and which, with all its intelligence, often seemed to me to have something of the wistfulness of the most devoted of dumb creatures." Dr. Broadus says that "his figure was graceful and pleasing, and his action was natural, varied, and often extremely commanding."

With a picture of Dr. Poindexter as a speaker, Dr. Broadus began his memorial address, delivered before the Virginia Baptist Historical Society, at the General Association in Staunton, Va., November 13, 1886. Dr. Broadus says: "A new generation is arising that knew not Joseph. A large proportion of the persons present can hardly sympathize with the profound interest which those who are older feel in the life and character of this long-departed minister. But transport yourself in fancy to a meeting of the General Association twenty years ago. A debate is in progress involving some vital doctrine of Scripture, or some question of church government, or some point connected with ministerial or general education or with the work of missions. Some brother is presenting arguments or plans which others might regard as of questionable propriety. Instantly

you see a man rise from one of the front seats and go quickly towards the speaker. He is a man of somewhat less than medium height, but of graceful figure. His face has a rather haggard look; but his blue eye is as bright and tender as a morning sky in springtime. He seats himself just in front of the speaker, puts in position an enormous ear-trumpet, lifting it towards the speaker's face, and gazes up at him with a kindly, eager, and curiously humble expression of countenance. As soon as the speech ends, he quickly lays down the ear-trumpet, and rises with elastic energy to his feet. He begins to speak without the slightest touch of arrogance, and yet with the unmistakable air of a man who thoroughly understands the subject. He calls up accurately, and without apparent effort, any point made, in the course of the debate, that he has occasion to use. He has evidently thought through and through all the principles involved, and his arguments come trooping as they are wanted. Everything erroneous or questionable finds itself overwhelmingly refuted, and the truth on the subject, as prevailing among intelligent Baptists, is set forth in complete and luminous statement. Presently his mind warms to the subject; his emotions are kindled by the thought of some great gospel truth or duty; his movements become impassioned; his face begins to glow, and the blue eyes flash lightning; his voice, though harsh and not well governed, swells into mighty power; he takes possession of the entire assembly, leading them where he will, filling their souls with some strong conviction or some enthusiastic purpose. As he sits down, exhausted and panting, and the high-wrought countenance subsides into gentleness and humility, you scarcely think of admiring the man; your mind is all engrossed with the persuasion that his views are right, that no one need attempt to answer him, that we ought to do, must do, will do just what he has said. In turning away at

the close of the session you hear one member say to another: 'Poindexter was almost up to his best to-day,' and the reply is made: 'Oh, well, we have nobody else that can speak like that, but I have heard him do better far.' "

In his estimate of Poindexter as a public speaker Dr. Broadus says: "Dr. Poindexter possessed, with a partial exception in one respect, all the faculties and the forces which make up a true orator. He had great argumentative power. He delighted not simply in logical analysis, but in logical construction. . . . He was a man of strong and excitable feelings, which, when aroused by some great thought of Christian truth or duty, would swell, as he went on arguing and appealing, to the loftiest passion till they threatened to carry him away into a wild extravagance, till it seemed that only a little more and he would be a raving madman, even as was sometimes charged by enemies upon Demosthenes and upon Paul. Yet it was wonderful to see how completely these swelling, passionate feelings were controlled by his mighty will. . . . Another characteristic of the orator is imagination. . . . Certainly in his higher flights of impassioned appeal he used imagery that revealed imagination of a high order. . . . His language was excellent in point of clearness and careful discrimination, and considering that he so often spoke without immediate preparation, its terseness and force was very remarkable. . . . The one great and marked defect in Poindexter's public speaking lay in his voice. It had considerable power and did not lack some elements of native sweetness. But it was seriously damaged by the throat disease which began during his college life, and clung to him through all the years. The harshness thus produced was aggravated by his serious deafness, which prevented delicate modulations of tone. And he early fell into a faulty vocal habit. . . .

This surpassingly excitable young minister, speaking in a storm of passion to large audiences at some protracted meeting or association, perhaps in the open air, gradually fell into a sing-song, which grew upon him through life. . . . In his later life Dr. Poindexter much regretted this blemish in his speaking, and would carefully guard against it in all the calmer parts of a discourse; but when he became greatly excited the old habit of utterance reasserted its sway."

Dr. Broadus quotes Dr. A. B. Brown, himself a brilliant orator, in regard to Dr. Poindexter, as follows: "He commenced dry, calm, and perfectly self-possessed. His congregation might indicate some impatience with these drier beginnings and demand by their manner a premature introduction of the luxury of more glowing thought and intenser passion. But the enthusiasm must grow out of the logic and the movement; and he would not be hurried. So he regularly increased in passion to the end. Logic was dominant even in the sometimes tempestuous conclusion." Dr. Broadus also quotes the following words from Dr. Cornelius Tyree: "Under the sermons, and especially the addresses of Poindexter, I have witnessed greater effects than under the addresses of any other great preacher of Virginia."

While Dr. Poindexter was pleading for money for the several great enterprises that he represented there were many by-products of his sermons and addresses. As an evidence of this it should be remembered that one of these sermons led a youth, named John A. Broadus, to decide to be a preacher. In August, 1846, Dr. Poindexter preached before the Association, at Upperville, on the parable of the talents. During the intermission young Broadus sought his pastor, and, with a choking voice, said: "Brother Grimsley, the question is decided; I must try to be a preacher."

Dr. Poindexter did not limit his appeals for money to his public addresses. He saw men in their homes and

urged them to give, and his importunity was hard to resist. During his work for Richmond College he visited Dr. Richard Hugh Bagby, and together these two men set out on a round of visits for subscriptions. Dr. A. Bagby thus describes the incident: "He reached the house of my brother about nightfall, and next morning proposed to my brother to get into his buggy, hitching two horses, and go with him. My brother had no horse available save a young colt that had never been hitched. The horses were harnessed up and they started out. Towards midday they reached a byroad encompassed with many stumps and fallen trees. My brother, a good horseman, was driving, when soon the horses became restive and threatened mischief. Poindexter at once grasped the reins, saying: 'Give me those reins, Brother Hugh.' The horses seemed at once to recognize that they were in the hands of a master, quieted down, and they proceeded on their trip. It was, I believe, on the same trip that he made an attempt to secure a subscription from one of the wealthier members, who loved his money. Poindexter plied all his arguments without success, asking for $500. Finally, as a clinching argument, he said: 'Brother A., we have forty young men studying for the ministry at Richmond College.' Said Brother A. in reply: 'It is not possible you are going to turn all them loose upon us.' The story goes that he was offered $5 as a sort of safe-conscience fund, but this Poindexter declined to receive." On another occasion he followed a brother to the field where he was harrowing. The man protested that he could not give, and that he did not have time to hear the agent's story. What did Dr. Poindexter do but take a seat on the harrow, thus making the teeth go deeper into the soil, and talk Richmond College as the farmer drove. Dr. Geo. W. Beale thus describes a visit Dr. Poindexter made to his home in Westmoreland, when working for Richmond College:

" . . . He was seated in a sulky drawn by a compact, well-kept bay horse. . . . His arrival was hailed by me with intense satisfaction, as offering an opportunity to become personally acquainted with one who had become justly eminent among the Baptist ministry of the South. . . . When the time came to retire I conducted him to his room, and as soon as he entered it he remarked that he had met with an accident, at the same time pointing to an ugly rent in his black pants, as though he had been in violent contact with a nail. He declined my repeated offer to take the garment to be mended for him, but proceeded to open his satchel and to draw forth needle and thread, and very soon, with something of the skill and ease of a seamstress, he quickly repaired the damage. He proposed quite early next morning to set out on his canvass from house to house for subscriptions to the college, and I offered to accompany him. . . . As we rode together that day, his conversation flowed in an animated and easy strain, and left upon my mind a pleasing impression. . . . During the afternoon we entered the gate of a farmer whose teams, somewhat lean and ill-cared for, were struggling with the plows nearby. 'Ah,' said he, 'this brother is not a good farmer. An essential condition of good farming is to keep teams in good order.' . . . At the close of the day, in the chamber where he was to rest for the night, he remarked that I had kindly aided him in finding the brethren and getting their subscriptions, and then, concentrating upon me a direct and penetrating gaze, he pressed the inquiry: 'What are *you* going to do for the college?' I yielded to the inevitable and signed one of the bonds. On the morrow, when he had taken his seat in his sulky and was in the act of driving away, he extended his hand and gave mine a cordial parting grasp, at the same time saying: 'My young brother, aim *high,* but walk *low.*' "

With remarkable fellowship and success James B. Taylor and A. M. Poindexter worked together under the Foreign Mission Board. They were in many respects so different that it was predicted they would not be able "to work and live together without unpleasant collisions." This prediction never came true. Dr. Geo. B. Taylor says: " . . . Their mutual respect, love, confidence, and forbearance was perfect. I speak what I know when I say that never was there a cloud as big as a man's hand between them." Their labors were great. Dr. Taylor wrote in his diary: "This has been a very busy week. With Brother Poindexter assisting, I have employed every spare hour in appealing to churches and individual Christians in the South for help in our need as a Foreign Mission Board. It is pleasant to have Brother P. with me." Dr. Poindexter, speaking of himself and Dr. Taylor, said: "Often we worked, with short intervals, from nine in the morning until twelve or one at night to prepare for a trip, and then would start and travel day and night to reach some distant meeting, or to visit some of the more out-of-the-way churches to return and find an accumulation of work." As a secretary of the Foreign Board, Dr. Poindexter was most friendly towards and interested in other great causes. He was willing to throw his whole soul into an appeal for some other great denominational interest, being wise enough to see that this was good policy, and generous enough to want all the great enterprises to prosper. In 1857, he made a great speech at Raleigh, in behalf of Wake Forest College, that resulted in a few minutes in the raising of $27,000 for endowment. Governor Thomas Bragg, "no mean master of oratory himself," declared that speech to be the most powerful he had ever heard in his life. Dr. Poindexter's great speeches on foreign missions were far reaching in their blessed influence, such an address at a State con-

vention being "felt by all the more susceptible minds throughout the State." The apostrophe of Dr. Fuller, in a missionary address at the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention in Raleigh, N. C., just a few days after Dr. Poindexter's death, well indicates the estimate the brotherhood placed on his work for foreign missions. Dr. Broadus says that Dr. Fuller spoke somewhat as follows: "I almost think sometimes that I would not exchange places with an angel in heaven; if I did, it would not be with Gabriel, but rather with that angel whom John saw flying in the midst of heaven, carrying the everlasting gospel to every nation and kindred and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, 'Fear God, and give glory to him.' Fly faster, O angel, on thy mission; sweet angel, fly faster; and if thou canst not quicken thy flight go turn over thy commission to Poindexter's mighty spirit, and he shall bear the message with more rapid wing and more glowing love than thou canst, O angel. He knows a love thou canst never know; he is now singing a song thou canst never learn —the song of a redeemed soul bought by the precious blood of Christ."

Two incidents which Dr. A. Bagby describes, and one given by Dr. Broadus, show phases of Dr. Poindexter's character. Dr. Bagby says: "The General Association had met one year in the city of Petersburg. The crowd was very great. . . . Poindexter, my brother, and myself and one other brother were in a room together. Sunday morning came, and, while the rest of us were making our toilet, Dr. Poindexter was still sleeping. Presently my brother began to tickle his ear with a straw. Several times Poindexter brushed away the imaginary fly, but presently detecting the source of his annoyance, he opened his eyes and said: 'Richard Hugh, stop this. If you don't I'll get up and throw you down.' The straw came again when Poindexter sprang up and

they wrestled for a minute or two, when another brother said: 'Why, brethren, this is Sunday morning, and you are both to preach to-day.' Meanwhile the younger of the two was victor, and laid the Doctor quietly down on the bed. An incident in Dr. Poindexter's life, which is not usually known, I believe is worthy of record. I give it at the mouth of Rev. Samuel G. Mason, who was an eye-witness. Dr. Poindexter had come to aid Mr. Mason in a meeting of days. One morning there came into the congregation a young man, the escort of several young ladies, seating themselves in the gallery. They were not reverent in their feelings, and, while Poindexter was preaching, they employed themselves in mutual conversation, annoying persons around them. The preacher bore it for a time, by and by calling attention to disorder in the congregation, and when it continued against his quiet remonstrance, he fixed his eyes upon the offenders, insisting that they observe the rules of church decorum. When the congregation was dismissed, and the preacher being the last to emerge from the house, he found the young man standing at the door with a horsewhip in his hand, and he at once began raining down blows upon the shoulders of the unoffending minister. Brother Mason said he was standing out in the yard, and as soon as his attention was drawn he ran to interfere. He said that when he reached the scene, he found the young man himself quite unnerved, while the preacher stood, without a quiver, meekly bearing all without apparently a ruffle. He said that when he reached them, it seemed that the whip would fall from the young avenger's hand." This incident which Dr. Broadus tells was recalled by Dr. B. Manly, Jr. He, Poindexter, and A. B. Brown, cut off by torrents of rain from going to an Association, spent a day at the house of Brother Bird L. Farrel, in southern Virginia. He says that "Poindexter and Brown fairly revelled in the joy of debate. There was

a trundle bed in the room they occupied, and the two would just roll on the bed like school-boys, and discuss every question on which they had ever differed, fighting with fierce glee along every ramification of each succeeding topic." Now and then they would turn eagerly to Manly that he would act as arbiter of some dispute, while the kindly host looked on and listened by the hour with immense amusement.

While Dr. Poindexter is remembered chiefly as a speaker, and while he was the author of no book, still there are some of his writings which help to show us the character of his preaching and of the man. While he was connected with the Foreign Board, the work of editing *The Commission,* a monthly missionary magazine, which lived for four years and until stopped by the War, was in the main upon his shoulders. It contained "careful discussion to vindicate the scriptural propriety of Foreign Mission Boards and other machinery." There were articles also on "The Lord's Day—A Neglected Ordinance," on the duty of reading the Bible every day, and on frequently conversing with others about its teachings, on the desirable qualifications for foreign missionary work, on Faith and Repentance. As early as 1843 he had published in the *Religious Herald* a series of articles on the connection between baptism and the remission of sins. "These papers show his profound study of the controversies excited by Mr. Campbell and his followers." In 1850 he published in *The Baptist Preacher* three sermons on Imputation, which proved that he was "a master in theological thinking." He also published an article on "Valid Baptism," and a series of articles on the following metaphysical and theological topics: "Cause and Effect," "Uncaused Being," "Creation," "The Creator and Sovereign," "Revelation," "Miracles," "The Law of Progress in Its Application to Theology," "Conscience." He prepared a treatise on

"The Lord's Supper" that was never published. Concerning the argument in this treatise, Dr. Curry said: "The argument to my mind is compact, lucid, and unanswerable."

During the Civil War, Dr. Poindexter's two sons, both splendid young men, went forth to the defense of their country. The younger, William Jordan Poindexter, a youth of seventeen, volunteered in a company of dragoons. One morning, while he was on picket guard, he was killed by the accidental discharge of his own pistol. The older son, Abram Wimbish Poindexter, volunteered in an infantry company, of which he soon became captain, upon the death of Captain Easley. Before Petersburg, July 30, 1864, his company was especially exposed. Addressing the remnant of his company, he said: "Boys, we must hold this position, or die in our places, for the salvation of the town depends upon the enemy's not carrying these works." Presently an officer rode by and seeing the remnant of a company standing firm asked who was their commander. They replied, as they pointed to a dead body: "There's our captain; he told us we must hold these works or die in their defense, and we mean to do it." And they did. Dr. Poindexter's only daughter, Fannie, was married in December, 1865, to Rev. James B. Taylor, Jr.

On September 14, 1867, Dr. Poindexter suffered that greatest of all bereavements, the death of his wife. For thirty years they had walked together. This separation so moved him that it is said he was thrown into literal convulsions. Shortly after this great loss he decided to make his home with his son-in-law, Rev. J. B. Taylor, Jr., at Culpeper. Here he had the companionship of his daughter and grandchildren, and when he gave up his agency in June, 1870, he hoped in the quiet of the Culpeper home to put into written form some of the results of his lifelong thinking in theology and philosophy.

Alas! the circle in Culpeper was sadly broken by the hand of death, on November 7, 1870, when the spirit of that lovely woman, Fannie Poindexter Taylor, went home to God. On June 27, 1871, Dr. Poindexter was united in marriage with Miss Marcia P. Scott, of Orange County, Virginia. His home was now on his wife's farm, near Gordonsville, Va. He was now quite active with his pen, writing numerous articles for the *Religious Herald*. He also became pastor of the Louisa Court-House and Lower Goldmine churches, insisting on preaching twice a month at each church, although their time-honored custom had been to have but one service each month. In the last days of the following April he was indisposed. On May 4th, he wrote to his son-in-law: "I have no idea that I can go to the Convention. If I were free from disease I should be too weak for such a trip. Last May another was prevented from attending and has since gone to a more glorious Convention." He alluded to the death of Dr. J. B. Taylor, which had occurred the preceding December. Typhoid pneumonia and bronchitis resulted in his death, May 7, 1872. He was buried in Orange County.

At the General Association, held in Staunton, May 30th to June 1, 1872, Rev. Dr. T. W. Sydnor made, at the opening session, an address, as the retiring president, in which he alluded to Drs. Witt, Taylor, Poindexter, and L. W. Allen, who had passed to their reward since the last meeting of the body. At the request of the body his references to these brethren were printed in the minutes. In his estimate of Dr. Poindexter he said: "Poindexter was a Boanerges, a son of thunder, earnest, impetuous, resolute, resistless. Clear in his conceptions of truth, strong in his convictions of duty, jealous for the honor of his Master, when aroused on any great question of Christian obligation—and he was easily aroused—there was no withstanding the force of his

eloquence. His utterances, always weighty and powerful, were at times absolutely terrific and overwhelming. By his logic and his pathos he carried all before him."

As has been already noted, when the General Association met in Staunton, in the fall of 1886, Rev. Dr. John A. Broadus delivered, before the Virginia Baptist Historical Society, a memorial address on the life and character of Dr. Poindexter. This address, which was published in a volume of sermons and addresses by Dr. Broadus, has been freely drawn upon for this sketch, in some cases the very words being used, even when quotation marks do not appear.

HENRY W. WATKINS*

In December, 1801, Henry W. Watkins was born in Powhatan County, Virginia. He was converted in 1831, and the next year began to preach. The Presbytery that ordained him in 1832 consisted of Edward Baptist, John Wooldridge, and F. C. Lowry. He succeeded Elder John Wooldridge as pastor of the Powhatan Church. After a year in this relationship he removed to Richmond, and became the pastor of Belvidere (now Pine Street) Church, where he served for several years. Subsequently and until the close of the Civil War he was pastor of the Second African Church, Richmond, Va. He died March 19, 1872. He had a kind and gentle disposition, a warm and generous heart, an imperturbable spirit, and a beautiful Christian character. He was always hopeful, cheerful, and happy, and in the social circle was agreeable and entertaining, enjoying telling or hearing a joke. As a preacher he was earnest and faithful. He was diligent in his study of the Scriptures, and next to the Bible he loved and was familiar with the practical portions of the works of Andrew Fuller.

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*Abbreviated from Moore's "History of the Middle District Association."

ABSALOM CORNELIUS DEMPSEY

In the County of Botetourt, upon a high hill, that commands an entrancing view of the Alleghanies towards the west, of the Blue Ridge to the east, and of fertile farms near at hand, there stands a handsome country Baptist meeting-house, dedicated to the worship of God, Sunday, May 7, 1911. On either side of the pulpit hangs a large portrait. These portraits are said to be very faithful likenesses of "Father Dempsey" and his wife. Out in the churchyard is a white marble shaft that bears several inscriptions. About the middle of the shaft one reads: "A people's tribute to exalted virtue." On the base of the monument are these words:

In Memory of
Absalom Cornelius Dempsey.
Born December 17, 1787; died June 26, 1872.
A sinner saved by grace; a man of God; a minister of the Gospel.
Himself a living epistle to the world,
for more than threescore years he proclaimed salvation
by grace, through faith, not of works.
He fought a good fight; he finished his course; he kept the faith.
As he lived so he died in the confidence and love of
all men—in the triumphs of
Redeeming Grace.

Concerning this tombstone at Mill Creek Baptist Church, Dr. Jeter wrote in the *Herald* as follows: "It is proposed to rear a monument to the memory of Elder Dempsey. That is proper. He deserves it. If the shaft should correspond with the diligence and fidelity of his ministrations, and the beauty of his character, it will rise high, stand firm, and be adorned by the sculptor's highest art, but his best and most enduring monument has already been founded. The souls converted by his ministry, the churches organized and edified by his labors, and the influences for good brought into opera-

tion by his agency are his everlasting memorial. . . . If at the end of a thousand years we could visit the smiling valley in which Dempsey spent his life and labors, we should, in all probability, find no trace of his marble monument, and no recollection of his humble toils, and no signs of his holy influence; but the all-discerning eye would perceive in many a pious, happy household, and in many a devout, worshipping assembly results due, in no small degree, to the prayers, example, and labors of the long-forgotten pastor of the valley. The Sabbaths would have a stillness and a sweetness and a sanctity which they would not have, had not the region been blessed with the presence and influence of Dempsey."

The county where his ashes rest gave him birth. About eight miles from the place of his death, he first saw the light in the town of Pattonsburg, on James River, which flows through Botetourt County. His parents were of Irish descent. The study of the Bible, without note or comment, led him to be a Baptist, and August, 1805, he was baptized by Elder William Moorman. He was reared to the trade of cabinetmaking, and continued the business late in life, often working during the night that he might find time to meet his appointments as a minister. "This same year he and his wife and sister moved their letters, in company with some others from Rock Spring Church some two miles below Buchanan, to Mill Creek. In 1814, he was ordained as deacon, and the next year clerk of this church. In 1819, he was licensed to preach, and in 1821 ordained to the ministry, the Presbytery consisting of Elders Wm. Davis and Joshua Burnet, and elected pastor of Mill Creek Church, a position he filled until his death; from 1867, however, he was pastor emeritus. In 1822, that he might be able to reach more of the people and do more for the cause, he had a branch of Mill Creek Church, or rather a mission point, established in Fin-

castle, the county seat of Botetourt, this work being under his care." In 1841, the Valley Association was organized and the Mill Creek Church, at the instance of their pastor, left the Strawberry to become a member of the new organization. The first moderator of this association was the Mill Creek pastor, and to this position of honor he was elected twenty-six times, covering a period of some thirteen years, since in those days the body had two meetings annually. Six times along through the years he was called on to preach before the body the introductory sermon. "In 1843, he fought with all his might Elder Hugard, who tried to introduce some spurious doctrine into the church which was contrary to Baptist teaching. In 1847, he offered his resignation as pastor of Mill Creek, but the church unanimously refused to receive it, and elected him pastor for an indefinite period. In 1850, he first commenced to talk of a new church house, and for nearly four years labored to convince the church that they needed a new and a comfortable house of worship, and in the spring he had the house completed . . . and on the first Sabbath in July, 1854, it was dedicated. In 1856, through his influence, the Back Creek Church was organized, many of the Mill Creek members going into the new organization, and Brother Dempsey being pastor. In the fall of 1865, the negroes, who were members of Mill Creek, asked for letters to form a church of their own at Lauderdale; he advised the church to grant the letters, and assisted in the organization of the new church."

His labors were not confined to the bounds of the Mill Creek Church, but extended over the counties of Botetourt, Giles, Craig, Bath, Rockbridge, Bedford, Roanoke, and into Montgomery. Even the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies did not limit his field of usefulness. Among his associates in the ministry in this broad field were Elders Joshua Burnet, J. Nash Johnston, Wm. Harris, James

and Whitfield Leftwich. In those old days it was the custom, on a preaching occasion, for several sermons to be delivered by various preachers, one right after the other. Dr. Jeter tells of such a day in his early manhood, which made a deep impression on Daniel Witt and himself. That day "Father Dempsey" was one of four ministers who preached consecutive sermons. Dr. Jeter says: "Dempsey's text was: 'There were six steps to the throne,' II Chronicles 9:18. In this day it may seem strange that he should have selected so fanciful a passage as the ground work of his remarks. It should be remembered, however, that at that time the custom of allegorizing or spiritualizing the Scriptures was almost universal among the learned as well as among the illiterate. Quite likely the preacher found the outlines of his discourse in 'Solomon's Temple Spiritualized,' by that wise master builder, John Bunyan. At this late date we can not recall the train of thought in the sermon; but we are quite sure, from our subsequent acquaintance with the preacher, and from the general character of his preaching, that it was evangelical and uttered in an affectionate, earnest, and faithful manner." He was a pioneer. Much of the country over which he traveled and in which he proclaimed the gospel had never been explored, and many of the churches of the Valley Baptist Association owe their origin to his labors. "Although he had not enjoyed early literary advantages, he was a careful student of the Bible and Biblical literature, and in his late years became an able expounder of Christian doctrines and no mean antagonist in theological discussions. Neither an orator nor a rhetorician, his preaching was effective by its simple solidity and earnestness, often accompanied with pathos." His closest companion in the ministry was Elder William Harris. Dr. Jeter thus describes and contrasts these two men: "They were near the same age, entered the ministry about the same time, had enjoyed about equal advantages for

mental culture, and they were very meager, their fields of labor were contiguous and overlapped, and congeniality of spirit and pursuits brought them into frequent intercourse with each other. Dempsey was perhaps the better theologian; Harris was unmistakably the better preacher. The direct influence of Harris was greater than that of Dempsey, but it may well be questioned whether, on the whole, the latter did not, by his influence, direct and indirect, accomplish as much good as the former. They were both moulded by the age in which they lived, and they have left their impress on the age which followed. In their respective counties they were both held in highest veneration. Taking no part in politics, mingling but little with the men of the world for worldly purposes, and consecrating themselves wholly and disinterestedly to their ministry, they rarely gave offence, and earned for themselves an enviable reputation for godliness and piety." Dr. Jeter further describes "Father Dempsey" in these words: "Dempsey was a remarkable man—remarkable not for his talents, his labors, or popularity; but for his goodness. He was one of the most amiable and genial of men. A quiet, gentle humor ran through his conversation, which never degenerated into 'foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not becoming,' and never lowered his dignity, even in the judgment of the most fastidious, but which imparted a charm to his society and made him acceptable in every circle. Nobody doubted his goodness; for his humility, kindness of heart, gentleness of manner, and inflexible devotion to truth and righteousness were patent to all." Dr. C. L. Cocke says of "Father Dempsey": "Though possessing a commanding presence and a venerable personal appearance, such was his kindly manner and genial spirit that the most timid child approached him with the utmost confidence and familiarity. At times he was jovial and witty, quick and sharp at retort, though never offensive."

Though very fond of children Mr. Dempsey was never blessed with any children of his own. He and his wife adopted a niece, Miss Polly Wrightsman, and for thirty years she sought to repay their kindness and minister to their wants. He and his wife were most devoted to each other, and, of small means and small wants, lived for most of their married life in a modest but neat and comfortable home in Fincastle. Some twelve years before his death his strength began to fail and he might have lacked for the necessary things of life if God had not raised up for him a kind and generous friend, Mr. Robert Waskey, who, with handsome hospitality threw open to the preacher's trio the doors of his home. The generous offer was accepted and here, to the day of his death, the venerable preacher was cared for "with a generosity and a tenderness which have been rarely equalled." After his death, the wife and adopted daughter were still recipients of the gracious hospitality of this home.

At his funeral a sermon was delivered by Rev. G. Gray, of Fincastle, from the words: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," and appropriate addresses were made by ministers and laymen of other denominations.

Henrico was the birthplace, and the neighboring county of Caroline the home, for the larger part of his life, of Littlebury W. Allen. He was born March 26, 1803. "As a young man he was gay, dashing, ardent, aspiring, ambitious, and especially of military honor." He came first to be known as Captain and then as Colonel Allen. In later years this ardent spirit and this love for military life helped to make him an officer in the Confederate Army, whose courage scarcely knew any bounds, but by this time he was a zealous soldier of Christ and a minister of the gospel, so it came to pass that, while he was a prisoner on Johnson's Island, he was making captives all the while for Jesus. He was married three times; his first wife was Miss Bradley; his second wife Miss Ann Martin, of Williamsburg, Va., and a sister of Dr. Wm. Martin, of St. Mary's, Md.; his third was Miss Lucy Martin, of Spottsylvania.

Mr. Allen's ministry began in 1835. His first charge was in Matthews County, and he supplied for a season at Walnut Street Church, Louisville, Ky., but the field with which his name is most intimately associated was made up of the County Line and Bethany churches, in Caroline County, and the section of Virginia where his influence was greatest was the territory of the Goshen Association. It had been almost an unwritten law that every preacher must have at least four churches, giving one Sunday a month to each, so Mr. Allen's having only two churches, and preaching to each twice a month, was decidedly an innovation. At County Line he "gathered around him a noble band of brethren and sisters, who loved him ardently and who fully understood him."

Mr. Allen's sphere of service was by no means limited to his own immediate field. He had unusual qualifications for protracted-meeting work, and, as the years passed, he went in this way again and again, practically to all the churches of the Goshen Association. His labors in this direction were doubly valuable at the time when they began. The preaching of the day was strongly Calvinistic. Unitarianism and other dangerous views had threatened the churches, and upon many of them a deadly lethargy seemed to have fallen. With his preaching, Mr. Allen soon had the whole region in a ferment. "He told men plainly what they must *do* to be saved, and he told them that they *could* do it, and that they would be damned if they didn't do it." Many had doubts as to his doctrine, but all went to hear him. Some may have been received into the churches that had had no change of heart, but the great majority came to be the working rank and file. As to the way a protracted meeting ought to be conducted he had his own very decided views. One idea of his was that some one person ought to have absolute control, and in his meetings he assumed himself this rôle of autocrat. Before going to a church he sought to understand local conditions, and then laid his plans accordingly. Sometimes his ways and words seemed harsh, but usually the result showed that he was right. Once, in the early stages of a meeting, he announced one day that as the nights were fine they would meet every evening for two hours, and asked everybody to bring candles. A certain brother in the church, who was accustomed to rule, said: "I am so no-account I can not come out at night." Quick from the preacher came the answer: "That's so, Brother W. Everybody knows it. Go home, send the candles, stay there and pray. That's all we want you to do." By the next night Brother W. was there, nor did he miss another evening service, though the meeting

continued ten days. Dr. A. E. Dickinson tells of a sharp rebuke he had from Mr. Allen, when he was a young man. A meeting was in progress, but there seemed little interest. One day Mr. Allen, calling Mr. Dickinson by name, and suggesting that he was to blame for the coldness, exclaimed: "Here is a young man who says he wants to be a preacher, and yet instead of helping he sits here as if he were nailed to the bench with a tenpenny nail." Of course the young preacher was surprised and hurt by this remark, but Mr. Allen did not, when he saw the young fellow in private, retract or modify what he had said. Some years afterwards, Mr. Dickinson might have turned the tables on Mr. Allen. He was helping Mr. Allen in a meeting and was doing most of the preaching. One day, however, at the last moment, after it had been arranged that Mr. Dickinson should preach, Mr. Allen said that he would preach, as he saw a lady in the congregation whom he was anxious to reach, and as he had a sermon he thought would fit her. She was quite wealthy and not a member of the church. After the service she invited both the preachers to come to her table, and on their way thither Mr. Allen informed Mr. Dickinson that he thought he had her. Scarcely had the dinner begun, however, before she said she was so sorry her overseer had not heard that sermon, as she was sure it would have fit him so well. At another place a young man, angry with something Mr. Allen had said, made threats of personal violence. At his earliest opportunity he invited the young man to walk out into the woods with him. Then he said to him: "I am not here to fight, but to preach the gospel of peace. If, however, you attack me I shall give you the soundest drubbing you ever had. I am able to do it and I will do it." Mr. Allen was of striking presence; "about six feet, straight and stoutish, brisk and firm in movement, he was a man to be noticed in any gathering. His face, which, at this period of his life was not

bearded, was rather round and inclined to be florid in tint, was lit up by fine black eyes that now twinkled with good humor, now melted into tenderness, and now flamed with energy or indignation." Besides his ability as a preacher he had other gifts that gave him power in a meeting. He was able, in a wonderful way, to remember names and faces. If he met a hundred people one day, the next he would know them every one. He was sanguine, impulsive, bold, self-sufficient, and would not have hesitated to preach to an audience of judges and senators. After his sermon he would often walk out into the congregation and urge people to accept Christ. At one service a notoriously wicked fellow remarked to some one that if Mr. Allen came to talk to him in that way he would mash his mouth. The next sermon was on the depravity of the human heart, and, looking straight at this man, he said: "Yes, and you have the devil in you as big as a raccoon." Before long this man was converted.

While Mr. Allen was most successful as a soul winner, other most valuable results came as part of the fruit of his meetings. He had a passion for building and repairing Baptist churches. Mr. John Hart, whose articles in the *Herald* furnish some of the material for this sketch, says that at this time few of the Baptist meeting-houses in this district were decenter or better than the average farmer's barn. Mr. Allen did much to improve this condition of things. At the close of a meeting he would say that since God had given such a gracious blessing, the people ought to show their gratitude and build a new and better house. The subscriptions would come in, and the enlargement followed. Some twelve or fifteen excellent brick meeting-houses, in this section, built largely by his influence, stood as monuments to his zeal and ability. Other important things, such as family worship, the taking of a religious paper, and the pastor's salary if in arrears, were attended to by him in

his protracted meetings. Nor was the great cause of foreign and home missions neglected. In his protracted meetings and at other times he led in this important work. Indeed, he helped to give the Goshen the unique and praiseworthy place which she had as an association, doing, in a most effective way, her own missionary work. While working along these lines the Goshen had much to do with the planting of churches in Staunton and other strategic places. When the new meeting-house, in this capital of the Valley, was dedicated, Mr. Allen was the preacher. One of his brethren reminded him that many in his congregation were Pædobaptists, and urged him not to say anything to offend them. Before he finished, however, he said that while west of the Blue Ridge the Baptists were poor and the other denominations rich, east of the Blue Ridge just the reverse was true, for there the slaves and about everything else belonged to the Baptists. In 1857, the Goshen Association appointed a committee to look into the matter of establishing within their bounds an academy to prepare girls for college, and to give to those who could not go to college as good a training as circumstances would permit. This committee, of which Mr. Allen was a member, held one meeting, March 9, 1858, sent out an address to the people, and arranged for a public gathering to consider the proposition.

Mr. Allen's usefulness was not confined to the Goshen Association. Dr. Sydnor, who knew him well, in speaking before the General Association at Staunton, soon after his death, said of him: "There is scarcely any part of eastern Virginia in which he could not point to one or more earnest Christians, who were brought to Christ through his instrumentality." He surely filled "a large place in the history of Virginia Baptists for many years." He died at "Applewood," Caroline County, Virginia, in the earlier part of the year 1872.

GILBERT MASON

Bedford County, which has been called the plant bed of Virginia Baptist preachers, was the birthplace of Gilbert Mason. He first saw the light in 1811. When he was about ten years of age he made a profession of religion, and three years later began his life work in which he was to continue for half a century. From his earliest childhood he had been an earnest student of the Bible, and, by reason of his excellent memory, was able to learn and reproduce whole chapters. So while still in his early "teens" he began to exhort, and before long his efforts were worthy to be described as preaching. He made a tour through Albemarle County, preaching as he went and drawing large crowds. The young orator attracted the attention of William Cabell Rives, at that time a member of Congress, and afterwards Minister to France, of Philip Pendleton Barbour, a member of Congress and later Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and of Walker Gilmour. These men became very much interested in him and determined to give him an education. To this end they entered him at the University High School. Here he remained some time. After leaving this school he became the assistant of the Rev. John Kerr, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. He next became pastor in Petersburg, and about this time was married to Mary Dabney Morriss, of Nottoway. About the year 1832 he became pastor of Ash Camp (Keysville) and Mossingford churches, succeeding Rev. Abner W. Clopton. His next pastorate, which he held some nineteen years, was in Mason County, Kentucky. About 1854 he accepted a call to Lexington, Va., where he remained for about three years.

In 1856, the State Mission report states that Mr. Mason's labors in Lexington had been "greatly blessed in the conversion of sinners and in the building up of our cause in that town." Nor had he limited himself to Lexington, but had made frequent excursions into the surrounding country for the purpose of preaching the gospel. "During the year he had preached 250 sermons, delivered many exhortations, revived the Sunday school at Natural Bridge, baptized eighty-four persons." Some thirty or forty of these persons were baptized immediately under the Natural Bridge. "Thus has that far-famed place been consecrated to the proclamation of one important truth of God's word." An intelligent student in Judge Brockenbrough's law school and two cadets of the V. M. I. were among the converts that year.

On March the 1st, 1857, he became pastor of the Manchester Baptist Church. It seems that his work in Manchester was brief, since the Middle District Association, at its session in 1857, elected him as their missionary. He accepted this position and continued in it until August, 1860, traveling extensively, supplying destitute churches, preaching occasionally at most of the churches, speaking on Sunday-school work, and aiding pastors in protracted-meeting work. The Association highly appreciated his services. His active work as a preacher came to a close with his second pastorate of the field in Mason County, Kentucky, where he had already labored nineteen years. He now returned to Virginia, but declining health made any further public service impossible. His death took place at the home of his brother in Yanceyville, N. C., March 3, 1873. Here, in a low state of health, on a visit, he had been for two months. His wife carried his remains to Lynchburg for burial.

R. N. LEE*

R. N. Lee was born in Campbell County, near Lynchburg, June 19, 1820. He "commenced his religious work" in Pittsylvania County in 1850. In 1855, he removed to Petersburg and was ordained, the Presbytery consisting of Elders McDonald, Robert Ryland, and T. G. Keen. He became the pastor of the First African Church, where he remained until 1857. Then he preached for a year in Yorktown. Upon the failure of his health he removed to Chesterfield, and took charge of churches in the Middle District Association. After his second marriage he went to western Tennessee, where he died September 16, 1873.

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*From Moore's "History of the Middle District Association."

JOHN A. STRACHAN*

The records within reach do not give the place nor the exact date of the birth of J. A. Strachan, which occurred in 1814. He was converted under the preaching of James Gwathmey. In 1845, he removed to Bermuda Hundred. He at once went to work to establish a Baptist Church in the neighborhood. He built a meeting-house and opened a Sunday school. In September a protracted meeting was held, and finally a church was organized, October 8, 1849. The church took the name of Enon, and Mr. Strachan may well be regarded as its founder. In 1858, he was ordained to the gospel ministry, the Presbytery consisting of Elders J. B. Jeter, R. B. C. Howell, and Jeremiah Porter. He soon became pastor of Enon Church. As at present, there are no less than four Baptist churches in Virginia bearing the name Enon, let it be added that his church was in the Middle District Association. This, his only pastorate, continued until his death, which occurred March 24, 1873. As an indication of the growth of the denomination in numbers and liberality it may be noted that this Enon, in 1873, with forty members, gave $7 to missionary objects; while in 1910, with a membership of ninety, it gave for the same purpose $134.77. Mainly for the convenience of some of the Enon Church, who were cut off from church privileges by the Appomattox River, on July 24, 1859, through the leadership of Brother Strachan, Broadway Baptist Church was organized. The stress of war prevented this church from growing, and it finally ceased to exist. Brother Strachan was its only pastor. Until the War he owned an excellent farm at Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox River. According

*Based on Moore's "History of the Middle District Association."

to the old custom, he cultivated his farm in connection with his work as a pastor. Thus things went on until the War, when his home was seized and occupied as a military post by the Federal Army. After the War he had nothing save his home. Nevertheless he resumed his farming on a small scale, devoting himself also with zeal to his work in the ministry. He was an excellent man, a devout Christian, and a faithful preacher.

A. H. SPILMAN

A. H. Spilman was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, November 22, 1806. His early opportunities for an education were not good, but he learned a trade, becoming a tailor, and living at this time at Washington, Rappahannock County, Virginia. On August 9, 1825, he was married to Miss Adaline G. Allan, who bore him thirteen children. He was baptized by Rev. W. F. Broaddus, and soon after his baptism began to preach. During his ministry he was pastor of the following churches and perhaps of some others: Carter's Run, Mount Holly, Bethel, Stevensburg, and Sperryville. At one time, while serving the first two of these flocks, he lived at Warrenton, and was postmaster. During the early years of his ministry he had some great trials, which he bore with great patience. He had a good mind, his preaching was practical, earnest, often truly eloquent, and had he had early advantages he would have been a man of great power. As it was he was eminently successful in the conversion of sinners, and in the great day multitudes will call him blessed. He often added to the impressiveness of a sermon by singing at its close a solo. During the Civil War his work as a preacher was considerably hindered. One day, on his way to an appointment, he was arrested by some Federal soldiers. During the night as he slept on the ground with his saddle-bags as his pillow, he heard his captors, misled by the title by which his neighbors knew him, for he had been militia officer in his younger days, exulting over having captured a major; when they learned that he was only a Baptist preacher they were much disappointed. On December 21, 1866, he was married the second time, the bride being Miss Mary

Russell Brown. Of this union four children were born. In 1875, he reached the end of his earthly journey. On Sunday, April 11th, in his sermon at Stevensburg, he said he thought his hearers would never see him again. It was to be even so. On his way to fill his appointment the following Saturday, at Sperryville, he stopped for the night at the home of Mr. James Ryan. Here, at midnight, he was taken suddenly ill, and after fourteen hours passed away. His congregation had gathered at the church and knowing that he was in the vicinity, and wondering why he did not come, they sent to inquire what was the matter, and found him dying. A skilful physician was called in and everything possible was done for his relief, but he felt that the time of his departure was at hand. He was calm, sent messages to his family and churches, talked of Jesus and His love, and then in less than ten minutes gently breathed his last. This was on Saturday, April 17, 1875. His funeral, conducted by Rev. J. B. Taylor, Jr., then of Culpeper, on Monday afternoon, April 19th, was attended by a large crowd of neighbors, friends, and representatives from his churches.

SAMUEL TAYLOR

Virginia has been an agricultural rather than a commercial State, and has had few cities, so its people name their county rather than their nearest city or town. In the country, churches have exercised such an influence that they have often given their names to communities. The subject of this sketch was born in the Salem Baptist Church neighborhood, this church being one of the oldest religious organizations in Chesterfield County. When, on January 13, 1811, Samuel Taylor was born, the pastor of Salem Church was Thomas La Fon, a Revolutionary soldier who had been wounded at the battle of Eutaw Springs. It is at least possible that echoes of the pastor's war story reached this boy, who, before his death, was to see another and more bloody struggle. After his conversion, in 1831, about two years later his ordination followed, on which occasion the Presbytery consisted of Eleazer Clay, Jordan Martin, and Leonard Nunnally. His ministry, that now began, was to have to its end the Middle District Association as its field. In 1850, he preached the introductory sermon for this body, when it met at Peterville Church, and, at the sessions of the body in 1840, 1846, 1851, and 1854, he was one of those who preached to the gathered crowds. Read between the lines and see this Eastern Virginia District Association and its arbor where several times a day those who could not get into the meeting heard the gospel message. Remember, also, that in those days the colored people gathered at these meetings with the white, and the record shows that on two of the occasions mentioned above Mr. Taylor had the negroes as his congregation. His work as pastor was done at Gill's Grove Church, where he was pastor from September 22, 1843, until

August 1, 1874; at Mount Olivet, where he was pastor from 1855 to 1873; at Salem Church, whose undershepherd he was from 1845 to 1863, and also for a season beginning September 21, 1873; and at Second Branch Church, where he was pastor from 1866 to 1873. He had been instrumental in the formation of Gill's Grove. He preached in this neighborhood for nearly a year before any impression seemed to be made. Finally a deep solemnity seemed to pervade the congregation, and he determined to begin a meeting. The twelve persons converted in this meeting, with five others from Second Branch, were constituted into a church, September 22, 1843, and admitted to the association in 1845. He was also on the Presbytery that constituted Enon Church. Likewise he took part with Elder Gilbert Mason in the constitution of the Mount Hope Church, in 1858.

As to Mr. Taylor's character and work, Rev. L. W. Moore, in his History of the Middle District Association, says: "He was a man of strong constitution, ardent temperament, powerful energy, and great activity and industry. He was consistent and eminently pious. In the social circle he was usually cheerful and attractive, but at times he was abrupt in his manner and speech." He cared for his farm, but this did not cause him to neglect his pastoral work. While not an educated man he possessed good common sense, deep piety, and a strong desire for the salvation of sinners. He was especially effective in protracted meetings. Though very infirm for some time before his death, which occurred June 17, 1875, he continued to preach as long as he could travel.

"Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," might fitly be the text from which to write of the elder Thomas Hume, who wrought so well as pastor and public-spirited citizen in Portsmouth and Norfolk for forty years. An old variant reading of this text substitutes the phrase, "using your opportunity" for "serving the Lord." He used every opportunity in the church and in the world, and so gave the Lord a complete and rounded service.

His birth in Virginia was connected with the new conditions which arose after the Revolutionary War. His great-uncle, the Rev. Robert Dickson, was rector of Lynnhaven Parish, Princess Anne County, from 1754 to 1776, and his eccentric but generous character is commemorated in Bishop Meade's and Bishop Bryan's books on the old Colonial churches of Virginia. He left "land and slaves for the establishment of a free school for the orphan children of the county." The "Old Donation Church" is associated with his benevolent administration. After the Revolution, certain questions arising in regard to his estate, his nephew, the Rev. Thomas Hume, of Edinburgh, was sent to represent the Scotch heirs. He had graduated at the University of Edinburgh, and been ordained as a minister of the Established Church of Scotland (Presbyterian). Coming in the fall of the year 1806, he was constrained by the law's delay to remain in Virginia, and he was followed by his brother, the Rev. William Hume, who after a while went Westward. The eminent publicist, the Hon. Hugh Blair Grigsby, bore warm testimony to the scholarly ability of the two brothers, reporting of William Hume that he was "the finest Grecian he had known." Thomas, marrying in Virginia, settled in Smithfield, Isle of Wight

County, as Presbyterian pastor, and principal of the Academy, and there his only child, Thomas, the subject of our memoir, was born March 16, 1812. A few years later, the young father died in Baltimore, in the act of preaching the inaugural sermon as moderator of the Baltimore Presbytery. His son Thomas grew up in Petersburg, receiving there some training in school and in business. When he was eighteen years old he made a profession of religion, but delayed his public confession that he might inquire into the Scriptural conditions of church membership. The modest decision, which was characteristic of him, forced him to leave the time-honored associations of the church of his father and mother, and to unite with the weak Baptist Church. It was not long before the clear call to the ministry found him, and when he was nineteen years old he became a student of the newly established Virginia Baptist Seminary, afterwards Richmond College. He gave two Sundays in the month to supplying churches in Chesterfield County.

It was a surprise to the young student to be summoned from his books to the care of the struggling Portsmouth church. Four yellowed letters, of the autumn of 1832, tell a unique story of this call, which we do not find elsewhere. A family of marked intelligence and culture had recently removed from Maryland to Portsmouth, and cast in their lot with "the little church round the corner." Its father was Dr. Joseph Schoolfield, an accomplished physician, who wrote young Hume that the church had selected him to represent it in inviting him to the pastorate, though he was no longer a member, as spiritual doubt and unworthiness had constrained him to withdraw. Mr. Hume's prompt answer declined the call on the ground of an earnest desire to add to his resources of education and experience before undertaking so critical a duty. We have the doctor's rejoinder that the

spirit of this letter had moved the church to renew its call, to which their representative added his urgent prayer that the young man would come to abide under his roof, with the hope that God would make him the instrument in leading a darkened soul back to the light. The call was accepted. The hospitable home and the rich library, with its rare theological treasures, helped to continue the pastor's training for service. Biographies of ministers may well turn aside to record the otherwise unnoticed service of noble souls, who have consecrated themselves to the making of ministers and to Christian education. For many years this unchurched penitent studied his Bible and his own heart, made public confession in revival services, seeking the intercession of God's people, and finding rest in Christ only a few years before his death. He was a generous philanthropist and leader in social reform, and his family preserved his ideals, some of them in the Episcopal and more of them in the Baptist communion. Of the six daughters, Mrs. Hannah Frances Wyche merits conspicuous honor as the patron of young ministers and weak churches, and the benefactor and nurse of Confederate soldiers during the hot siege of Petersburg. Childless herself she mothered many. Her dauntless courage was tempered by an unsuspected depth of womanly tenderness. Her scholarly culture she laid on Christ's altar for the sake of suffering humanity. Herself and two of her sisters and two brothers moved to Petersburg, where they and their families spared not themselves for the sake of Christ and His cause. Many other unselfish and efficient men and women offered their best help in making the difficult field in Portsmouth more inviting.

On the day after his twenty-first birthday the new pastor was welcomed, March 17, 1833, Rev. John Kerr, of Richmond; Rev. John Goodall, of Hampton, and Rev. R. B. C. Howell, of Norfolk, taking part in special

services. The church had experienced strange vicissitudes since its constitution, September 7, 1789, under the Rev. Col. Thomas Armistead, a retired officer of the army. Since its active part in organizing the Portsmouth Association, in 1791, it had risen to fall, and then to rise again with painful effort. The faithful pastorates of Rev. Smith Sherwood and Rev. David M. Woodson, extending from 1824 to 1832, had brought gradual restoration of hope. A son of the church, highly esteemed for character and useful service, Rev. G. J. Hobday, at its Centennial Celebration in 1889, said of the pastorate we are about to describe: "Of its brilliancy, success, and far-reaching influence we can scarcely say too much." Rev. Dr. A. E. Owen, distinguished for his long pastorate of this church, said: "The Baptists of this city owe more to Thomas Hume for their great success and high position than to any one man. His smooth and tender eloquence won many to the Saviour. Those who loved and admired him were not confined to his own church. Among the people of all religions and no religion he was esteemed and venerated." It is well that such testimony was given, and is supplemented by details from other sources public and private; for the memoranda kept by his own hand, most of them, were scattered by the Federal confiscation of his library during the Civil War.

Our story will serve to show how useful and happy a life may be that devotes good, natural endowment to the service of God and of humanity always and everywhere. It did not assert any claim to genius. Yet Carlyle has declared that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. This pastorate illustrated well the union of the religious spirit in business, with business methods in religion. For the untried preacher learned by a fortunate instinct and practical aptitude to touch life at all points, and to consider nothing human foreign to him.

The environment was not entirely favorable. Trinity Episcopal Church, with a history reaching back to 1762, ten years after the incorporation of the town, represented the dominant, old social element. Wesley's missionary movement, under Robert Williams in 1772, had introduced the Methodist influence, and its church organization was aggressive and advancing. Their minister, Dr. Waller, a doughty controversialist, was not content with the incoming of a new Baptist force, and the distinct affirmation of Baptist principles, and used the town newspaper to advise the stripling pastor to "tarry at Jericho till his beard be grown." But the youth won the day by simple restatement of Bible teaching and self-respecting devotion to duty, and soon the street rhyme was heard:

> "While Waller at home was studying out his Greek,
> Hume took the converts down into the creek."

Many Sunday afternoons was the Bible story read as the church gathered on the white beach of the beautiful Elizabeth River, and the throngs on the bridges and the shore saw the impressive object lesson performed which corresponded with the Scriptural baptism. "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed." Mr. Hobday's record reports 800 baptisms during this pastorate. We know that at its middle point the church numbered 650 members. Mothers in Israel delighted to tell of one revival that lasted a whole year (1834-35), and that brought unity of sentiment and the spirit of self-denying service. No wonder the desire for a new house of worship sprang up in 1835.

It was a wise Providence that inspired the weak body of 1799, ten years after their organization, to buy "one-half of Hanover Square, fronting one hundred and thirteen feet on Court Street, and running back ninety feet on Queen Street." They were able to utilize the

most eligible site in the town only so far as to build on Queen Street a wooden house which, now, after thirty-five years of occupancy, the awakened church determined to replace with a building requiring the heroic expenditure of $16,000, and a proper use of the advantages of frontage on Court Street. The slow but sure work of actual construction went on from 1838 to 1842. Members who were skilled artisans of the Government Navy Yard, after their strenuous day's labor up to 6 P. M., would be seen at night doing the finer work of the interior, the young preacher in the midst heartening and helping. Under Dr. Owen's long and active administration the excellent Sunday-school and lecture-room annex was built, and improvements were made in the main auditorium. But the substantial and beautiful proportions had remained for more than sixty years, when Rev. Dr. R. B. Garrett had his successful pastorate crowned by the noble edifice that covers the old ground, a model of beauty and usefulness.

It was a good Providence, too, that directed the young pastor in his marriage, in 1835, with Mary Anne Gregory, a member of an old and honored family, a teacher in the Trinity Episcopal Sunday School, when she was twenty-one years old and he twenty-three years old. Her attractive personality was endued with all the virtues and most of the graces. For twenty-five years her spiritual energy, sweetness, and patience impelled the varied activities of the growing church, inspiring and guiding them, even after invalidism confined her to the sick-room. The mother of eight children she ruled her household well. The seaport town gave ample occasion for dispensing hospitality in the new home the pastor had built. Hospitality was needed and well proven in all our churches in that formative era of missions and benevolence, and the two weeks' entertainment of J. L. Shuck and Yong Seen Sang would be followed by the

invasion of the irrepressible agent "Welch, of Missouri," and many godly men and women who enjoyed "journeying mercies." Her cheerful faith and prayerful courage failed not until death came in 1862. The tradition of her personal charm and her saintly life lingers still. Five of her children survived her. The eldest, the only one now living, is Thomas, for twenty-two years Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of North Carolina, and residing there still with his wife and four children. Richard Gregory was a practical man, of large reserve force, a prosperous merchant, the father of four children, dying in his forty-second year. Jennie died in her lovely prime, one year after her marriage to Professor James G. Clark, of Columbian College. John Hodges, of many-sided business activity in Portsmouth and Norfolk, became one of the leaders of his community in financial and municipal administration. He was the father of twelve children, and died in his fifty-sixth year. James died of diphtheria in childhood.

From 1838 to 1842, the pastor was building the spiritual temple as well as the outward habitation. The completion of the basement gave opportunity for holding the Sunday sunrise prayer-meetings, a peculiar institution that blessed this church for fourteen years, striking the keynote which made the Lord's Day a delight, and illustrating well Luther's happy paradox, that it is spiritual economy to spend more time in prayer if you wish to do more work for God. The midweek prayer-meeting and the monthly concert of prayer for missions were attended by a company of worshippers who had formed the habit of communing with God.

The largely increased white membership felt their responsibility for supplying the considerable number of negro communicants with instruction and opportunities for spiritual growth. In the new auditorium the left-

hand gallery was reserved for them at the Sunday morning service, and they partook of the Lord's Supper at its regular once-a-month celebration. Every Sunday afternoon in the lecture-room they held their own special service, the deacons assisting them. Many of them were recognized by the church as amongst its most devout and trustworthy members. It was thus in touch with the General Association in its official expression of anxious concern for the spiritual welfare of the negroes.

The church was now regularly represented in the General Association of Virginia, and in the Southern Baptist Convention after its organization in 1845. The Centennial history says: "This church did not know anything of the general work of our denomination until Hume became its pastor." The piety and the prudence, the wisdom and the consecration of James B. Taylor, Robert Ryland, and J. B. Jeter were reflected in the younger brother, who was now learning to "do teamwork" under their inspiration. His practical gifts marked him out for the presidency of the Virginia and Foreign Baptist Bible Society, in 1846, and he held this position for ten years. In this auxiliary of the General Association he was often pleading for concerted action with the Sunday School and Publication Society, with reference to a state-wide system of colportage and Bible distribution. He was made Trustee of Columbian College, and of Richmond College, and of the Chowan Female College, which for many years was the protégé of both the Portsmouth Association and the Chowan (N. C.) Association. For thirty years he was clerk of the Portsmouth Association, and its moderator for eight years. He was continuously on the executive boards of the General Association, and it president for two years.

For the first years of his life as a minister there were fruitful fellowships with neighboring pastors—with the strong and genial R. B. C. Howell, of Cumberland

Street Church, Norfolk; and with two brilliant young Massachusetts scholars of his own age, who had been attracted by the Virginia climate, one of them Howell's successor, E. G. Robinson, virile and stately, the future president at Brown and Rochester; and the other Jacob R. Scott, the poet-preacher, who served acceptably at Petersburg, Hampton, and the University of Virginia before he returned to New England. Time would fail to tell of the galaxy of interesting figures from the day of J. L. Gwaltney, through the eras of Reuben Jones and Tiberius Gracchus Jones and the Hatchers, to the bright young spirits, who were all in the Portsmouth Association in delightful relations with him, and who passed to other fields while he remained. In 1836, J. W. M. Williams, a youth of sixteen, from one of the large families of the church, was led into Christian profession and preparation for the ministry. He became conspicuous for his forty years' pastorate of the First Baptist Church, of Baltimore, and his useful service to the denomination. The preparation for the ministry of the promising candidate, young Glover, auspiciously begun in the pastor's home in 1840, was ended "by a fatal accident." In 1840, J. S. Reynoldson, mate of a British ship, which put into Portsmouth under stress of weather, was attracted to the nightly meetings at the Court Street Church. He had already become a communicant of the Episcopal Church in New York, but he now changed his point of view and was baptized by Mr. Hume. His surprising success as a missionary evangelist was cut short by the unexplained loss of the steamship in which he was crossing the Atlantic after a visit to his old English home.

A busy pastor, so young that he had little stock on hand, like many of the best men of the day, Hume must learn to preach by preaching. His notes indicate that he dealt with the fundamental elements of Biblical truth,

and addressed himself to Christian experience. His old volumes of Andrew Fuller show that he had compared his moderate theology with the strong meat of Gill's "Body of Divinity," and sought to be judicious and discriminating in his statement of doctrine. Clear definition, practical application, the persuasive note, ran through all his discourse. The bequest of his early friend, Dr. Schoolfield, gave him the old English divines and many other masters of theology. No pressure of outward duty availed to break the order of family worship or private devotion for him. But the call to action was always sounding in his ears. The preacher's study was invaded by this manifold activity of the pastor and the citizen, and the quality and form of his sermons must have been influenced by this invasion.

The beginnings of this pastorate suggested the controversial atmosphere. But there is no hint of it in his long ministry. There is distinct affirmation of Biblical truth and a liberal orthodoxy. He declared the whole counsel of God according to the proportion of faith. The history of the Portsmouth Association states "the business which chiefly occupied that body in 1833 was the gigantic heresy of Alexander Campbell." Mr. Hume offered resolutions advising the churches as to the method of dealing with these teachings and their advocates. "The Petersburg church, which had suffered much from their intrusion, was preserved, and in consequence of the decided action of the association none of the churches were seriously disturbed." Many years afterwards he was appointed by the General Association, together with Dr. William F. Broaddus, to consider the relations of Baptists and Disciples. Their report recognized the changes which had gradually taken place in sentiment and in forms of doctrinal definition, but advised that these offered no reason for organic union while they suggested the exercises of the largest Christian sympathy.

In his maturing manhood Mr. Hume was of very attractive personal appearance, of medium stature, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, of ruddy complexion, capable of great endurance, and of very active habit. Dr. Jeter describes him as in bearing and character "every inch a gentleman." Firmness and amiability, courtesy and manliness, were happily united in him. He loved his fellow-man and delighted in his home, but above all reverenced his conscience as his king, and honored his Saviour. He needed all helps, physical and spiritual, to meet the demands for evangelistic service from the many churches of his association. Often he went in the sailing vessel across the Chesapeake Bay to the Eastern Shore. One of the children coming upon the mother alone, asked her to whom she was talking so earnestly about saving father from the storm on the water. He learned to be not only a sympathetic and wise counsellor of brother-pastors, but also a bearer of good tidings to dark places, a bishop *in partibus*.

The realm of business needs the man who has his own clear head and pure heart, and who sees his own true interest, but plans for it only from the unselfish point of view of a member of the spiritual body of Christ. Three young men were successively forwarded, by his supply of means and his wise counsel, in the book business, and learned the way to large and fortunate enterprises. This practical quality, as well as his sympathy with the people developed by pastoral contact with many who with limited means were seeking a better home life, urged him into the educational field of the community. Christian duty and pastoral efficiency for him meant social service. He sought to awaken and direct what we in this later day call the civic conscience. So, in 1846, he led the movement which secured to the town of Portsmouth, for free public schools of different grades, an appropriation from the Second Auditor's Fund, which

was to be supplemented by a municipal tax. This plan was extended into Norfolk County, and, in 1849, he was appointed its first Superintendent of Education. With no abatement of his pastoral activity he organized and efficiently administered the town system for seven or eight years. It was, indeed, a blessing to a community of whom so many were just ready for training in church and state. The Provident Society made him its president, and director of its charities. He aided the early temperance reform movement, specially stimulating the junior societies. Such reforms he believed to be in constant need of the regenerative influence of divine grace, and the support of Christian principle.

As the years wore on he was invited into the directory of the Seaboard Railroad, and was for eight years and more the consulting director in close relations with the president. He felt, too, the importance of pastoral advice as to provision for the future of growing families. For twelve years he was president of the Portsmouth Insurance Company, actively overseeing its investments and its policies until it gained assured prosperity.

His eye for good business and his civic conscience appeared in his rescue of the Chesapeake College property lying between Hampton and Old Point from its impending purchase by the Roman Catholics. He led four or five citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth in investing their small fortunes in a first-class Baptist College for Young Women. It was a gallant enterprise, and would have been amply rewarded if the fatal stroke of war had not fallen on it in the second year of its new organization.

A supreme test of fidelity, of courage, and wisdom came six years before the war which tried men's souls. Early in June, 1855, the yellow fever was introduced into port by a vessel from the West Indies, and spread from the Navy Yard neighborhood into the heart of the

town. He visited and buried the young Northern foundryman who was the earliest victim, and during the long summer and early fall remained at his post, comforting, nursing, burying the people. Amongst the pastors in Norfolk and Portsmouth, so far as we can learn, he was the only one who was not touched by the disease. His brave self-poise and self-forgetting interest in saving the bodies and souls of others doubtless saved him. His neighbor and friend, Rev. James Chisholm, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, died in his arms, and by request of his church Mr. Hume read their burial service over him. Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity and Protestant nurses from Charleston and New Orleans were housed by him in the public school buildings, and forwarded in their mission. We may well believe that Christian charity and the essential unity of Christians under variety of forms were well advanced. At one time 100 children, the sole survivors of desolated homes, were conducted by him to Richmond asylums. Some of them were placed in good homes, from which they rose up and called him blessed. The Portsmouth Orphan Asylum was a natural outcome of the general interest. He kept the outside world in intelligent touch with the darkened city by frequent communications to the Richmond *Dispatch* and other journals.

He had been for twenty years and more in the same charge, and large blessing had been his portion. It had not been without self-questioning that he had remained so long at this post. But Providence called him to abide in the community of which he had become so useful a member. It seemed to be imperative that in addition to the Methodist Mission, in Newtown, the quarter of Portsmouth near the Navy Yard, there should be provision for the Baptist element amongst the government employees. In 1851, he had purchased an eligible build-

ing lot. In 1854, sixty members received their letters from the Court Street Church, and its long-seasoned pastor became the leader of the new body on the 9th of March, 1855. One government official, with his intelligent family, joined this church. Attention to sacred song and to Sunday-school work and sound growth gave promise of a successful church, and, though the Civil War brought its hindrances and divisive influences, the true seed remained from which one day a full harvest was to spring. Prof. I. B. Lake, then of Chesapeake College, was baptized by Mr. Hume and soon licensed to preach.

The Southern Confederacy transferred its Navy Yard, its material, its best employees, so many of them Baptists, from the exposed seaport to the inland safety of Charlotte, N. C. The pastor's happy home had been darkened by the death of the saintly wife, three sons were absent in the Confederate Army, and the Federal forces under General Butler were occupying Norfolk and Portsmouth. Information came to him that the General had marked him for arrest amongst the ministers who had sown the seed of political heresy. Might it not be best that he should bear the motherless boy and the nearly grown daughter to Charlotte, where, a refugee himself, he could give sympathy to his refugee brethren, and be near enough to the soldiers to act as a means of communication with their distant families? There, and in the lines about Petersburg, he did this useful service quietly. We find that a considerable number of the refugee soldiers insisted on casting their votes for him as member of Congress for his Virginia district. During the siege of Petersburg he was exposed like all workers in the Southern cause, but failed not in his missionary activity.

When peace came, in 1865, he sought the old home again. It seemed best that his pastoral work should be

directed now to the recuperation of the old Cumberland Street Church, of Norfolk City, after the blighting experience of war and the ill-advised and non-Baptistic occupancy of its property by the agents of a Northern society. The meager salary he supplemented with some limited but profitable duty outside. It is another instance of his happy readiness to undertake any service, and of his quiet success in building up interests that grew into permanent strongholds of the cause—Court Street and Fourth Street, in Portsmouth, and the Norfolk First Church. His experience and character gave heart and hope to the scattered flock in Norfolk, and they made marked progress.

In 1866, he was sorely tried by the sudden death of his only daughter, Jennie, after her one happy year of married life. His pleasant old home could not be what it once was. During this period his second marriage took place. Lizzie Carter Braxton was one of the daughters of a family of distinguished lineage, noted for graces of person and character; and, when at the age of twenty-nine she gave her heart to the mature man of fifty-five, she made a perfect consecration of all her noble gifts. Her life as a wife and pastor's helper covered only one year and a half, but was charged with blessed usefulness, and left behind the most fragrant memories.

This affliction was a heavy blow to him physically and spiritually, but it sent him back to earnest work for his reviving church. The Virginia Memorial Campaign appealed to him for service. While he was closing a spirited canvass for it on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, in Accomac and Northampton counties, exposure to cold induced a fatal illness. After a winter in Florida and a summer in the mountains of Virginia he lay, long and patiently, meditating on life, and on his home above. He told his beloved brother-pastor, Dr. William D. Thomas,

that the reality and the blessedness of prayer had come to him like a new discovery. In temporary wandering of mind, just before death, he summoned an imaginary congregation of children, and tenderly preached his last sermon to them.

It was easy for him to pass to playful raillery of the sons he cherished, and to humorous allusion to his approaching birthday, so near "St. Pathrick's Day in the mornin'." He called his preacher-son for a last message, "Remember the poor." March 16, 1875, his sixty-third anniversary, he went peacefully to his well-earned rest.

Shortly before his death the First Church sent its long-delayed acceptance of his resignation, accompanied by a call to his son, Prof. Thomas Hume, Jr., who had already left the college and pastorate at Danville to minister to his father. In the four years of this new pastorate the membership was doubled, a Sunday-school and lecture-room annex was built, and the spirit of sacrificial giving developed. Alternating trials and progress prepared them for the heroic purchase of a costly building, and the transplanting of the church, which were effected by Dr. E. B. Hatcher, for the masterly leadership of Dr. C. S. Blackwell, for the seizure of a new opportunity, and the enjoyment of the splendid new plant of which Rev. G. W. Perryman, D. D., is pastor.

It has been a privilege to write this memoir of a man of God, who was wise in his day and generation, and who went his way in simple godliness, enjoying the promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come.

Thomas Hume, Jr.

JAMES GARNETT

When a good man passes away from the earth he is embalmed in the hearts of his survivors. His memory is fragrant among all those who knew and appreciated him in life. As far as they are concerned, he needs no other monument than those tender affections which the mention of his name will always kindle afresh. But the generation of his contemporaries will soon pass away, other people will come on the stage, who never knew him, and the memory of the good—the praise of his work and his virtues—will fade into oblivion.

Hence, the instinctive desire to record in a more durable form the name and deeds of those we judge worthy to be remembered. Moved by such a laudable feeling, the church at this place has ordered to be prepared the following memoir of its late honored and beloved pastor, that the children and children's children of those among whom he performed the functions of his sacred office, for more than half a century, may know and revere the name of James Garnett. Elder James Garnett, the grandson of that James Garnett, who was the pastor of Crooked Run, from a period antedating the Revolutionary War, until 1825 or 1826, and the son of Edmond and Sarah Garnett, was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, February 4, 1792.

His parents removed to Kentucky while he was yet a child, and in that commonwealth he grew up and received the degree of school training with which he pushed his way through life. This was such in kind and amount as was usually furnished by the ordinary schools of the country at that period, except that, after his entrance on the work of the ministry, he spent a short time at the Transylvania University, but it is not known how long he remained there or what branches of

study he pursued. It is certain he did not enjoy the advantages accorded his more fortunate brethren of the present day. His earliest years were passed in the active employments of the farm, or the amusements of the youth of his age. It was not until his nineteenth year that he was awakened to a sense of his lost condition, as a guilty sinner. Those who have attended upon his ministry are familiar with the exercises of his mind during that period. His convictions were pungent and lasting. He found no peace until he obtained it by an entire surrender of himself to the Lord Jesus Christ. This event, ever memorable in his history, took place in 1811, on the 6th day of January, in which year he was baptized and became a professed follower of the meek and lowly One. Very soon after becoming a member of the church, he began to be impressed with the personal obligation to preach the gospel. The wretched and ruined condition of sinners gave him unutterable concern, and fired his soul with a desire to warn them of their danger, and point to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." He began to exercise his gifts in exhortation and prayer, and finally glided into more formal preaching. So useful and acceptable were his ministrations, that his church petitioned for his ordination, which accordingly took place at Bullettsburg Baptist Church, Boone County, Kentucky, on the 13th day of October, 1816; the ordaining Presbytery were the Rev. Absalom Graves, Hamilton Goss, Robert Garnett, Chichester Matthews, and Christopher Wilson. Immediately upon his ordination, Elder Garnett returned to Virginia, and, on December the 17th, was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Garnett, who, through a long pilgrimage together, was his intelligent, affectionate, and faithful helpmeet. She preceded him by ten years into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. After his marriage, Brother Garnett settled

at his late residence in Culpeper County, where he continued to live until the close of his earthly career. Brother Garnett's first pastorate was with the Cedar Run Church, and began in 1817 or 1818. In September, 1822, he became pastor of the Gourdvine Church, and afterward was called successively to the pastoral charge of Bethel and Crooked Run churches. I do not see how his pastoral charge of the last-named church could have commenced earlier than 1828, if the biography of the *Elder Garnett* be correct in ascribing to *him* a pastorate of more than fifty-five years; beginning about two years after the organization of the church in 1771, it would point to 1828 as its close, and, therefore, the beginning of his successor. Be this, however, as it may, in these four churches, Cedar Run, Gourdvine, Bethel, and Crooked Run, the life work of our dear, departed brother was done. With the exception of occasional tours into the Valley of Virginia, and Tidewater regions of the State, during his earlier and more active days, he devoted his whole strength of mind and heart to this elect field of labor; and here he has erected a monument more imposing and durable than brass or marble. He has impressed himself on the loving remembrance of his people, and put into operation moral influences which will be perpetuated through all coming time; while many hundreds, brought to the Saviour by his instrumentality, will rise up to call him blessed. The history of his labors, in this extensive and important field, presents nothing more novel than the unexciting and monotonous routine of pastoral work among rural churches, varied by seasons of depression and revival, with perhaps an occasional case of discipline.

In looking over it, however, we can not fail to be struck with one feature of his work, and that is the remarkable length of his pastorates; they extended in some instances beyond, and, in others, approximated,

half a century, thus giving an example of this sacred relation sustained in unbroken harmony for a time far exceeding the average length of human life, and that, too, in a period reaching deep into our own era of frequent changes and restless craving for novelties; and it should be recorded that in no instance was this relation sundered until, forced by the growing infirmities of age and disease, he repeatedly and earnestly begged to be relieved of the responsibilities and toils of the pastoral work.

The efficiency and success of his ministry is attested by the condition of his churches at this very day. Very noteworthy is the influence which they exert in the communities in which they are located, as well as the large proportion of the people of every grade which they have absorbed into their membership. Surely no plainer or more substantial proofs of personal worth and pastoral efficiency could be desired than a lifelong pastorate, and strong, united, and influential churches. Our venerable brother was stricken with his fatal disease in the winter of 1874, and the disorder, though protracted and lingering, continued to increase in violence until it was appointed that his pilgrimage on earth was drawing to a close. His long and weary illness was marked by an uninterrupted and often excruciating pain, but his mind remained as sound and clear as in his palmy days. His sick-bed experiences were in keeping with the gentle and equable character of the man. His faith never rose into ecstasy, but was rational, calm, and unwavering. He never ascended the mount of rejoicing, neither did he descend into the valley of fear and trembling. God poured not on his soul a flood of glory, but He did shed a mild, golden light on the dark path his servant was traveling. He had a clear, sustaining view of the plan of salvation, and an unfaltering trust in the wisdom and goodness of God, by which he was enabled often to

thank Him for those afflictions which had made the perfection of that wondrous plan yet plainer to his comprehension. Thus he languished on amid suffering so intense, as gradually to wean him from earthly ties, until, on the evening of Monday, the 12th day of July, 1875, being nearly eighty-four years of age, and wholly ripe for heaven, "he fell on sleep and was not, for God took him."

In attempting a delineation of the character of our venerable brother, it will be my aim to avoid the language of mere eulogy, on the one hand, and of a false modesty on the other. I know that no one on earth would be more prompt than he to scorn a fulsome and unmeaning flattery, or to confess that nothing but his defects and faults were his own, while all his virtues and excellencies were the fruit of God's Holy Spirit. Yet I feel that a just and truthful picture of the man and the preacher ought to be presented, both for the eye of affection, and the praise of divine grace, magnified in him. Physically, Elder Garnett was a man of medium stature, of a compact and vigorous frame, capable of severe and long-sustained exertion; his countenance was mild and pleasant, lit up by eyes expressive of a quick and active intelligence; his voice, which even at fourscore retained much of the compass and power of earlier days, was sweet and musical, delicately modulated to the varying emotions of the mind. His personal bearing was modest and retiring, but always agreeable, attractive, and winning. He was a man of kindly and pleasing, rather than of impressing and imposing, presence. In the natural relations of life, Brother Garnett was upright and exemplary; a man of untiring industry, he was diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit. A bountiful provider for his family; a firm, yet equable and kind, ruler of his household; a good husband, father, and master; an honest man; a

frank and generous neighbor; a useful citizen—he secured and preserved, through a long life, the respect and confidence of all who knew him. As a preacher he was plain, and wholly devoid of effort at oratory or fine speaking. His favorite themes were those most closely connected with the cross; and his preaching was characterized by a clearness of conception and a plainness and accuracy of statement, which made it always instructive, while his illustrations, being drawn chiefly from the sacred writings, rendered his people more familiar with the Bible than is ordinarily the lot of sermon hearers. Although, as I have said, his sermons were devoid of oratorical effort or display, yet they were not without that earnestness and feeling, which often lifted them into true oratory, and gave them power among the people. He labored not without many proofs of the power of his ministry in the conversion of sinners, and the edification of the saints.

In the administration of church affairs he was preëminent for a sound and judicious discretion. He was possessed of a judgment eminently calm, sound, and practical, and his best thought and most laborious effort were never wanting in time of need. His long and uninterrupted continuance of his pastorates, the almost unbroken harmony of his people, and the absorbing influence of his ministry, already alluded to, furnished emphatic proof of the wisdom with which he guided the affairs of his churches. The dominant mildness and gentleness of his nature did not prevent, at least in the vigor of his days, a sufficient attention to church discipline, in which his endowments, both of nature and of grace, enabled him to act successfully the part of peacemaker and reclaimer. His advice in church matters was as much sought after, and as highly prized as it was freely given, and thus the benefits of his sound judgment and wise discretion were extended far beyond the bounds of his own field of labor.

I have spoken of the diffident and retiring disposition of our brother; this was a conspicuous trait of his character. He never could be drawn into prominent or conspicuous places, and always withdrew himself as much as possible from the public gaze. Yet his bearing was dignified and manly; and when he deemed the cause of right, or some cherished truth to be imperiled, he could and did speak out with an earnest and emphatic boldness. His ministerial life was not without some battles in defense of right and truth, fought sometimes against overwhelming odds. Our departed pastor was possessed of strong and earnest convictions of truth. His doctrinal views were of that moderate, Calvinian cast, which regards election and the effectual calling of grace as wholly consistent with the moral responsibility of men. In those matters, which are peculiar to us as Baptists, he was sincerely and heartily in accord with his people; and, while removed to the farthest possible degree from sectarian rancor and bigotry, he was fearless and outspoken in stating and defending his conceptions of the truth. And, indeed, conscientiousness was very prominent in the composition of his character. An essential and ingrained honesty of soul made him loyal to what he conceived to be duty. His whole life was marked by an inflexible fidelity to truth and right. His word was his bond; his promises were scrupulously kept, his obligations were faithfully met. I am told that he was never known to intermit family worship, night and morning, until civil war raged at his very door, and even this was permitted to interrupt only a short time a good old custom, which he continued through all his severe and protracted illness up to a very few days of his death. He made it an invariable rule to meet all his preaching appointments with promptness and punctuality, and all pastoral duties, which he deemed binding, were performed with cheerfulness and alacrity.

With a true earnestness of heart, and unaffected simplicity of purpose, and an unselfish, conscientious interest, he watched for his people, as one who should give account in the last day.

Any portraiture of our deceased pastor would be very imperfect, which should leave out of prominent view his gentleness, brotherly kindness, and charity. He was eminently a meek, loving man. He had well studied the Apostolic exhortation, "Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another." He possessed an innate refinement and delicacy of feeling which is the noblest endowment of the true gentleman. To this natural excellence was added the gentleness and humility of the saint. Never was a man more delicately careful of the feelings of others, or more kindly and tender in his bearing towards all men; even his rebukes, which were often sharp and often severe, were so interfused with the spirit of meekness and love as not to wound the self-respect or embitter the feelings of those he censured; he could rebuke the wrong, and yet win the regard of the wrongdoer. Of all the elements of strength and usefulness in his character, I suppose this was the chief, for by it he won not simply the respect, but the affectionate regard and love of a multitude of people in every walk of life. Few men were ever held in more tender esteem, or have left behind them gentler or more loving memories.

Such, dear brethren, was James Garnett, the man, the Christian, and the pastor, who, having served God according to His will in his generation, was gathered to his fathers at a good old age; honored, respected, and loved by all classes of the people, and sustained by an unshaken trust in God, and a well-founded hope of eternal life.

The foregoing is the tribute of Rev. J. W. McCown to Rev. James Garnett, whom he succeeded in the pastorate of the Crooked Run Church. Mr. Garnett was always a true friend to the cause of education. Richmond College always had a warm place in his affections, and his gifts and those of his children, to this institution and to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, ran up into the thousands. That he was also the friend of missions is proved by the fact that, as far back as about 1850, Crooked Run had a missionary society. This society, led by the pastor and a lady who was a large giver, had as contributors the active members of the church. His interest in the colored people was very great. Two meeting-houses of the Crooked Run Church had ample accommodations for all the colored people who cared to attend the regular services. Besides this Mr. Garnett had special appointments for them, at which times the whole house was given to them. After the Civil War he secured a lot and a building on it, which the colored people still use. Duty was with him a master motive. He was prompt in meeting his appointments at his four churches, on Saturday as well as Sunday, although to do this he often had to eat his breakfast by candlelight. His comments on familiar passages of Scripture at the Saturday meetings were instructive and edifying.

THOMAS B. EVANS

Thomas B. Evans, the only son of William Evans and Kitty Tyler Roy, was born January 13, 1807. He was baptized into the fellowship of the Mattaponi Church, in April, 1831. He was gifted with large business ability, and was for some time a successful merchant. His excellent judgment was so recognized by his fellow-citizens that he was often called on to audit intricate estates, and to settle difficult financial problems, which threatened the peace and happiness of homes. His county frequently sought his advice and labors. His pious mother always believed that he was to be her "preacher boy," and never ceased to work and pray until this end was reached. In 1837, he was licensed to preach by the Lower King and Queen Church, and in 1840 ordained by the same body, the Presbytery consisting of Elders Wm. Todd, George Northam, and R. A. Christian. Upon the organization, in 1842, of the Olivet Church, King and Queen County, he was called to its pastorate, and in this relationship he continued until his death, a period of thirty-three years. For a few years he was pastor of Ephesus Church, and was assistant pastor for a season to two venerable ministers of the gospel, namely of Elder John Spencer, at Pocorone, and of Elder William Todd, at Lower King and Queen. In 1850, he was elected pastor of Glebe Landing Church, Middlesex County, and he continued some twenty-five years, until his death, as undershepherd of this flock. During the early part of his ministry he lived at Little Plymouth, in King and Queen County, and then, having purchased the Farley Park farm, resided there the rest of his life. Not only on his imme-

diate field, but in his Association, he was a leader. Of this body, the Rappahannock, he was the clerk for eleven years, and moderator more than once.

While not perhaps a great student he gave time and thought to his sermons, his quick and analytic mind enabling him thoroughly to dissect his text. "He was a ready speaker and a clear and forceful expounder of the gospel." His sermons were never written, nor was he in the habit of using notes. Dr. G. G. Roy, who used to hear Elder Evans, when he was a boy, tells several incidents which show us this preacher. At the close of a most successful protracted meeting at the Glebe Landing Church, when Mr. Evans was assisted by Rev. R. A. Christian and Rev. Zachary Street, the baptizing took place in the Rappahannock River, at Owen Hill Landing. Some eighty candidates were in line, Mr. Evans commencing at one end and Mr. Christian at the other. Ex-Lieut. Gov. Robert L. Montague did not go into the river as the other candidates did, but lingered on the shore. He had not made up his mind fully as to his conversion, but, finally, after having walked back and forth on the shore for a season, he took his place and was baptized. One Saturday morning after breakfast the boy saw the preacher go to his study in a remote corner of the yard. After an hour or so he returned to the porch, when the boy inquired: "Cousin Tom, have you been in the office studying your lesson for tomorrow?" He answered: "Yes, Gus." Upon which the boy said: "Well, you learned it mighty quick." The preacher answered: "Gus, I can learn in two hours as much, in studying a subject, as I would were I to study it all day." Once at Ephesus Church a minister, who preached only occasionally, occupied the pulpit. After having gone on for a while with his sermon, suddenly he paused, became confused, and sat down. At once Mr. Evans arose, said the brother was not feeling well,

and took up the subject that was being discussed and went on with it to a finish. Dr. Andrew Broaddus thus describes Mr. Evans, as he appeared in 1847: "I seem to see his kindly face lit up by a beaming smile, to hear his cordial greeting, and to feel the warm grasp of his hand. . . . He was a man of prepossessing appearance. His erect and shapely figure, his intelligent and amiable countenance, and his frank and cordial manners made a favorable impression on all who met him. His strong, but not inharmonious, voice, his fluency of speech, his ease of delivery, and his bright, clear, and vigorous mind rendered him deservedly popular both as a pastor and as a platform speaker."

He died August 11, 1875, leaving a widow and six children. His sons are Dr. J. Mason Evans and Judge A. Browne Evans, and his daughters, Mrs. Roderick Dew, Mrs. R. H. Spencer, Mrs. J. R. Butler, and Miss Lizzie T. Evans.

PORTER CLEVELAND

Porter Cleveland was born in Burlington, Hartford County, Connecticut, May 31, 1797. He came to Virginia about 1818, as a pedlar. Little did those who saw him in this humble guise think he would ever become a useful Baptist minister, or that he was of a family that later would give to the country one of its presidents—Grover Cleveland. In 1821 or 1822, he embraced religion, and connected himself with the Pine Grove Baptist Church. Strange as it may seem, he was led to conversion by his own sermon. It was in this wise: He was moved once to preach a mock sermon. This greatly amused his ungodly hearers, but it resulted in his own conversion. The day after his baptism, he preached his first sermon, and soon after was regularly ordained, the ordaining Presbytery being composed of Rev. Daniel Davis and others. He continued in the ministry from the time he united with Pine Grove Church until his death, about fifty-four years. He was the pastor of Mountain Plain Church, Albemarle County, at the time of his death, and was preparing to fill his regular appointment at that place, on Sunday morning, April 4, 1875, when he was stricken down with paralysis, dying on Saturday, June 25, 1875, having passed by twenty-six days the age of seventy-eight years. At different times he was the pastor of the following churches: Pine Grove, Fork Union, Ballinger's Creek, Mount Ed, Mountain Plain, Free Union, Adiel, Hebron, and perhaps others. He was also a missionary from the General Association to Augusta and Rockingham for several years. Of Mount Ed he was pastor for seventeen years. The churches named in the foregoing list are in Albemarle, Nelson, and Fluvanna counties.

He was a good man, beloved not only by the members of his own churches, but by his neighbors, and the members of churches of other denominations. As a minister of Christ, he was zealous, devoted, and active in proclaiming the gospel, as well to the edification of the people of God as for the conversion of sinners. From his entry into the ministry to the end of his life he was a diligent student, and his library contained many of the best works on theology and the practical duties of the Christian life.

The following incident shows that he made good use of his library. A Methodist minister of some note, named Lyons, came to his neighborhood, and, after a sensational announcement, preached on baptism. In closing, the speaker asked if any one desired to make any remarks. Mr. Cleveland arose and said that on a certain day he would reply. Lyons was indignant, but could say nothing. At the appointed time, Mr. Cleveland spoke for four hours to an immense audience. Lyons arose and questioned Mr. Cleveland's quotations. In the audience were two Disciple preachers, Coleman and Goss, who had driven twelve miles, from Charlottesville. They arose, and, showing the books with which they had loaded their buggy, said the preacher's words were true. Another incident, or rather two, which perhaps ought to go together, also show us the man. Once he went to the Association, and pledged $40 for his church, but when the brethren paid only $15, he took the balance from his own pocket-book. Oliver Cleveland, who had no children, took a fancy to him and left him all his property, about 600 acres of land and his slaves. Mr. Cleveland was round shouldered, was five feet eight and one-half inches tall, had blue eyes and bright hair, and "wore a genial smile." He would tell you a yarn, but if you undertook to tell him one he would turn his back on you and walk off.

In his religious convictions and opinions he was firm and decided, yet charitable and tolerant to all those who differed from him. No one was a stronger advocate of temperance than he was, attaching himself to societies out of the church in order to do good to his fellow-man, and to aid in doing away with the baneful evils, misery, and ruin attending the manufacture, sale, and drinking of intoxicating liquors. During the Civil War, when so many were making brandy for gain, some one came to him and offered to buy his apples, there being a great many in his orchard. He refused to sell them. Then the man advised him to make brandy, as by it he could make much money out of them. He replied that his applies might rot before he would make brandy out of them, or sell them to any one for that purpose, saying he had been fighting against intemperance for forty years, and he did not intend now to undo what through so many years he had tried to do. He did not approve of the War, but felt that he must be loyal to Virginia, the state of his adoption. He denied himself and his family the use of bacon, quite a luxury then, that he might have more to give to the suffering soldiers.

He was married twice. Of the first marriage two sons were born, and of the second seven sons and one daughter. One of his sons, Mr. Matthew Cleveland, lives at Pine Bluff, Ark.

PETER CHARLES HOGE

About 1745 three brothers, James, Thomas, and Peter Hog, emigrated from Scotland and settled in Augusta County, Virginia. They were kin to James Hog, the "Ettrick Shepherd," had been born in Edinburgh, and were descendants of Roger Hog, of the time of David II (1324-1371), who received rents from Dalby, and also from the estate of Kenton in East Haddington. Peter Hog was commissioned as "Captain" by Governor Dinwiddie, in 1754. He served continuously under George Washington, and was appointed by Governor Dinwiddie to construct a line of fortifications along the frontier. He also served in the Big Sandy expedition against the Shawnee Indians. In 1772, he was licensed to practice law, and was appointed by Governor Dunsmore Assistant Attorney General in his district. He was given large grants of land in Kentucky and Virginia, on the Kanawha and Ohio rivers. He also owned a large estate in Augusta County, where he died, in 1782. This estate he left to his son James, who married a Miss Gregory. Of this union was born, in Augusta County, near Staunton, Va., on January 22, 1808, Peter Charles Hoge. He received a liberal education, his father desiring that he become a lawyer. The young man, however, had his head set on the ministry, though what put this notion into his head does not appear. For the time being, however, neither of these plans was carried out, but a third. When he was nineteen years old he was married to Miss Sarah Kerr, who was only seventeen, and settled down as a farmer to manage the large estates of himself and wife. He seems to have raised many cattle and used to drive large herds of them to Richmond to sell. In the process of time there were born to this couple thirteen children, twelve of whom lived to be

over fifty years old. In after years, Mr. Hoge, who was a thorough believer in early marriages, said he only regretted that he had not married sooner than he did. In 1840 or 1841, he sold both of these estates for $40,000 and moved to Scottsville. Here he became a member of the firm of Hoge, Faris, and Whitmore. They opened stores in Richmond, New Canton, Scottsville, and Buchanan. These towns were in those days on a boom, since they were on the James River and Kanawha Canal, and became shipping points for the wagon trade that had formerly gone on to Richmond by the Three Chop road. This large business venture was not, however, for Mr. Hoge, a success. Before long his money was all gone. So next he taught school, kept the post-office, and edited a newspaper. About this time he became a Baptist, and it came to pass on this wise: He had been reared a Presbyterian, and was an elder in the Scottsville Presbyterian Church. A Baptist minister, by the name of Reynoldson, an Englishman, who afterwards lost his life on a voyage to his native land, was conducting a protracted meeting in Scottsville. Towards the close of the series of services he preached a sermon on baptism. The Presbyterians were touched by the sermon and challenged him to a debate on infant baptism, appointing as their champion Mr. Hoge. He had up to this time accepted on this question the statements of the Westminster catechism. After having made a scriptural investigation of the matter he presented himself for membership in the Scottsville Baptist Church.

On the third Saturday of October, 1850, he preached his first sermon. The following summer he conducted a protracted meeting at Lyle's Church (Fluvanna County), and in the fall of 1851 was called to be the assistant to Rev. Robert Lilly. This relationship continued until 1856, when, upon Mr. Lilly's death, he became pastor of the church, a position which, on account

of Mr. Lilly's feebleness, he had practically held for some years. A few years later he became pastor of Bybee's Road Church, and a few years later still of Beaver Dam Church, and also of Antioch Church, a colony of the Scottsville Church. Of these churches he remained pastor until the end of his life, though he seems to have also done missionary work under the State Mission Board beyond the bounds of this field. In 1852, his report through the State Mission Board to the General Association tells of work done in Augusta, Albemarle, and Nelson counties. Of his work in Augusta County he says: "In this county there is indeed a state of things well calculated to arrest attention and to excite the most sanguine hope. Until within the last two years it has been almost entirely under pedobaptist influence, and but little was known of the views and polity of the Baptist church, and but little inclination to know more. *Now,* there is in the county not only a flourishing church of more than one hundred souls—most of them white, having wealth, intelligence, piety, and, in a word, all the elements of influence and permanency—but there is a desire among the people to know more of our views; a spirit of inquiry, the legitimate fruits of which are a disenthralment from the gyves of early prejudice, and an extension of the borders of truth." The churches named above, which he served for so many years, were near enough together to form a compact field, and in the spring and summer months many were able to attend services not only at their own but at the sister church. The congregations were large, so large that often an overflow service had to be held in an arbor, and finally two of the churches were obliged to enlarge their meeting-houses. Not only by his own members, but also by people of other denominations, he was greatly beloved. While a thorough-going Baptist he knew how to be all courtesy to those of other views. One Sunday a Methodist preacher was present at Beaver Dam. Mr. Hoge

invited him into the pulpit. The sermon was followed by the Lord's Supper. Mr. Hoge gave the usual invitation, explained the position of Baptists as to this ordinance, and then turning to the Methodist minister expressed the hope that he would honor the Baptists for being loyal to their convictions. The Methodist minister made gracious response. At Bybee's Road and Lyle's there were two Methodist ministers who attended the services regularly. They neither stayed away on communion Sundays, nor took exception to their not being invited to commune.

Besides work on his own field, Mr. Hoge was much in protracted meetings in the counties of Nelson, Amherst, Albemarle, Buckingham, Goochland, and Louisa. He would have made a successful evangelist. Bishop Wilmer, of the Episcopal Church, who refugeed at Scottsville during the War, and often heard Mr. Hoge preach, thought he ought to give himself wholly to evangelistic work. Mr. Hoge was a hard student, had a good library, read a great deal, and made careful preparation for the pulpit. While he never went to one of his appointments without thorough preparation, Dr. Charles R. Dickinson, who had known him to change his text and sermon after entering the pulpit, and yet preach an excellent sermon, said he was the most rapid thinker he had ever known. Rev. James E. Poindexter, of the Episcopal Church, used to hear Mr. Hoge preach at Lyle's, when he was a boy, and he never forgot the sermons, the illustrations, in the use of which Mr. Hoge was most happy, seeming to fix the message in his mind. Mr. Hoge is remembered as having in no small degree the gift of oratory. He was of commanding and attractive personality. He was six feet two inches in height, with blue eyes, light brown hair, and smooth, even features. In speaking his gestures were graceful, and he possessed that strange power to which has been given the name of magnetism. He had calls to the Lex-

ington, Manchester, and Lynchburg churches, but chose rather to remain in the country. As a pastor he was faithful, sympathetic, and greatly beloved. When necessary he would ride twenty miles through the snow to minister to his members in trouble. After the lapse of so many years since his death, his memory is still green in these country neighborhoods, where he was for so long undershepherd.

He was always a great lover of home, and greatly concerned about the training of his children. This and his many calls to protracted meetings often kept him from attending the meetings of the General Association. At his home in Scottsville he had some four acres of fertile land, which enabled him, with the aid of his wife, who was a good manager and an excellent gardener, to have a good garden, and to raise an abundance of fowls. There was also his fine spring and clear pool of water, so his poultry yard included ducks and geese, and besides there were pigeons and guinea fowls. So he was able to entertain, as he delighted to do, his friends and brethren. In 1872 the wife of his youth passed away. Some two years later he was married to the widow Coons, of Culpeper County, who survived him. During his whole life his health had been good, but in 1875 he had some slight symptoms of paralysis. He was relieved for a season and continued his work, but in the winter of that year he was stricken more severely, while in the pulpit at Beaver Dam. Drs. C. R. Dickinson, of Louisa, and Bocock, of Albemarle, attended him, and he was able to return to his home in Scottsville. There, on Monday, July 17, 1876, another stroke ended his life. His funeral took place at the Baptist church, at Scottsville, the services being conducted by Rev. W. C. Hall, Rev. T. D. Bell, of the Presbyterian Church, assisting him. The churches, he had served so long and so well, adopted and published resolutions expressing their admiration and affection for him.

ALPHONSE PAUL REPITON

Alphonse Paul Repiton was born in Williamsburg, Va., January 1, 1808. As his name would suggest, his parents were French. They were also Catholics, and his early years were under their influence. The death of his parents left him an orphan, when he was eight years old, whereupon he went to Norfolk to be with his guardian. This guardian cared little for the physical and even less for the spiritual welfare of the child for whom, in the eyes of the law at least, he was responsible. Before reaching his majority young Repiton attended a meeting held by Rev. Dr. R. B. C. Howell, at the Cumberland Street Baptist Church, of Norfolk, which proved a blessed crisis in his life. By these services he was led to study the Bible and was converted. He united with the church and decided to preach. From this time "to the day God took him home he was heart and soul a child of God, and a staunch Baptist." He attended the Virginia Baptist Seminary, and was a member of the first graduating class that the Seminary turned out. In 1836, the four graduates were William I. Chiles, Elias Dodson, A. P. Repiton, and Jno. O. Turpin. Three others who should have been among the graduates this year, William Mylne, R. D. Davenport, and J. L. Shuck, had left school to go as foreign missionaries.

As late as 1876 "Dunlora," the home of Rev. Edward Baptist, in Powhatan County, was standing. This place Rev. R. W. Cridlin, who gives the incident that follows, thinks deserves the name of the birthplace of Richmond College, for it was here that Rev. Edward Baptist had the school, which afterwards became the College. On an old staircase in this building Mr. Cridlin saw the initials of a number of students, and among them

"A. P. R." On one occasion one of the students in preaching so greatly offended, unconsciously, one of his hearers that he was treated to a horsewhipping. During the trial which followed one of the lawyers called in question a statement made by A. P. Repiton. Repiton at once said: "Sir, if you think you can treat me as you do Goodall, follow me into the public road and I will show you." As he spoke these words he showed his arm, which was of great size and power. During this trial the judge turned to Rev. Mr. Baptist and said: "Sir, tell me who is at the head of the Baptist church?" Mr. Baptist answered with emphasis: "Jesus Christ, sir."

Upon his graduation Mr. Repiton accepted as his first charge a church in Virginia. His second field was in Wilmington, N. C. When he had served this church long enough to know thoroughly the needs of the people, he was convinced that the best work he could do would be to build a meeting-house, where the laboring classes, who were too poor to pay a minister, might hear the gospel preached. He enlisted the sympathy of the citizens, and, with their help, erected a small house of worship, where for many years he preached to the poor without remuneration. During the latter part of the War this edifice was burned, but by this time the congregation was more prosperous, so the lot was sold and the proceeds given to the First Baptist Church, of Wilmington, to use for their pulpit when their new structure was built. During the War, when Wilmington passed through a fearful scourge of yellow fever, to which sad episode more extended allusion is made in another part of this volume, he was one of the four ministers who remained in the city, namely, two Baptists, one Catholic, and one Episcopalian. At the end of the fearful calamity he alone of these noble four was alive to comfort those who mourned for their loved ones who were no more.

In October, 1869, Mr. Repiton returned to Norfolk, Va., to live. During the remaining years of his life he was pastor first and last of the following churches not very distant from the city: Deep Creek, Franklin, London Bridge, Millfield, St. John's, Northwest, and Salem. He continued his work as pastor and preacher to the end of his life. He was for several years chaplain of the Ruth Lodge of Masons, of Norfolk. On April 1, 1876, he closed his earthly ministry and "was not, for God took him." A large part of the material for this sketch was furnished by Mr. Repiton's daughter, Mrs. R. W. Lamb, of Norfolk.

JAMES FIFE

The subject of this sketch first saw the light in Edinburgh, July, 1794, being one of four children born to William and Catherine Fife. In and near the Scottish capital his early years were passed. For a while his father lived at Goshen, where he raised large quantities of fruit and vegetables for the city market. The growing boy saw much of Edinboro town, for on week days he was wont to come along with the wagons to market, starting from home long before dawn, and on Sundays he and his father, Bibles in hand, made three trips on foot to the city church. Surely he could not fail to receive deep and lasting impressions as he walked day after day the streets of one of the most picturesque cities of Europe. Although a hundred years ago Edinburgh may not have been as beautiful as it is to-day, still the noble castle, from its lofty hill, dominated the whole town, while at the other end of the narrow and steep Cannongate stood Holyrood, at once a solemn ruin and a splendid palace. John Knox's house, St. Giles' Church, the burying-ground where Adam Smith had recently been laid to rest, and a hundred other places of interest were to be seen. Father and son did not breathe in vain the literary and intellectual atmosphere of this "Modern Athens." Although the elder Fife may not have known personally Robertson, the historian, Dugal Stewart, Hume, Adam Smith, Sir Walter Scott, and other literary stars of the day, nor have bought all their books as they came fresh from the press, he was not without literary taste and attainments; we know that he read the French Bible with ease and satisfaction. As for his son, he acquired in these early days a fondness for books that he never lost.

William Fife was a Presbyterian elder, a man of deep piety and active zeal. He was much given to prayer, often going to his closet as many as six or seven times a day for secret devotions. Towards the close of his life especially, he was fond of visiting the afflicted and of exhorting. That he was a spiritually minded man and a highly esteemed Christian, is witnessed to by his pastor, and by the fact that at his funeral, February 24, 1841, four hundred persons followed his remains to the grave in the West Church burying-ground. Under remarkably interesting circumstances he, as well as his son James, and a number of others, became Baptists. It was on this wise: A baby was presented for "baptism," whose father had been accidentally killed, and whose mother was not a Christian. The question as to who was to answer for the child caused great discussion in the church. There was so much difference of opinion that they finally decided to study the New Testament for light on the subject. As a result of this study, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Innes, and about half his members united with the Baptists. In this way, Mr. Fife and his son were brought to know Robert and James Alexander Haldane, who also, upon examination of the Scriptures, had become Baptists. These brothers exerted a wide influence for good, the former by his pen, and by his philanthropy, the latter by his preaching. James Haldane was an intimate friend of the elder Fife, and spoke at his funeral.

When about eighteen years of age, James Fife and his brother William came to this country, whither they had been preceded several years before by their brother Robert Beverly. Not to speak of the love of adventure and travel which seems to be an Anglo-Saxon trait, the attraction in America was the estate of a wealthy uncle to which they had fallen heirs. Robert Beverly married a Miss Sarah Banks, of Fredericksburg, and lived above

the town at a place called Fall Hill; William settled in Gloucester, where his uncle had lived, and practiced medicine for years. James Fife, for a while after his arrival, lived in Richmond, where he held the position of city engineer. He had as friends, among the Scotch residents, Mr. and Mrs. James Kennard (Mrs. Kennard he had known in Scotland), and among the Baptists, Jas. C. Crane and Richard Gwathmey. Mr. Fife had preached in the villages around Edinburgh, and probably before 1820 he was actively engaged in the work of the ministry in this country, for in that year we have an account of his making a journey from Goochland County —whither he had shortly before moved—to Philadelphia to attend the Triennial Convention. The letter describing this journey shows us what a different thing traveling was then from what it is now in this day of express trains and Pullman cars. The following extracts are made from a diary which he kept for friends in Scotland: "April 18th. Rode over to Cartersville, where I met with Bro. Baptist; staid to dinner, after which we set out for Philadelphia. April 20th. . . . The roads were so rough that we could make but little progress. . . . We arrived (Fredericksburg) about half past 4 P. M. . . . April 22d. Took the stage for the steamboat. There were but two passengers besides myself and Bro. Baptist. After two hours' ride over a very rough road got to the Potomac River. . . . After supper we got into a little boat, which carried us out into the river for about two miles, where we entered the steam boat at 9 P. M.; went to bed about ten, and this morning at daybreak rose in sight of Washington. . . . I am now sitting writing in the room of Col. Johnson, who killed Tecumseh, the Indian chief. The colonel is a member of Congress. . . . Have just returned from Congress, and can only say that it is the most elegant house I ever saw. . . . The chaplain

of Congress is a Baptist minister. . . . April 24th. . . . This morning by 5 A. M. went to the stage office, got a seat in the first stage, and set out for Baltimore, where we arrived about noon. Baltimore is an elegant town, and contains about 50,000 inhabitants. Washington, about 13,000. We staid here till 5 P. M., when we walked down to the steamboat. . . . April 26th. Yesterday at 3 A. M. got to Frenchtown. Here we took the stage . . . to Newcastle, on the Delaware River, at which place we took the steamboat again, which carried us to Philadelphia. We arrived at 9 A. M., having traveled 126 miles, which cost $7, from Baltimore to Philadelphia. To-day, at 11 A. M., the Convention met at Dr. Staughton's Meeting House. . . . Bro. Brown preached at night to a large congregation at Staughton's Meeting House, after which a collection was taken up for the mission. May 3d. . . . There are seven Baptist meeting-houses in this city. . . . Bro. Mercer, from Georgia, also gave an interesting account of an intercourse between the Choctaws and Creek Indians, and the associations in Georgia. . . . May 6th. Yesterday was taken up in discussing whether we would have a Seminary at Washington or not. After a great deal of debate it was decided to have it at Washington, for which purpose in six months upwards of $9,000 have been subscribed. In the evening I preached in the New Market Street Meeting House."

With his residence in Goochland County, Mr. Fife began a life, that of a Virginia country pastor, to which he was to give his best affections, his untiring efforts, and a large number of years. He lived at a place, named Fife's, no doubt after him, and ministered to these four churches: Lickinhole, Perkins', Southanna, and Williams'. From none of his churches did he ever receive much material compensation. In this he followed

the custom of the day. In his habit, however, of giving to missions all he received from his churches, he was perhaps an exception. He could the more easily do this as he was in comfortable circumstances. He might have had more money for preaching had he wished, for while he was in Goochland, he had calls to several town churches, one being from the church in Petersburg.

There now comes an event in the life of Mr. Fife which was to prove an epoch in the history of Virginia Baptists. Since 1800, the only general organization bringing all the Baptists of the State together was the General Committee of Correspondence. Gradually this body had lost its grip on the sympathy of the churches, until, at the meeting in Charlottesville, in 1822, only three messengers, one layman and two ministers, were present, namely, Thornton Stringfellow, Edward Baptist, and James Fife. As Baptist and Fife, the meeting being over, rode towards Goochland, they reviewed the situation, and decided to attempt the organization of a general association among the Baptists of the State for missionary and educational work. With this object in view, they called a meeting for the next year, in Richmond. The proposed meeting was held June 2, 1823, in the Second Baptist Church, which was at that time on a cross street between Main and Cary. Fifteen delegates were present; the introductory sermon was preached by Rev. R. B. Semple from the text, Hebrews 13:16, "But to do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." Dr. Semple was chosen moderator, and Wm. Todd secretary. And so the General Association of Virginia was formed. While the number of delegates was small, there were some present whose ability was already recognized, and others who in after days were to become leaders in the denomination and a power for God in the State. Sermons were preached during the session by various brethren, Luther

Rice, O. B. Brown, Daniel Witt, Edward Baptist, and James Fife. Dr. Jeter, who was present, says of these several preachers and their sermons: "On comparing these sermons I would say, that of Rice was the feeblest, that of Baptist the most beautiful, that of Brown the most profound, that of Fife the most impressive, and that of Witt the most popular." Mr. Fife on this occasion preached from the text: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" "His sermon," says Dr. Jeter, "was quite impressive, and produced a deep impression on his hearers, as was evinced by their tears."

While for years the new organization was hampered by constitutional provisions, born of the desire of the fathers, to leave no room for any suspicion that the rights of the individual churches were to be invaded, nevertheless a start in the right direction had been made, and to-day we are reaping the rich fruits of the seed sown with so much care and so many tears. Had Baptist and Fife done nothing less, they ought to be held in honor forever by Virginia Baptists as the fathers of our General Association. When, in 1873, the Semi-Centennial was celebrated, Rev. Edward Baptist had fallen on sleep, but Mr. Fife was present, and, at the great gathering under a tent on the campus of Richmond College, opened the exercises with prayer.

About the year 1824, when Goochland was his home, Mr. Fife was married to Miss Miller, of that county. From this union two sons, William J. and John Miller, were born. The younger child and the mother did not live long, and the older son died in July, 1870. Mr. Fife was married the second time to Mrs. Margaret W. Minor, the widow of Henry L. Minor, Esq., and the daughter of Rev. Jacob W. Herndon, of Spottsylvania. The children of this marriage were R. H., and Miss Kate Fife. They survived their parents (their mother died in 1884), and were active, useful, honored members

of the Charlottesville church, R. H. Fife being for years one of the deacons and the superintendent of the Sunday school.

Mr. Fife was preëminently successful as a preacher in protracted meetings, having especial gifts for evangelistic work. In his childhood, he had committed a large part of the Bible to memory, and was able to give the chapter and verse for every quotation from the New Testament. Though he had never had a college education, still he was fond of books, and made use of them in his preparation for the pulpit. Yet he was a man of one book, honoring the Word of God as his authority, and as the storehouse from which he drew his material. His father, referring to his lack of an education, and giving him advice as to his work as a preacher, wrote thus: "You need not regret your want of education, the excellence of the power is the more seen to be of God, to whom only all the glory is due. It was a saying of Rowland Hill, 'It's the best cat that catches the most mice.' . . . I beseech you, my son, to take none of the glory of the success of your meetings to yourself, but give it all to God to whom only it is due, for we are in danger of thinking ourselves to be something when we are nothing. . . . " Mr. Fife had a good, full voice, which gave effect to his public reading of the Scriptures and of hymns, no less than to the delivery of his sermons. He was also much gifted in prayer. Dr. Jeter's testimony as to his sermon in Richmond at the General Association has already been given. From Mr. Fife's letters it appears that quite frequently, even on ordinary occasions, his sermons led his hearers to shout. The well-known dignity and good sense of the man forbid us to think of him as what would now be called a sensational preacher. So far from encouraging shouting, he sought to repress it. Once in Goochland the whole congregation was much stirred and one sister

shouted. Whereupon he paused and said he would stop for five minutes, to allow all who wanted to shout to do so. No, Mr. Fife was not sensational; let us rather say that he preached with unction. This one word tells the secret of his power over men for their good, and for the glory of God. Very great success attended his preaching in protracted meetings. During "the great revival of 1831," in Richmond, he was one of the chief speakers and workers. With Elder Baptist, he went to that city, their plan being to hold a meeting; they put their hands to the work with a vim. Four services were held each day, at three of which Mr. Fife preached. Large crowds attended and deep feeling pervaded the city. Rev. James B. Taylor, pastor of the Second Church, was absent from the city on a tour for the *Religious Herald,* when the meetings began. Upon his return, he "found Richmond turned upside down." Many were converted and added to the churches at this time, nor was this the only meeting marked by great spiritual power and evident success, that he held in the capital city. We have no catalogue of his meetings, but we know that he was used of God for reaching and gathering in great multitudes of people. To a friend, who asked how many persons he had baptized, he replied: "I do not know; I have kept no record." The friend then wanted to know if the number would reach a thousand. "Oh, yes," he answered, "a great many more; there were five hundred one year."

Rev. Dr. J. C. Hiden tells the following anecdote, having heard it from Mr. Fife himself: "One day during 'intermission,' a man approached Brother Fife and said: 'Mr. Fife, I wish to have some private conversation with you.' They retired to a private place in the woods, and the preacher thought that an inquirer, interested about his soul's salvation, was about to ask what he must do to be saved, when the man, with no small

anxiety depicted in his countenance, said: 'Mr. Fife, I want you to tell me who was Melchizedek's father.' What Brother Fife's answer was, I have never learned."

Mr. Fife, like many of the Baptist preachers of his day, was in the habit of making long preaching tours from county to county, a prime object being to secure subscribers for the *Religious Herald*. He preached, not simply on Sunday, but every day, and often more than once a day. After each sermon, as well as from home to home, he made appeals for the *Herald,* which appeals, though meeting with varying degrees of success, were rarely ever wholly unsuccessful. Such *Herald* journeys were taken through the counties of Matthews, Middlesex, Essex, Northumberland, Lancaster, and Richmond. He encountered hardships not a few, and sometimes dangers; he was often delayed by inclement weather and oftener homesick, but all these trials seem to have been forgotten if a goodly number of subscriptions to the *Herald* were secured. In a letter to his wife he records, with evident satisfaction, the high water mark of his work for the *Herald*: "At Ware's had a very large congregation and much shouting. Obtained eighteen subscribers to the *Herald,* being the largest number I ever obtained in one day." Is it any wonder that the *Herald* is grounded deep in the affections of Virginia Baptists since our early preachers worked so faithfully to put it into every home? Is not the existence of a State paper all these years, which could command such friendship, one reason for the great growth of the denomination in the State?

Though blessed with a fine constitution, Mr. Fife was a lifetime sufferer from dyspepsia. The trips just described, while undertaken for religious work, proved a help physically, the open air and horseback exercise rebuking, at least for a season, his depressing disease. Yet other journeys were made, when health was the

main object in view. More than once he visited the Virginia Springs, traveling in his own conveyance, and accompanied, now by some member of his family, now by a friend. He would go from one watering place to another, thus obtaining variety of scenery and diet, and a life in the open air, this last no doubt being of more value for his trouble than gallons of mineral water. With all our facilities for travel, our fathers, as they traversed at their own sweet will, in carriage and stage-coach, mountains and rivers, surely had many an adventure and many a vista of beauty that we in our "vestibuled-limited" miss. Whenever an opportunity offered, Mr. Fife would preach, whether it was at some meeting-house or at the springs.

Mr. Fife did not escape the western fever which half a century or more ago took so many people from Virginia and other eastern states. He made several trips to Missouri, one on horseback with his father-in-law, Rev. Mr. Herndon; and with a view to moving thither sent out his books and negroes. How he finally remained in Virginia, after having forwarded such important *impedimenta,* we are not told. Instead of moving to Missouri, in 1840, he settled in Charlottesville. After boarding for a season, and making several purchases of property, he finally secured a commodious home on the suburbs of the town, where he spent the remainder of his days, and where his children lived. He continued in the active pastorate up to a short time before his death. During his residence in Charlottesville he served, first and last, the following country churches: Chestnut Grove, Pine Grove, Liberty, Mountain Plain, Fork Union, Hardware, Louisa Court-House, Blue Run, and Zion, located in several counties, and in a circle whose radius was perhaps some twenty miles. He made it a rule to meet his appointments regardless of the weather. Once in his latter years, when the time came

for him to start to one of his churches, some six or eight miles distant, as it was snowing, his wife urged him not to go. He paced up and down the room exclaiming: "Oh, my dear, do not try to persuade me not to do my duty."

Like Solomon, he "loved husbandry," a taste imbibed no doubt in his early days. Not only was he a farmer, but he often wrote for agricultural papers. As he was an early riser and a great walker, we are not surprised to find in one of his letters an account of a four-mile walk before breakfast. After he was seventy-five years old he was in the habit of walking into town, a mile away, three times a day. At one time, in connection with a protracted meeting that was in progress in the Charlottesville church, sunrise services were held; he greatly enjoyed attending these meetings, since, besides the spiritual help, they enabled him to gratify his taste for an early walk. His interest not only in the Charlottesville church, but in the work of the denomination throughout the State, was always deep. He was one of the Presbytery that at the request of the Charlottesville church, examined and ordained, on June 9, 1860, J. L. Johnson, C. H. Toy, J. B. Taylor, Jr., and J. Wm. Jones. A regular attendant upon the Albemarle Association, he was, in 1845, moderator of that body.

In his closing years, when the active work of a pastor was no longer possible, he still enjoyed his books, reading himself, and having his wife read to him. While fond of history and travel in general, any book on Palestine gave him especial delight, and Thomson's "The Land and the Book" was an especial favorite. Next to the Bible he enjoyed most Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises." A sermon read to him by his wife, during the summer of 1876, the last summer of his life, on the text: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again," gave him much

pleasure. He had it read to him a second time, and afterwards with upraised hands, would repeat the words: "Yea, rather that is risen again." "At various times," says his daughter, "he expressed great joy in the views he had of the plan of salvation, often rejoicing in Him whom having not seen we love, in whom though now we see Him not we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Up to within two or three days of his death, he rode to town, as his custom was after he became too feeble to walk. He fell asleep in Jesus, October 5, 1876, being eighty-two years old. He was buried Saturday afternoon at his home "Oak Lawn." In the absence of the pastor, Rev. K. B. Tupper, Dr. N. K. Davis, of the University of Virginia, conducted the simple services. The next day the funeral sermon was preached at the Charlottesville church, by Dr. J. B. Jeter, from the text: "I have finished my course."

WILLIAM F. BROADDUS*

William F. Broaddus was born near the village of Woodville, Culpeper County, Virginia, April 30, 1801, his father being Thomas Broaddus, of Caroline. His mother, whose maiden name was Susannah Ferguson, had first married a Mr. White. After his death she became the wife of Mr. Broaddus, and the mother of his four children. She was reared an Episcopalian, but under the preaching of Rev. John Leland made a profession of religion, and was baptized into the fellowship of the "F. T." Church. When William, the second child, was about ten years old the father died, and he was left to the care of his mother. He went to school first to one and then to another of his half-brothers, then to his own brother Edmund, and, finally, after a session under John P. Walden, in his sixteenth year, he became himself a schoolmaster with about forty scholars. During the years of his boyhood and youth he had received careful religious training from his mother, and with her had read the Bible through several times. This teaching did not at once, at least, lead to the boy's conversion.

The first school which young Broaddus taught was in session from the first Monday in January until December 20th, with only brief holidays. His second school was at Union Forge, Shenandoah County. While still a schoolmaster, and when he was just turned eighteen, he married Miss Mary Ann Farrar. Such amusements as card-playing and dancing had large place in his heart, and he and his wife often played backgammon. At this period he usually heard preaching every Sunday, there being services held in the neighborhood by the Baptists,

*Abridged from "Life of Wm. F. Broaddus," by Geo. Braxton Taylor.

Episcopalians, and Lutherans. Under the preaching of Ambrose C. Booton, at Luray, he was converted, and was baptized in the Hawksbill Creek that runs through that town. After he had taken this step he decided, upon the advice of Deacon Daniel Beaver, to give up his worldly amusements, his violin and his backgammon. This decision caused his wife to burst into tears, but three years later she became a Christian. A week after his baptism at Bethel Meeting House, on the New Market road, after the sermon by a Mr. Carter, young Broaddus asked permission to say a few words. With Romans 10:1 as a text he spoke for some fifteen minutes. At the next monthly meeting of the Luray Church, Deacon Beaver gravely stated that he brought against young Brother Broaddus the serious charge of having preached without being licensed, immediately adding that he moved that he be forthwith licensed so that the charge could be withdrawn. From this time forward, almost to the end of his life, Mr. Broaddus preached the glorious gospel.

He was ordained at "F. T." Church, in 1823, and became its pastor, succeeding Father Lewis Connor in this office. While it seems probable that his only other church at this time was Mount Salem, he preached going to and coming from the Associations wherever a congregation could be gathered, so that he was soon known through all the section of country. This work was a distinct help to his health for, being small, with a tendency to consumption, in a few years he was so strong and vigorous that his former friends scarcely knew him. It was not long before he was teaching once more, as well as preaching. From this school three young men, Silas Bruce, R. V. and Thaddeus Herndon, went forth as Baptist preachers. Before long he had become pastor of Bethel (Frederick County), and somewhat later of Long Branch, in Fauquier, the former of these churches

involving a ride of thirty-five miles across the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Shenandoah River. Yet he kept up his school and rarely missed his preaching appointments. In 1826, he attended the General Association in Fredericksburg, preached the introductory sermon, and met for the first time many of the Baptist preachers of Tidewater Virginia, among the number J. B. Jeter and J. B. Taylor. The latter, in a letter dated June 14, 1826, said: "There is a young man named Broaddus, who preached this morning, who excels any I ever heard." In a great and precious revival that blessed many of the churches at this time Mr. Broaddus bore an active part. Great crowds attended, many were converted and baptized. Preachers from the city churches came to help in the work. At one of these services Mr. Broaddus felt called upon to caution the people not to give too great rein to their emotions, but when among those asking for prayer, there came his own son, about whom he had been greatly concerned, his own prudent cautions were forgotten, and he broke forth into louder demonstrations than till then had been heard.

The anti-missionary controversy that raged so fiercely for some years in Northern Virginia had as its chief figure, perhaps, W. F. Broaddus. After the blight of hyper-Calvinism had been broken among Baptists, through the missionary zeal awakened by the appeal from India, of Adoniram Judson, the error had reasserted its power in this section of Virginia. War was made against missionary societies, temperance organizations, Sunday schools, and all efforts to reach with the gospel the unconverted. The Ketocton and Columbia Associations were where these views were most earnestly held and advocated. The activity of Mr. Broaddus in the revival referred to above along with some articles of his in the *Christian Index,* on ministerial support, as well as his known views on missions, made him especially

obnoxious to the "Black Rock" section. At a meeting of the Ketocton Association, at Ebenezer Church, in 1832, resolutions were introduced refusing a seat to Mr. Broaddus, who had come as a messenger from the Shiloh Association. After a lengthy discussion the resolutions were defeated. The next year, however, after a discussion lasting two days, the same resolutions were carried, and Mr. Broaddus was refused a seat in the body. The next week at the Columbia Association, at Rock Hill, a neighborhood in which Mr. Broaddus was not well known, he was again refused a seat by formal resolution. At once Mr. Broaddus arose and said he would preach forthwith on the adjoining hill. The crowd followed him, seats were extemporized, and he preached a melting sermon. The refusal of these associations to receive Mr. Broaddus finally resulted in the organization of the Salem Union Association, which new body held its first session at Upperville, November 9, 1833. Perhaps more than any one else, Mr. Broaddus broke the power of the anti-missionary spirit in Northern Virginia among the Baptists.

Mr. Broaddus was well qualified to be a teacher as well as a preacher, and again and again in his life he gave himself, at least for a part of his time, to this very important work. From 1834 to 1839, he had charge of a boarding-school in Middleburg. While scholars of both sexes were admitted, the school, Rev. W. A. Whitescarver assures us, was not co-educational. Two large rooms, one occupied by the boys, the other by the girls, opened into each other. Mr. Broaddus sat between the two rooms, and heard the classes first from one room and then from the other. This school was well attended, and evidently of high grade; it was in session almost all the year save a brief vacation in the summer. During his life at Middleburg, Mr. Broaddus had a controversy with Rev. Mr. Slicer, presiding elder of the Potomac

District of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After a sermon or so by these two preachers the discussion was carried on through the newspapers and pamphlets. The debate was not of Mr. Broaddus' choosing, for he was most truly a man of peace; indeed, this was so very true that later in life, Rev. Dr. C. C. Bitting suggested that he be called the "Great Worthy Harmonizer." Doubtless, as is usually the case, both sides claimed the victory. This fact, however, should be set down. At the time of the discussion Upperville, where the sermons were preached, and its surrounding country, were decidedly Methodist territory. To-day in this same section Baptists predominate in numbers and influence. Mr. Whitescarver thinks the change was due to Mr. Broaddus and his sermons and writings at the time of the controversy.

The decade from 1840 to 1850, Mr. Broaddus spent in Kentucky, living at Lexington, Shelbyville, and Versailles. Here again, besides his work as pastor, he had a school. He was led into the school enterprise at this time partly from financial considerations. It seems that while at Middleburg he had been led into mercantile business as a silent partner. This business had failed and left him responsible for the liabilities of the concern. He went to work to pay the debt, and, with its "Kentucky prices and Southern patronage," his Shelbyville school soon put him square with his creditors. While in Kentucky, the wife of his youth, with whom he had passed some thirty years of blessed married life, and who had borne him six children, died on September 8, 1850. In this connection mention might be made of his second wife, who was Mrs. Susan Burbridge, to whom he was married July 29, 1851, and who died April 21, 1852. It may be timely to mention at this point that his third wife was the widow of Dr. Fleet, her maiden name having been Miss Semple.

While in Kentucky, Mr. Broaddus took an active part in the controversy then raging in regard to the views of Alexander Campbell, that were doing much to divide and dismember many Baptist churches. Once at least during this period he revisited the scenes of his earlier days in Virginia. The trip from the "dark and bloody ground" to the Old Dominion was at that day a much more serious undertaking than it is to-day. Concerning this journey, which consumed considerable time, he wrote a series of letters to the *Religious Herald*. One letter, during this period, to his nephew, John A. Broadus, urges his acceptance of the chair of ancient languages at Georgetown College, to which position he had just been elected, and another laments his declining the place. One church to which he preached in Kentucky declared that they could not promise him any definite amount, but that they would try and do their best for him. Mr. Broaddus accepted this announcement without any comment. After the service, as he was about to leave, some brother said: "We will see you up the third Sunday?" (That was the next appointment.) Mr. Broaddus replied: "I do not know; if I have nothing else to do, and if it suits me, I suppose you may look for me, but I could not promise definitely." The members did not understand what he meant, so he said: "Since you can not promise me any definite salary I thought it was only fair that I should not promise you any definite service." The church saw the point and voted him a regular salary. It is evident that he was not overburdened with salary, as it is known that at this time four churches to which he preached paid him all told $400 a year. The burning of his school in Shelbyville led him to return to Virginia.

More than once Mr. Broaddus engaged in agency work, for which he had especial gifts. He now advocated the claims of Columbian College and pressed its

endowment. Dr. Geo. Boardman Taylor described him, as he appeared at this time, as follows: "He was portly in form, but of a corresponding height, with a large but not disproportionate head, altogether a figure noble and imposing. His manner was a rare combination of the cordial and dignified, and while he was most approachable, no one could treat him with undue freedom. . . . He was extremely social, liking specially the company of a few kindred spirits. Himself a capital raconteur, with an inexhaustible store of good things, he was none the less a sympathetic listener. Able to discuss abstract questions, and, with clearly cut opinions on many subjects, he was most in his element when living issues and practical themes of every-day life were considered. Full of innocent peculiarities he was in nothing an extremist. . . . He was a wise counselor, his sentiment being tempered with common sense. On one occasion he was appealed to by a pastor, who was distressed and indignant at the ungenerous conduct of one of his members. You are right, he said; his course is not to be admired, but do not make an issue, for after all that conduct is within the limits of naked justice, and you can not get average men to stand against it. The seeker was disappointed, but afterwards found the advice excellent. . . . Dr. Broaddus was a charming preacher. I use the adjective advisedly, both as to matter and manner. He dwelt chiefly on the brighter side of religion, seldom hurling the thunders of the law, but seeking rather to win men by the attractions of the cross. . . . His manner in the pulpit was deliberate, solemn, persuasive. He never lacked for a word, or for the right one. You felt that he was perfect master of himself and of the situation. Much of his charm as a speaker lay in his voice, which was musical, powerful, of a wide range, and under perfect control. . . . But if persuasion be the aim and end of oratory, then

he was, at least in his best estate, an orator of good degree, for with his wonderful combination of gifts, and above all with the unction of the Holy Spirit, he was a master of assemblies. . . . While usually content to pursue the beaten track in preaching, he was full of resources for special needs. Having gone to Baltimore, when the cause there was low, to hold a protracted meeting, he preached the first night to a very slim congregation. At the close of the service he said: 'People in the city think they can live as they list and not go to hell, but I will show to-morrow night that city sinners go to hell as well as country folks.' The news of this spread abroad . . . and the next evening the old Round Top Church was filled to the utmost of its large capacity. A gracious revival and ingathering followed, and a great impulse was given to the cause of Christ. Dr. Broaddus' sermons . . . never wearied the people, and were always of moderate length. . . . He closed his discourses promptly, sometimes almost abruptly, even making a point of this. . . . He had two or three physical peculiarities which sometimes occasioned embarrassment to himself and others. . . . To eat a morsel of fowl had the same effect. (Produced nausea.) . . . His well-known antipathy to cats caused him real distress. He was not afraid of them, as some people supposed, but the touch or near presence of a cat produced sickness in the sense which the English give to the word. . . . He not only loved a good joke, but could tell it with the utmost seriousness, and keep back the point so as to produce the greatest impression. . . . One quaint word, which Dr. Broaddus had received from a minister of the former generation, I have ever kept in mind, and now hand it on for the benefit of my younger brethren, viz.: If you leave a church or field be sure to do it in such a way that, in case you ever come back, they will not set the dogs on you. . . . He

had his theories on most subjects. One of them was that bad news should be told abruptly and without preamble. He thought, too, that people should be very careful about attempting to right what seemed to be wrong, unless all the circumstances were known. . . . He once approached a field of growing wheat, the gate to which was wide open, and he did not hesitate to shut it; . . . hardly had he done so when he saw his mistake. Some cattle had entered, which the owner was seeking to drive out, but when they found the door closed they turned wildly and stampeded away in every direction, trampling down the grain in a way to greatly damage it. Then the owner came up, furious and profane, and it was all that Dr. Broaddus could do to appease him. . . . Take him all in all, when shall we see his like again? He ranked with the best of his contemporaries."

In the summer of 1853, he became pastor of the Fredericksburg Church. While the church was neither large nor wealthy, it had had able pastors. He saw at once that a new meeting-house was of supreme importance, and the handsome edifice which he erected remains to this day a noble monument to his wisdom and zeal. His predecessor had seen a number of his members withdraw to join the Christian Church. This had so distressed him that his defense of his own views and his attacks upon the rival church were sharp and frequent. On the arrival of the new pastor the people came in crowds to hear what new arguments he would advance against the Christian denomination. They were disappointed. He carefully avoided such discussions. Along with his pastorate he conducted a school for girls. For some years he taught it in the basement of the church. The boarding department was in his own home. Under his administration the church came to have a standing and influence in the community it had never had before. During these Fredericksburg years, Dr.

Broaddus was a leader in the Goshen and other district associations of Virginia, and in the General Association. Without giving up his pastorate, in 1859, he took an agency for the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and continued in it until the fall of 1860.

On July 29, 1862, Dr. Broaddus and six other citizens of Fredericksburg were arrested by Federal officers, and carried to Washington and held as prisoners in the Old Capitol Prison of that city, as hostages for four Union men confined as traitors by the Confederate authorities. The diary which he kept during this trying time is extant, and is most interesting. His friends in Baltimore sent him food and other things that in no small measure relieved the severity of his disagreeable situation. He saw much that was humorous in his environment, and did much to comfort and cheer his fellow-prisoners. It was not until September 26th that he was once again in Fredericksburg, a free man.

By the shelling of Fredericksburg, during the attack of October 11, 1862, the house of Dr. Broaddus was rendered uninhabitable, and in the days that followed much of his furniture was stolen or damaged. At this juncture there came a call from the Charlottesville church. It was accepted, and Dr. Broaddus began his work there, Sunday, January 25, 1863. Besides his preaching and visiting as pastor he was zealous in doing all that he could for the soldiers in the hospitals in the town. Not only on Sunday, but on week days, he preached and visited in the various wards. These were days when rumors of battles were new nearly every day, and when the anxiety of those who stayed with the stuff was almost as terrible as the suffering of the soldiers on the tented field. Dr. Broaddus boarded for a while at the Albemarle Female Institute, then in charge of Prof. John Hart; later he had his own home, and himself had a number of boarders. During the Charlottesville

pastorate, and just after the War, a conference was held between a number of leading men in the Baptist and Disciple denominations to see if there was any possibility of the two bodies uniting. Dr. Broaddus was one of the moving spirits in this gathering, but unfortunately no practical results were reached.

The work with which Dr. Broaddus' active service closed was in an agency to raise money for the education of the orphans of Confederate soldiers. His love for children, and his lifelong interest in education, made this work doubly congenial to him, while his tact and skill in raising money peculiarly qualified him for it. No attempt was made to establish schools, but simply to provide tuition, for as many orphans as possible, in schools already in existence. This of course was before the day of public schools. At first Dr. Broaddus carried on this work in connection with his pastorate, but finally he resigned his church, and gave his whole time to the cause of the orphans. He traveled constantly, visiting churches, district associations, and other gatherings, pleading for gifts, also, as he went along, from individuals. He was to a high degree successful in this undertaking. In 1865, he was called to the pastorate of his old charge in Fredericksburg. While he declined this call, a little later he made Fredericksburg once more his home, still carrying on his agency work. His last days were marked by heavy and sad affliction. Blindness came upon him, which even the best medical skill did not relieve, and before the end his mind became unsettled. From these great distresses he was delivered on September 8, 1876, when he passed to his heavenly reward. His ashes rest beneath the sod of the Fredericksburg cemetery. In 1896, the Virginia Baptist Historical Society gave strong evidence of the denomination's high esteem for Dr. Broaddus, by holding a memorial meeting, at which there were papers and addresses setting forth his life and character.

THOMAS W. ROBERTS

In Nelson County, Virginia, Thomas W. Roberts was born and died. In this county, also, a large part of his life work was done. He first saw the light on February 22, 1817. At once his parents, who were deeply pious, dedicated him to God. When he was still a small child, his mother would take him up on her lap and pray that God would make him a Christian minister. This made a great impression on him, and, in after years, when his mother's prayers had been answered, he would tell parents of his mother's concern and method in this matter. When he was fifteen years old he was baptized, by Elder Charles Wingfield, into the fellowship of Mount Shiloh Church, and he remained a member here until the day of his death. Soon he felt called to preach, and turned his steps towards Richmond College. His course there, however, was broken into by the failure of his health, and he became, for a season, at any rate, a teacher. There are men still living who remember him as "the best man, the best teacher" they ever knew. This feebleness of health was more than once a clog to his service and usefulness. In 1841, he was ordained to the gospel ministry, though the records are not uniform as to the ministers who formed the Presbytery, the following brethren being named as having had part in this service: Elders Charles Wingfield, Thos. N. Johnson, I. S. Tinsley, and S. B. Rice. From the very first much of Mr. Roberts' work was that of a pioneer. For years he was the missionary of the State Mission Board, his territory being the counties of Nelson, Amherst, Augusta, and Rockingham. He was the first person who ever baptized any candidate, that is, immersed them, at the town of Waynesboro. In his journal he thus describes this interesting occasion: "A large

crowd assembled on either side of the river to witness the novel sight, but there was no disturbance; the crowd behaved with perfect decorum, but there was no singing." At Waynesboro he preached in a hall; to-day the Baptists have in this town a commodious and beautiful house of worship. In these counties, which made up his field, he wielded a wide influence, and did much good. In the course of years he was instrumental in the establishment of these churches: Fairmount, St. Stephens, Mineral Spring, Walnut Grove, Laurel Hill, and Jonesborough. In 1852, reporting his work through the State Board to the General Association, he said: " . . . Aided in constituting two churches, and in ordaining two ministers. Organized two Sunday schools and hope to establish others soon. . . . The meeting-house in the southern part of Nelson . . . is the largest and most neatly finished edifice in all the surrounding country. It is deeded, as are all the houses I aid in building, to our denomination." This year he preached 126 sermons, delivered forty-eight addresses, and baptized forty-seven persons. Dr. C. Tyree said of him and his work: "No minister of the Albemarle Association for the last thirty years has done more to spread Christianity than this good man. For twenty years he was the leading, the most laborious, and the most useful preacher in the counties of Amherst, Nelson, Albemarle, and Augusta. . . . He was the pastor of most of the leading churches in Amherst and Nelson, and under his care they attained to a measure of prosperity that had never been vouchsafed to them before or since. Mount Moriah, Ebenezer, Adiel, Mount Shiloh, and Walnut Grove were greatly increased in numbers and activity by his pastoral supervision, and plain, affectionate preaching. . . . He was not only a good evangelist and protracted-meeting preacher, but was one of the best pastors that God has ever given

to the churches of that region. He was not in the usual sense of the word a great preacher; others surpassed him in pulpit ability, but none in usefulness. . . . He equalled any we have known in the art of giving conversation a religious turn, and in approaching the irreligious in behalf of his Master. . . . While he was a friend and great favorite of the poor, he was popular and useful among the cultivated and wealthy. . . . His meekness, modesty, love for Christ and souls were always apparent. . . . He possessed some traits of effective preaching. In style, arrangement, and strength of thought he was not remarkable. . . . He was to a rare extent natural. . . . His preaching was an animated conversation, to his hearers, about the things of Christ. . . . He was noted for his affectionateness in his preaching. . . . These are some of the elements of character that made this minister one of the mightiest moral and religious powers that has ever lived within our memory in this region of the State."

For years before his death a severe bronchial trouble made it necessary for him to give up preaching. So he established at his home, "Oakland," not far from Rockfish Depot, a school for girls. This undertaking was highly successful. Many young women, who could not afford to go to the larger and more expensive schools, received here a good education. His influence upon his students was most helpful. Shortly before this school was opened, on January 25, 1866, he was married to Miss Annie M. Thomas, of Fluvanna County. For years before his death he was a great sufferer, but during almost all this time he was actively engaged in work for his Master. For several months before his end came his health grew worse, yet he was calm and peaceful in the prospect of death. He had words of cheer, directions for his burial, testimony as to his hope for

the beyond, as first one and then another held converse with him. He declared that for the solemn hour of death he had made his preparation when he was a boy. Charlie Blain, a little boy who had lived with him for three years, he charged to meet him in heaven. On Sunday morning, September 17, 1876, he passed to his reward. His funeral sermon, according to his request, was preached by his pastor, Rev. W. A. Tyree, from the words: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to usward."

WILLIAM S. BLAND*

When Elisha inquired of the Shunammite woman what he might do for her to repay her kindness to him, her answer was: "I dwell among my own people." In this restless age it is interesting to read the story of a life spent in one place. This was true of the one whom this sketch commemorates. His birth and pastoral work and death were all in the same general section of the Old Dominion. He was born in King and Queen County, on June 20, 1820. He made profession of his faith in Christ, October 11, 1837, and was baptized by E. S. Amory, and became a member of the Pocorone Baptist Church. Upon his ordination to the ministry the Presbytery consisted of Elders John Spencer, R. S. Shebbs, and T. B. Evans. In 1851, he graduated at Richmond College, the subject of his graduating essay being, "The Reformation," and his fellow-graduates: M. B. Howell, Geo. Wm. Keesee, Geo. B. Taylor, Wm. D. Thomas. On January 20, 1853, he began his pastorate of Bethlehem Church, a pastorate which was to last, with the exception of one year, until his death. Here was a church that had been established in 1790, that had been known first as Cox's meeting-house, then as Spring Creek, and that finally had taken the name of Bethlehem. At the beginning of the century, during a great revival, more than 150 persons were added to the church. During seven months, in 1853, the pastor had baptized some 310 persons into its fellowship. During most of the pastorate of Mr. Bland, the church consisted of about 115 white and 150 colored members. Picture, reader, the meetings month by month. For

*Based mainly on Moore's "History of the Middle District Association."

short periods, Mr. Bland was pastor of Bethel (March 12, 1859, to December 31, 1864), Liberty (1868), Mt. Hermon (1875), Tomahawk (1855-59), all of these churches being in the Middle District Association. In 1854 and 1871, he preached the annual sermon of this association, and for four years (1872-75) was its moderator. "His sermons were always delivered with much calmness and deliberation. But he never failed to command the respect and attention of those whom he addressed. He was a model of piety and ministerial propriety." His life was as powerful as his pulpit work. "A short time before he breathed his last he remarked with distinctness and emphasis: 'My advice to you all is to be good Christians. Always be true to Christ.'" His death took place November 11, 1876.

HOWARD W. MONTAGUE*

Not unfrequently in the story of Virginia Baptist preachers, the son of a preacher becomes a preacher. So it was with Howard W. Montague, who was the eldest son of Rev. Philip Montague, one of Virginia's most consecrated ministers. This son was born in Middlesex County, Virginia, October 10, 1810. Subsequently his father removed to Essex County, and here the son spent the rest of his days. After he became a minister, year after year in the Minutes of the General Association his address appears as "Millers, Essex County." He was baptized by his father, and his father was a member of the presbytery which ordained him to the gospel ministry. The former event, by which he became a member of the Mount Zion Church, Essex County, took place the second Sunday in November, 1837, and the latter in 1840, when, along with his father, Elders A. Broaddus and William Southwood laid hands on his head. Some two years before his ordination he had been married, on October 23, 1838, to Miss Mildred C. Broaddus, a daughter of Rev. Andrew Broaddus. During his life he was a minister, at different times, of Mount Zion (his mother church), Ephesus, Piscataway, Howerton's, and Upper Essex, in Essex County; Bethel, in Caroline County, and Shiloh and Round Hill, King George County. He had appointments at yet other churches, and was an earnest worker in many protracted meetings in his own and neighboring churches. He was gifted with a vigorous intellect, was an original thinker, and "often his strong and startling thoughts were poured out in a torrent of natural eloquence." He died at his residence, June 9, 1876, calmly and peacefully, "having been an honored and useful minister of the gospel for a period of thirty-six years."

*Based on obituary in Minutes of the General Association, 1878.

MORDECAI HAGOOD*

Mordecai Hagood was born in Halifax County, Virginia, on Christmas Day, 1806. He was baptized into the fellowship of the Strait Stone Church, Pittsylvania County, in 1842, and was licensed to preach by the same church. He was ordained to preach in the Mount Pleasant Church, Pittsylvania County. During his ministry he served the following churches: Ellis Creek and County Line, Halifax County; Pleasant Grove and Shiloh, Campbell County; Buffalo, Red Creek, Gum Spring, Mount Pleasant, Sommerset, Liberty, and Green Pond, Pittsylvania County. He died suddenly of disease of the heart on March 13, 1876, in Pittsylvania County.

*From Minutes of the General Association of Virginia, 1877.

WILLIAM HANKINS

William Hankins was born in Charlotte County, Virginia, November 29, 1807. At that time neither of his parents were professors of religion. At the age of thirteen he became interested upon the subject of religion, and was a frequent attendant upon the services of the sanctuary and the inquiry meetings; the light broke in by degrees, and, amid conflicting hopes and fears, he turned his feet unto God's testimonies. While he rejoiced in the conversion of members of his father's family and other friends, he was deeply grieved to see them ignore and neglect the ordinance of baptism, to his mind, so clearly taught and enjoined in the Scriptures. He for a time thought of joining the Presbyterians, at Briery, but this, in the light of God's word, he could not conscientiously do. For three years he continued reading and praying, having a strong desire to do his Master's will and to be obedient to His commands, and at the same time a natural inclination to be associated in church fellowship with his father, mother and brother, but remembering that the Master had said, "Whosoever loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me," he dared not subordinate his allegiance to Christ to his natural love for his kindred.

On Saturday, October 1, 1831, he presented himself to, and was received by, the Ash Camp (now Keysville) Baptist Church, in Charlotte County, as a candidate for baptism, and on the 30th of the same month received the ordinance at the hands of Elder A. W. Clopton. At this time he was engaged in teaching school, devoting his leisure moments to meditations and prayer, and the diligent study of God's word. Having an ardent desire for the salvation of souls, he, in April, 1832, opened a Sun-

day school in the home of his brother, where for the first time he led in public prayer. In the following year several members of the school were converted. On February 9, 1833, he left home to engage in teaching, and on September 1st, following, he delivered his first public exhortation. From time to time he bought such useful books as came in his way, including Scott's Commentary and Buck's Theological Dictionary, and seemed on all opportunities to do good; his labors in the Sunday school, prayer-meeting, and social circle being abundant. It is not known precisely when he was formally "licensed to preach," but at Ash Camp, in the absence of the pastor, he, on Sunday, October 5, 1834, "for the first time took a text and attempted to preach a sermon"; and on Tuesday, December 23d of that year, was married to Miss Mildred J. Lipscomb.

On February 3, 1849, he started to Franklin County, and on Sunday, the 11th of that month, followed the pastor, Elder Arnold Walker, in a sermon, at Town Creek Meeting House; and on September 29th of that year began building his house, in Franklin County, near Providence Church, of which body he and his wife subsequently became faithful members. This home which he built was his place of abode till the day on which he went up to take his place in the "many-mansioned house."

At the call of Providence Church he was, on September 14, 1853, by a Presbytery composed of Elders William Harris, T. C. Goggin, and Pleasant Brown, ordained to the work of the ministry, from which time, like they who were scattered abroad on account of persecution after the death of Stephen, he went everywhere "preaching the word," and eternity alone will reveal the blessed fruits of his self-denying labors. In the organization of the Blue Ridge Association, at Mayo, in 1858, he was chosen clerk, which position he filled for the

greater part of the remainder of his life, the last meeting of that body he attended being at Meadows of Dan, in August, 1876. When the brethren met at Providence, the following August, they were called upon to chronicle his death, and to look upon his newly made grave. Elders R. D. Haymore and J. Lee Taylor were appointed to prepare a suitable memorial paper for publication in the minutes of the body. Subsequently the church set on foot a move to enclose and suitably mark his grave. The Association took the matter up, and carried forward the work to a successful completion.

J. Lee Taylor.

HERNDON FRAZER

"The Frazers are of Norman descent, the family reaching America, however, through Scotland. Tracing back to the tenth century there is naturally some uncertainty as to its origin and name. According to early Scotch chronicles 'the surname Fraser was amongst the earliest of those we had from Normandy . . . their armorial bearing being a field azure *semé* with strawberries, called in French *fraises*. . . . Experiencing different modifications the name of old was indiscriminately Fraizean and Frisel, and in some ancient records we find the clan styled Fresal or Fraser.'" William Frazer came to America early in the eighteenth century, and settled in the vicinity of Norfolk. After some years, in order that he might give his sons the benefit of William and Mary College, he moved to Spottsylvania County. Here, on April 20, 1792, his great-grandson, Herndon Frazer, was born, his parents being Anthony Frazer, an officer in the Revolutionary War, and Hannah Herndon. Herndon was one of ten children, and so had that environment that discourages the growth of selfishness, and prepares for worthy social living. He had his academic training in such schools as were at that day accessible to the sons of the well-to-do, and then went to Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. After leaving college he devoted some years to teaching. He loved books and study, and giving himself much to English literature, especially the poets, he came to be a man of more than ordinary culture, his speech, whether private or public, being ever enriched by recourse to the treasures of classic lore.

He became a Christian in early life, but it was not until 1841 that he was ordained to the gospel ministry, although before this he had preached no little. Con-

cerning his ordination, which took place at Mount Hermon Church, August 14th, he wrote in his diary: "On this day I (a poor sinner) was ordained to the arduous, solemn, and responsible work of the gospel ministry, by a Presbytery consisting of our pastor, James L. Powell, and Elders John C. Gordon, and Jacob W. Herndon, invited by the church to aid in this business. Lord, help me to fulfil the expectations of my friends, for without Thee I can do nothing good, since in me, that is in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing. Lord, hear my prayer and grant that I may never be guilty of conduct incompatible with the office to which I have been called by Thy permissive Providence. May it have been with Thy approbation, and may the few days that I have to spend on earth be employed in efforts to promote Thy glory! Amen and Amen." Mr. Frazer's career as a preacher is intimately connected with the history of the Goshen Association, in what might be called the golden age of this body. For a number of years this Association maintained a separate and independent missionary life, appointing many of its own missionaries, and raising some five or six thousand dollars a year, a remarkably large sum of money for that day. For a number of years Mr. Frazer was the clerk of the body and an important factor in its life. The churches he served for longer or shorter periods were: Mount Hermon, Zion, Antioch, Lower Gold Mine, Mount Pisgah, Trinity, Mechanicsville, and Elk Creek. Rev. Dr. J. L. Johnson tells, as follows, how Mr. Frazer was one party in a unique arrangement as to the pastorate of Mount Hermon Church: "He [Rev. Mr. Frazer] and Elder James L. Powell . . . had what may be called a partnership tenure of the pastorate; that is to say, with perfect understanding of the church, one of them would be called as pastor, accept the call, and serve the church for a number of years and then resign. I think I can recall

a number of successions of this kind. There was no friction; the two preachers were neighbors, were intimate friends, and utterly unlike. They attended each other's services and seemed to enjoy them. I sometimes think they engineered the whole thing with a perfect understanding between them." The further description which Dr. Johnson gives of Mr. Frazer helps us to see him: "Mr. Frazer was a man of uncommonly fine physique and would arrest the eye of a stranger in any gathering. His dress was always carefully considered, and his carriage would suggest that he had been a student of military movements. Corresponding with these were his simplest utterances, every sentence seeming to have been fashioned and laid aside beforehand, ready to be called up on occasion. And yet nothing seemed artificial or stilted, but quite as natural as if he had grown up that way, as I think he did. Everybody held him in highest esteem, and I never heard from any person a discrediting utterance about him. While he was serving a term as pastor once, he had an eruption on his upper lip and could not use his razor. As soon as the activity of the latter ceased, a moustache that lay in hiding made its appearance, and went into the pulpit too. That was an outrage upon public opinion in those days: 'Baptists never persecute, but a Baptist preacher must not wear a moustache.' Nobody stopped to consider the inconsistency of the two propositions, and a good-sized stir was imminent, especially among the ladies. When the preacher took in the situation he informed the people that the presence of the offending member was no more according to his will than theirs, indeed was over his protest, and it would be removed as soon as circumstances would permit. Then all was peace; and sympathetic smiles and regrets took the place of frowns.

"Mr. Frazer's style in speaking was that of the teacher rather than that of the preacher—didactic, expository.

The pulpit in those days was much given to spiritualizing, but he would have none of it. His utterances were measured; his thoughts suggested mainly by the text, and following one another in logical order. He was in no sense a 'protracted-meeting preacher,' but his life was like a light that shone steadily and always. One of his sermons was to me probably the best and the most profitable I ever heard. Near his house and on the road that led from it to the church and post-office, a school was taught by his neighbor, Mr. Reuben Coleman, one of the most godly men I ever knew. Mr. Frazer often passed the school-house, and usually on horseback. I attended this school one year, although it was hard upon five miles from my father's, and one day Mr. Frazer came along during recess, and found a crowd of us boys perched upon the rail fence that skirted the road. Whether or not he meant to give us a sermon I do not know, but he stopped, and, with his horse and saddle for a pulpit, began to talk to us. I might say his text was the question: 'What three things does a young man most need in this life?' and his words took, in my mind, the orthodox form of a sermon, with three divisions, viz.: 1. Religion. 2. Health. 3. Education. It seemed to me that he had his answer partly wrong, and that Religion and Education ought to change places in the schedule of life. However, the sermon lingered with me, and the more I pondered over it the more I inclined to accept it. I am sure it had something to do with my future."

The following incidents from the pen of Mr. John Hart, Sr., illustrate the character of Mr. Frazer, to whom they refer, and give one a peep into the life of the Goshen Association in those days: "Rather easily flurried and thrown off his balance, he was not always proof against the interruptions incident to a country congregation. In a sermon at Lower Gold Mine he mentioned some very degrading sins, and added apologetic-

ally that he could not suppose any of that audience guilty of those sins. A half-drunken wag stood up and said: 'Right you are about that, Mr. Frazer. I don't think any of these people do such things.' The sermon did not go on. On another occasion, while the Goshen was on the high tide of prosperity, Mr. Frazer was taking a collection for the Board. A pompous rich man, not a member, rose and walked to the clerk's desk, floating between forefinger and thumb a twenty-dollar note. The preacher's eyes glistened through his glasses with pleased expectation. The gentleman waved the note down on the table and bade the clerk 'change that and take out a quarter.' The exquisite politeness of Herndon Frazer did not repress a very audible 'sigh' of disappointment."

Mr. Frazer was married twice. His first wife, who was Huldah Herndon, daughter of Joseph Herndon, and who left no children, died in April, 1845. About four years after this he married Martha L. Rawlings, whose two children were Herndon, familiarly called Don, and Huldah. Don, who gave promise of a life of distinction, just upon the threshold of young manhood, fell a victim to typhoid fever. This severe blow, along with that of the Civil War, proved to be more than the venerable man of God could bear. In earlier days his home had been that of "the country gentleman with the air of amplitude and refinement, and bespeaking always a hospitality that made everything the property of its guests." After the War he was left with but scant comforts. On July 20, 1877, when he lacked but one month of having reached the good old age of eighty-five, he passed to his eternal reward, full of years, of faith, and of hope.

This sketch gives facts and in some cases language taken from papers prepared by Rev. W. J. Decker, Dr. Robert Frazer, and Rev. Dr. J. L. Johnson.

PUTNAM OWENS

Putnam Owens, who was born in King and Queen County, February 14, 1813, was one of three brothers, who were Baptist preachers. His brothers were Rev. R. R. Owens and Rev. Warren Owens. He was licensed to preach, by the First Church, Petersburg, July 12, 1834. He was educated at Richmond College, and on November 19, 1838, his ordination to the ministry took place, the Presbytery consisting of Rev. Smith Sherwood, Rev. Thomas Hume, Sr., and Rev. J. S. Baker, at Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Virginia. In 1839, he became pastor of the Suffolk Church, and also of the Smithfield and Shoulders Hill churches. The churches which he served longest were Black Creek, Southampton County; Western Branch, Nansemond County; Beaver Dam, Isle of Wight County, and South Quay, Nansemond County. He was pastor of Black Creek thirty-six years, and of the other three not quite so long. In 1878, the year after his death, these four churches aggregated 926 members, with a Sunday-school enrollment of 513. The records show that at Western Branch, in 1855, he baptized twenty-four, and the same year, at Beaver Dam, thirty-eight. During his whole ministry he baptized more than 1,522 persons. He was a prominent and influential member of the Portsmouth Association, and he often attended the General Association, but his modesty prevented his worth from being widely known beyond the bounds of his own field. Of irreproachable and lovely character, firm in his adherence to the truth, scriptural in his preaching, he increased in power and usefulness to the end of his life. His death took place at the home of Dr. Kelso, after an illness of ten days, May 10, 1877.

JOSEPH HERNDON GORDON

Joseph Herndon Gordon, son of Elder John Churchill Gordon, was born March 15, 1810. It is quite the custom in Virginia for a son to have his mother's maiden name, and so it was with Mr. Gordon, his mother being a Miss Herndon. He became a preacher because the message of salvation was as a fire in his bones, and he could not but sound it forth. Although there were in his pathway obstacles that would have caused many a man to follow some other calling, or none at all, it was not so with him. He was a dwarf, being some four feet in height, with a head, hands, and feet large enough for a man of normal height. "This terrible deformity to one so well educated, so refined, so wealthy, in most cases would have caused a hiding away from the gaze of strangers, but it was not so with him. He had felt the blessed power of the gospel, and longed to bring every one around him to experience the same blessedness." He was pastor first and last of Flat Run, Zion, Mount Pisgah, and Mount Pony (now Culpeper Courthouse) churches, at least two of these being fields where his father before him had been the undershepherd. It was largely through his influence that Lael (Shiloh Association) was organized. Week after week he went to his appointments, preaching as best he could. His traveling was done on horseback, and at Flat Run the brethren put up a special horse block that he might more easily mount and dismount. A stout plank was fitted between two oak trees, with steps leading up from the ground. The steps have long since fallen, but the plank may still be seen held firmly in place by sixty or seventy yearly rings with which the strong oak trees have enclosed it, as though they are not willing for the work and spirit of such a man soon to be forgotten. In the

box pulpit at this church there was a bench on which he must needs stand in order to be seen by the congregation. After preaching for some years under these difficulties at Flat Run, he resigned, and was succeeded by Elder James Powell. This was the time when the churches of the Goshen Association were much stirred up by the "Test." This episode is fully described in another part of this volume. Notwithstanding his physical infirmity, which might have made him morose, he was "a model of cheerfulness, with the kindest feeling for all around him." He was a lover of children and was loved by them. He kept in his parlor for years two little rocking chairs for the especial benefit of the little folks that came to see him, and it would have been hard to decide whether these chairs gave the children or him more pleasure. For some ten years Mr. Gordon had another physical infirmity that was a sore affliction. He was blind. Yet he was industrious, always intent on some kindness for his neighbors, cheerful, and companionable. What a rebuke his sweet content and zeal and sunshine are to those who, with so much to make them happy, that he did not have, are yet peevish, dissatisfied, and always complaining! His wife, who, before her marriage, was Miss Lucy J. Holbut, during the years of his blindness, "released from the duty of housekeeping, devoted herself to waiting on and reading to him." He died October 17, 1877.

JAMES GREGORY*

James Gregory was born in Chesterfield County, Virginia, December 28, 1809. His first marriage took place on May 19, 1831. In August of the same year he was baptized by Jordan Martin. He was licensed to preach, July 12, 1834, and the following October was ordained. His second marriage was on March 12, 1856, when the bride was Rowena Dyson. About the time of his ordination the Zoar Association was formed. Upon the decision of the Middle District Association, to coöperate with the General Association of Virginia, a few churches that did not approve of missionary, Sunday school, and other such forms of work, and who felt that the money basis of representation in the association was unscriptural, withdrew, and organized the Zoar Association. This body seems to have had a feeble life, and about 1844 ceased to exist. Elder Gregory was evidently in sympathy with the principles of the Zoar Association, and he was one of the preachers on the Sabbath, at the meetings of the body at Angola, Cumberland County, in 1841, and at Sandy Creek, Amelia County, in August, 1843. Information is not at hand to show the churches Elder Gregory served in the first part of his ministry. On May 11, 1861, he became pastor of the Chesterfield Church, and continued to minister to this flock until his death, December 7, 1877. The Chesterfield Church, which had been a member of the Zoar Association, returned to the Middle District in 1855. Anti-missionary principles, however, were strong in this church, and, again and again, at the annual gatherings of the Middle District, unpleasant and unprofitable discussions on these subjects were

*Based on Moore's "History of the Middle District Association."

brought on by the delegates from this church. Elder Gregory preached the introductory sermon before the Middle District in its meeting at Mount Moriah, Powhatan County, in 1862, but he doubtless shared and promoted the anti-missionary views of his church. "He was an affectionate husband and parent, a worthy citizen, and good neighbor. He was a successful farmer and merchant, and owned a pleasant and attractive home, where it was his pleasure to dispense the most generous hospitality. He was quick in his movements, warm and impulsive in his temper, bold, and, at times, indiscreet in his utterances, unyielding in his religious opinions, and uncompromising in his views."

G. C. TREVILLIAN

G. C. Trevillian was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, June 12, 1793. He was married twice. His first wife was Miss Henrietta Carr. Of this union numerous children were born, but at the father's death only four of them were living. His second wife, who was Mrs. Thurman, lived but a short time. He was baptized by Elder John Goss, in 1826. In 1829, he was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry, and soon afterwards became the pastor of Liberty Baptist Church, Albemarle County. This church was organized in 1829; in 1833 it entertained the Albemarle Association, and in 1855 it numbered 146 members. He remained pastor of this church some twenty-six years. After this he worked several years as colporter. Dr. Turpin, in his "Brief History of the Albemarle Baptist Association," speaks of G. C. Trevillian as one of the most excellent workers in the field colporter work with whom the association had been favored. "His preaching was plain, practical, sound, and earnest." His piety was deep and genuine. Though a great sufferer, he met death with unwavering faith, repeating, a few hours before his death,

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly."

He passed away, on January 15, 1877, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. W. H. Loving, in Albemarle County.

NORVEL WINSBORO WILSON

Norvel Winsboro Wilson was born, October 20, 1834, at Franklin, the county seat of Pendleton County, Virginia (now West Virginia), "where the mountains climb the highest, valleys dip the deepest, streams sparkle brightest, and wild nature clothes herself in most rugged apparel." His parents were pious Methodists, and he was duly christened, receiving the name of Bishop Norvel Wilson, a well-known Methodist preacher. From his earliest years he seems to have delighted in the companionship of preachers, and with his "little sister" was a regular attendant upon religious worship, paying his "quarterage," and counting himself a full member of the church, for had he not been initiated? When, however, he was refused participation in the Lord's Supper he was much distressed, and resolving to fall from grace took part, at the first opportunity, in an old Virginia breakdown dance. His mother was a Miss Littell, whose ancestor was a brother of the Littell of the famous Littell's "Living Age." Her early death, of which she had seemed to have a presentiment, "proved a cloud big with mercy" to young Norvel. Would it not have been strange if his heart had remained untouched as he saw the good woman approach and meet her end, now preparing clothes for husband and children to wear when she should be gone, now wrestling with tears at the mercy seat for strength! His conversion occurred at a camp-meeting ground twelve miles from home, the distance seeming as nothing when once he became alarmed about his soul's welfare. After a night of agony the "joy of the Lord came with the morning," and so amazing did God's grace appear to the youth of fourteen he thought he surely "should never again sin against such mercy." His thoughts soon turned towards the

ministry, and so steps were taken to secure an education. His father agreed to give him the *time,* and his aunt the *board* while he attended a classical school. From the time when he left home with a heavy heart and a brown carpet bag, "a cabinet of treasures," in which were stored all his possessions, until he was eighteen years of age, young Wilson seems to have made good use of his opportunities. Nor did he ever forget the impressions and associations of these formative days. How vividly was pictured on memory the "tall, gawkish, white-haired boy with an eye that danced and rolled like a snake's, wearing a broken, rusty, seedy 'beaver,' with pantaloons covering about half the calf, bearing under his arm a half-washed shirt tied up in a greasy, red silk handkerchief," who appeared at the school one Sabbath morning! A boy who was to astonish them all by his thorough preparation and rapid advancement, and who was afterwards to become "a finished speaker, a first-rate scholar," and finally a college professor.

To obtain funds to go on with his education young Wilson now engaged in business. Of this period he, in later life, wrote as follows: "At eighteen, poor and inexperienced, I found myself two hundred miles from home, in midwinter, without an acquaintance, attempting to establish business, which, should it fail, would leave me without the means to take me back to home and friends. Everything was unpropitious, except that I had determined to succeed. And united with the resolution were earnest prayers and continued effort. Amid many discouragements God owned and prospered my labors." With success there came the temptation to turn away from the ministry, but he could not hush God's call. Upon his conversion he had united with the Moravians, but finally, much against his wishes, he became a Baptist, since he felt that duty led this way, and was baptized, September, 1857, at Laurel Grove Church, Halifax

County, Virginia. A correspondent of the *Religious Herald,* writing upon the occasion of Brother Wilson's baptism, said: "I have met with few young men superior to him in intellect." After almost a year spent in colporter work, he was ordained at Bethany Church, Pittsylvania County, Virginia, August 11, 1858; the sermon was preached by Elder W. M. Ferguson; the prayer was offered by Elder R. S. Hurt; the charge was delivered by Elder J. B. Hardwick; the Bible was presented by Elder S. Gardner. Before his ordination, he had received and accepted a call to Bethany and Mount Hermon churches, both in Pittsylvania County. He served these churches for more than a year, and then became pastor of the Cross Roads Church, in Halifax County, Virginia, and the Ephesus Church, eight miles away, in Person County, North Carolina. In 1861, Mr. Wilson resigned these churches, which he had served about eighteen months, to take charge of the church at Chapel Hill, the seat of the University of North Carolina. It was said that Mr. Wilson first became known as a preacher of rare excellence at Chapel Hill. No doubt the presence of students and professors in his congregation, and as his associates and neighbors, stimulated him to do his best work, and developed his splendid gifts. Certainly few places afford a more attractive home for a preacher of literary tastes, or a more important field of labor, since hundreds of young men may receive impressions for good, from a faithful minister, which will last for life. Mr. Wilson seemed to have been pleased with Chapel Hill, and Chapel Hill with him. His longest pastorate was here; the University conferred upon him the degree of M. A.; upon the visit of President Andrew Johnson and his cabinet to the Commencement, in 1865, town and gown selected Mr. Wilson to make the address of welcome; President Swain used to say that he was a man of most extraordinary power, and a writer from

Chapel Hill, no other than Mrs. C. P. Spencer (author of an excellent school history of North Carolina), wrote so gracefully to her denominational paper, the North Carolina *Presbyterian*, about Mr. Wilson, that a part of her letter, at least, should be quoted. A joint picnic of Baptists and Methodists, at Mount Carmel Church, Orange County, is described. Short speeches were part of the programme, and one of them was made by Mr. Wilson. The writer says: "The Rev. Mr. Wilson, of the Baptist Church, at Chapel Hill, can make a better and more graceful ten-minute speech than any minister I know. In fact, there is not a better or more effectual preacher anywhere—a man of spirit, sense, cultivation, and genius. I hope the Baptists are proud of him and know how to appreciate him. If they don't, then I do wish he was a Presbyterian."

In something over a year after going to Chapel Hill, Mr. Wilson was married to Miss Sallie F. Betts, of Black Walnut, Halifax County, Virginia, daughter of Captain W. S. Betts. This happy event occurred on June 13, 1862, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Wm. Slate.

In 1867, Mr. Wilson accepted a call to Farmville, Va., where he had, writes his wife, "two and a half years of sunshine and success. A loving, united church, ready for every good word and work, helped him in a glorious work for his Master." In 1870, he resigned his church in Farmville to accept a call to the Grace Street Church, Richmond, Va. In 1872, the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Wake Forest College, North Carolina. For seventeen years this church had enjoyed the privilege of having Dr. Jeter as their undershepherd, and when he resigned to give more of his time to the editorship of the *Religious Herald,* the congregation must have felt that it would be difficult to fill his place. Yet the sequel seems to show that the selection of Dr. Wilson was no mistake.

Dr. Wilson was pastor of Grace Street for nearly five years. During this time a revival occurred, he doing all the preaching, by which over 100 members were added to the church. In the five years of his pastorate 162 persons were baptized and $40,000 contributed to church and benevolent objects. Throughout these years his congregations were large and the church in a prosperous condition. The estimate of Dr. Wilson, as a preacher, which appeared in the *Herald,* upon Dr. Wilson's resignation, is especially interesting, as it comes from the former pastor of the church, from such a good judge as Dr. Jeter. He says: "Dr. Wilson is a preacher of rare endowments. We have heard ministers whose style was more polished, whose gestures were more graceful, and whose reasoning was more logical, but the freshness, originality, and vivacity of his sermons we have never known excelled. He never repeats his own thoughts or runs in old ruts, or even crosses his tracks without reminding his hearers of it. His preaching is eminently scriptural. All his discourses are drawn from the word of God. He may take the most familiar text and seem to be almost necessitated to follow the beaten track, and yet he will strike out on new trains of thought obviously drawn from the text or the context. We heard him preach almost constantly for several years, and we never listened to him without interest and instruction." Surely this is high praise.

For some months after his resignation of the Grace Street pastorate, Dr. Wilson was engaged most successfully in protracted meetings at several of our strongest Southern churches. He was at Walnut Street, Louisville, and at Coliseum Place, New Orleans, his work in the last place resulting in his becoming the pastor of the church. Dr. Wilson possessed unusual evangelistic ability, and in the course of his ministry helped many a brother pastor in series of special meetings.

Dr. Wilson's pastorate of three years in New Orleans was a season of varied activity and large usefulness. In his own church, in the denomination throughout the State, and among other denominations, he seems to have been greatly esteemed both as a preacher, and as a pure and humble Christian. We get a glimpse of his busy pastor life in an article, entitled "One Day," written in a genial vein, which appeared in the *Herald*. It is but a page from many a city pastor's life; a Wednesday is described, when scarcely any time is allowed to prepare the prayer-meeting talk, because of numerous and various demands and calls. Dr. Wilson was in demand to preach upon commencement and other anniversary occasions, while his own work in an important and difficult field went forward. An address on "The Bible," which he delivered in Dr. Palmer's church (Presbyterian), on the occasion of the twenty-eighth anniversary of the Southwestern Bible Society, was published in tract form for general distribution. In Richmond, Dr. Wilson had succeeded that tower of strength, Dr. Jeter; in New Orleans, he followed Dr. E. G. Taylor, a man of varied talents, sustaining and even increasing his reputation as a preacher. But dark clouds of disease and death were gathering. In the summer and fall of 1878 New Orleans and many other Southern cities were desolated by the yellow fever. In the midst of the plague a correspondent of one of our religious papers wrote: "The pestilence is, indeed, fearful. Our cities and towns are depopulated, our churches are scattered, and business suspended. Panic and hopelessness possess the hearts of the people." The possibility of the yellow fever in New Orleans had not been forgotten or left out of count by Dr. Wilson in his consideration of the call to Coliseum Place, and, before accepting, he had decided what he would do should the dreaded scourge come. He had no doubt as to what course to pursue. "My duty is to stay

and minister to this afflicted people," so he wrote to friends who urged him to escape. He remained at his post, and with him his whole family, but his house was not to escape the pestilence, which was walking at noontide. First his seven children, then his wife, and finally Dr. Wilson himself were prostrated by the fever. Writing to a friend in Richmond about his sick ones, Dr. Wilson said: "They are in God's hands, the subjects of many prayers, and I am hopeful. Of course I am worn, but well. The fourth chapter of Second Corinthians, eighth and ninth verses, describe our condition. 'We are troubled on every side, but not distressed. We are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.' I have escaped so far." All were very ill, three of the children having "the black vomit," usually counted a certain forerunner of death, but all recovered save the father. Littell, the oldest child, the first of the family to be taken with the fever, was prostrated about the 20th of August, and scarcely three weeks had passed when the summons of death came to the father; on Friday, September 6, 1878, this soldier of Christ fell at his post, fell with his armor on. Writing of these trying days and of the kindness of the church, Mrs. Wilson says: "Mothers and fathers could not have been kinder, gentler, more thoughtful. Dear old Coliseum! . . . They thought for us, planned for us, and took us to their homes, till the quarantine was raised about November 1st."

The funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Palmer, for many years the most distinguished Presbyterian minister in New Orleans, and one of the most distinguished ministers of his denomination in the South. Memorial services were held in Grace Street Church, Richmond, which were largely attended, when addresses were delivered by Drs. J. R. Garlick, W. E. Hatcher, J. L. M Curry, J. B. Jeter, and Rev. J. Z. Tyler, of the Christian

Church. Subsequently Dr. Wilson's remains were removed from New Orleans to Richmond, at which time still other services appropriate to the occasion were held.

Dr. Wilson was rather below than above the average height, but of well-proportioned figure. His face was not stern, though serious and marked by great dignity. His glance suggested strength of purpose and character. His high and broad forehead did not mislead as to his intellectual power. A beard of unusual length and softness contributed to his striking individuality. Dr. Wilson was a good musician, qualified to instruct others in an art which was dear to him, and which he believed to be essential to a thorough education. During his pastorate at Chapel Hill he took steps to establish at that place a musical school. This enterprise was cut short, however, in its very incipiency, by Dr. Wilson's removal to Farmville. Akin to music is poetry, and Dr. Wilson sometimes exercised his gift in writing verses. On his forty-second birthday he wrote a poem, entitled "My Birthday," from which the stanzas that follow are selected:

"Fast flitting days and swift rolling spheres,
Are swinging me onward 'tis true,
My old clock TIME,
In her yearly chime,
Has this morning struck, *Forty-two.*
. . . . . .
The weary and worn from toil shall rest,
For the wicked their troubling cease;
No plough-shares of CARE
Shall furrows lay bare,
On that mount of ceaseless PEACE."

Dr. Wilson was scarcely a copious writer, yet his contributions for the religious papers were not a few, and were always marked by freshness and vigor. Dr. Wilson was, however, at his best as a preacher. Strong words concerning his power in the pulpit have already been quoted. Dr. Gambrell, writing of Dr. Wilson's death,

in the Mississippi *Record,* said: "In every place he took a commanding position as a preacher. . . . As a preacher he was the peer of the best in the whole South. . . . Dr. Wilson was at home in the pulpit. . . . The next and only other time we heard him preach was at Summit. . . . The hidden resources of Jesus was his subject. We have heard but few discourses in our life equal to that in power. . . . Dr. Wilson was a remarkable platform speaker, as well as a great preacher. . . . In our last Convention his speech on missions was the best we have ever heard from any one. It thrills in our heart yet." Dr. Daniel Witt, who lived near Farmville while Dr. Wilson was pastor there, once told Dr. J. R. Garlick that the members of the Farmville church used to say: "Dr. Wilson preaches like an angel." Dr. Wilson's preaching was scriptural, it was attractive, and it was with power. What nobler aspiration for a preacher than to know how to preach, that by the foolishness of preaching God may lead men to that solid rock described in Dr. Wilson's favorite hymn, which he is said to have introduced into Richmond, and which was sung at his funeral:

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest fame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

A learned professor of an eminent institution of learning, not Baptist, did not hesitate to pronounce Dr. Wilson one of the best, if not *the* best, of the preachers whom he had heard.

WILLIAM MOORE

The minutes of the General Association for 1878 chronicle the death of William Moore. His body rests in a family graveyard some two miles from Walker's Church, Appomattox County, Virginia. At the age of seventy-three years and six months, having been a successful and active minister of the gospel for more than half a century, he fell on sleep. The larger part of his ministry seems to have been spent in the James River Association, where he was pastor of the following churches, members of that body: Union, Chestnut Grove, Mount Hope, and Buckingham. This last church, which is in the lower end of the county whose name it bears, during 150 years had but four pastors, Wm. Moore, whose service was from 1841 to 1846, being one of them. He was the moderator of the James River Association, at the sessions of 1842, 1845, and 1846; preached the introductory sermon in 1842, and was one of the preachers in 1833, 1834, 1835, 1840, 1847, and 1856. In 1855-1856 he was for a season a missionary of the State Mission Board, working in Buckingham and Cumberland counties, and giving most of his time to protracted-meeting work. In these meetings there were sixty conversions. While with the State Board he also organized one church, and distributed and sold books. Towards the end of his life he was pastor of the Rocks Church, in Appomattox County, Appomattox Association.

THADDEUS HERNDON

Thaddeus Herndon was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, May 9, 1807. He fell on sleep June 2, 1878. He was the eldest of four brothers (Richard N., Traverse D., and Henry T.), who were useful and honored Baptist ministers. Thaddeus was the youngest of the four in the order of succession to the heavenly inheritance. He received his education in his father's school in Fauquier County.

On June 22, 1828, he was baptized into the fellowship of the Long Branch Church, by Rev. Wm. F. Broaddus. His activity in the church, and his growing piety soon brought him into prominence. He was a sweet singer and gifted in prayer. In the exercise of his gifts in conducting prayer-meetings he received his call to the ministry. He was licensed to preach, January 29, 1833, and on July, 1834, an order was passed by the church for his ordination as an evangelist. For some years he preached as an evangelist, or, as what we would now call, a missionary, in Fauquier, Prince William, Stafford, Fairfax, and Loudoun counties. We may well judge of his physical labors by the territory to which he was assigned. He was for sixteen years the pastor of the churches at Front Royal and Howellsville, in Warren County; but the great work of his life was with Antioch Church, in Prince William County, and North Fork Church, in Loudoun County. He was chosen pastor of these churches about the same time, in 1838. With them he continued till his death. From each of these churches he was distant twenty miles. His actual traveling to and from them would be at least a thousand miles a year, and this for forty years!! What physical endurance he possessed to accomplish

it! At the same time he rode nearly as far to other churches every month. We may truly say of him his death was *rest from labors.*

As a man, he was tall and finely proportioned. His features were a combination of strength, gentleness, and amiability. He was simple and unaffected as a child in manner, but firm and decided. I verily believe this world possessed no force or combination of forces that could have moved him to consider for one moment a proposal to turn from the slightest matter he deemed his duty. His independence and moral courage were shown in his convictions as to slavery. As he thought over the matter, the possession of slaves became repulsive to him. He determined to liberate those he owned. This he did. He and his brother Traverse liberated $30,000 worth of slaves, and furnished transportation for them to Liberia, and spent $2,000 in procuring everything to make them comfortable—clothing, bedding, implements of husbandry, mechanic's tools, books, Bibles, and a family Bible for each family. The tender farewell of the master to his servants is thus described by the Rev. John Seys, in the Maryland *Colonization Journal:*

"The ship *Euphrasia,* which sailed November 3d, for Liberia, was engaged in taking in her emigrants. I was walking among a company of slaves made free by Rev. Thaddeus Herndon, of Fauquier, when a gentleman came down from the deck, and I soon learned that he was Mr. Herndon, who had thus made free a company of servants worth $30,000. I sought an introduction. Mr. Herndon, hearing that I had been in Africa, immediately determined that I should address them. I closed my address and Mr. Herndon followed me. He said: 'I may not see you again. I may as well say all I have to say now,' and then he became so choked for utterance, and tears fell so fast that a silence ensued

only broken by sighs and sobs of the entire party. 'My heart is too full; I can hardly speak. You know how we have lived together. Servants, hear me! We have grown up together. We have done the best for you. For two or three years this move has been contemplated, and you are now on the point of starting for the land of your ancestors. When you have been there some few months we will send you out another supply of provisions and will continue to do so. And, now, you three brethren who have been appointed by the church to watch over your brethren—a word to you: You are chosen to admonish, guide, and counsel the others, not to lord it over them, but gently and kindly to watch over their souls. And, now, God bless you. Write to me, Washington—you can write. I have furnished you with paper. Keep a journal. Put all your names down, even the children, and write opposite every name everything that happens concerning each. I shall feel much interest in hearing from you, we all will—especially Miss Fannie.' (Here the bare mention of the name of their almost adored mistress started their grief afresh.) 'Now,' continued Mr. Herndon, 'as we may never meet again, let us part with prayer to Almighty God for you all.' We knelt down there in that steerage, and under feelings which words are but poor means to describe, engaged in prayer, amid the cries and sobs, the tears and broken hearts around us. One of the men presented me with a little book of 'Memoranda for Jess.' I took it and read the names of Jess and Lucy his wife and their children and ages; then followed the ages, and advice and counsel were inserted under various heads, such as only a father could give his children. As I read aloud the whole company gathered around. When the godly admonition of the Christian master, as here penned, fell on their ears, bursts of grief and sobs were heard from men, women, and children. Something was

said on almost every point—personal religion, the training of their children, education, habits of industry, prudence, economy, diet—everything. The last leaf was the most affecting. It was from their mistress. In a neat lady's hand were written a few lines to 'Jess, Lucy, and the *dear children.*' They were lines that none but a feeling heart, a pious soul, a maternal bosom could have dictated. Reader, call me baby, fool, anything, I care not, but I confess unhesitatingly that I was weak enough to weep with that company of weeping emigrants in the hold of that ship as I read the affectionate farewell of their beloved mistress."

In a brief sketch of Thaddeus Herndon, at the time of his death, Dr. J. A. Haynes, a warm, personal, ministerial friend, said: "*As a preacher,* some would say Brother Herndon was old-fashioned and out of date. He was old-fashioned as the apostles, but out of date *never.* His preaching was eminently sound and safe; sharp, incisive, earnest. His manner of preaching was deliberate, impressive; and, when warmed to his subject, animated, and effective. He knew no softened, apologetic words for sin or sinful practices, no matter by whom committed. He spoke his mind freely in regard to all such cases, where he thought duty required him to do so. He sometimes gave offense, but his unchanged course of gentleness, kindness, and Christian love would, sooner or later, win back the offended. He looked upon the sinner's course as so unreasonable and ungrateful, that his preaching sometimes seemed harsh. It was only *seeming,* for a more tender, sympathetic, and loving heart did seldom beat in the heart of God's ambassador.

"His home was particularly sweet and attractive. He was twice married; first to Miss Ann Rector, who left one child. He was next married to Miss Mary F. Gibson, September, 1842. Of this union there were

eight children, who lived to manhood and womanhood. Between them all there was a mutual confidence and dependence, felt and manifested, that was beautiful to behold. Love ruled his home, and over all there was a spirit of piety always pervading his household that was delightful and impressive."

In his home the character of the man was best seen. In public intercourse and contact with their fellow-men, most persons mask themselves. They do not present the same person their families see every day. Their characters, like their persons, do not appear in public *en dishabille*. It is at home the masks, if any, come off, and the real character is seen. I think it perfectly accurate to say that Thaddeus Herndon wore no masks. His life at home was more noble and beautiful than the world could see or know. He was as courteous and gentle when alone with his family as when in the presence of visitors or in the homes of others. He was a child in the perfect naturalness of his life and conduct everywhere.

He reared a large family, and provided for them—not luxuriously, but better, far better—comfortably. To do this he had no large income upon which to draw. His resources for their support were industry, uncommonly practical sense, and sound judgment. He had few idle moments. He knew how to do and did not hesitate to do any kind of work. His healthful, vigorous mind, his cheerful nature, and his superb frame owed much to such work. He managed his business affairs with rare clearness and accuracy of judgment, and with wise economy, but never with penuriousness. As his means allowed, he fed, clothed, and educated his family; and when he died left no debts to embarrass them or to taint his memory.

His hospitality was large and generous. It gave him real joy to entertain his friends, especially his brethren.

His home was seldom without guests. The preachers, whom I then dreaded, seemed to me always there. He loved them and rejoiced to have them, treating the most brilliant and noted, the most humble and obscure, with equal affection and consideration. Nor did he forget to entertain the stranger; none was ever turned from his roof. No matter how suspicious his appearance, or how discomforting to himself and family, a place was provided for him—a comfortable place and abundant food.

He ruled well his home. He was tender and sympathetic to an unusual degree. He loved his children with passionate affection. He was the most absolutely firm man I ever knew, but with it combined a tenderness equally great. His word was absolute law, and the end of all controversy. His commands were not hasty or arbitrary, but when given there was no revoking them; he would not permit the effort to do so. He required prompt and perfect obedience. This was well understood, consequently the rod was rarely used; indeed, I never knew it used but once, and that upon myself. I distinctly recall it was most thoroughly and effectively handled on that occasion. He did not deal in threats; he always meant and did just what he said.

He was careful to teach that work was ennobling and that idleness was degrading and perilous; therefore, he planned and required regular, useful employment for each of the family. He was accustomed to say: "It is well to know how to do everything, for you may have it to do some day." He would encourage to the tasks he assigned by rewards, sometimes by small sums of money, sometimes by allowing some privilege that would be pleasant or amusing. He would only allow such spending money as was earned. He taught that waste was sin, and would not permit it in anything. He delighted in his children's joys, and sought to contribute to their pleasure. He had no higher joy than

that his children should know and walk in the truth. To this he gave the most constant and watchful care, both by general and personal instruction. When I was just large enough to ride behind him on his horse, as he rode about the farm, he would talk much upon personal religion. Many are the quiet, retired spots on the dear old place, sacred to me still, where he would dismount, and lifting me from his horse would kneel in prayer with me. Nothing can ever dim the impressions he made upon me as he talked with God in my behalf. Those prayers gave me the impression of God's all-pervading presence, that at no time has ever been gotten rid of.

In the home the family was assembled morning and night for worship. The sun did not rise and set more regularly than he pursued this habit. It was *never* omitted. At harvesting time, or wheat-threshing time, thirty hands might be waiting for breakfast, but all must wait for family worship. He or some member of the family might have an early train to catch, three miles away; it mattered not; the family must first come together for the worship of God. The visitor or stranger was almost required to follow this custom of his home, and meet with the family to hear *the Book* read and join in the worship. Such petitions as he breathed at family worship I have never heard. Many of them are fresh in my mind still. They varied as the daily needs and circumstances varied. If unusual blessings came into the home, or to any member of it, they were mentioned and gratefully acknowledged. If afflictions came, his will bowed to the Divine will, and he pleaded for comfort and strength. If one was leaving that day, the presence of God was asked to attend that one. The daily petition was that each might be brought by the grace of God into the fold. The stranger in the home was never forgotten in these petitions.

Some years after his death a useful and honored minister of the gospel said: "I was convicted of sin and led to Christ by your father's prayer for me one morning after I had spent the night in his home."

This stalwart, courageous, self-sacrificing, faithful country preacher, of the saddle-pocket type, has left an abiding work throughout the counties in which his long life was spent. He was a towering, heroic man. If I were an artist I should love to put him on canvas in many phases of his arduous and self-sacrificing life. I would paint him with kindly, but strong face, placing in his weather-beaten saddle-pockets his well-worn Bible and hymn book, his unpretentious, but neat, linen; then the good-bye to the care-worn, unselfish wife, watching by the side of an ill child. I would paint him on his splendid horse, with storm coat (no furs or arctics), cloth leggins, buttoned loosely and tied at the knee; with calm and resolute face riding in mud, plunging through snowdrifts, while the storm beats in fury upon him. And I would—oh, so much would I love—to have a picture of him when he gets home, and gathers the family about him for the evening worship. With what reverence he reads God's word and comments here and there. The prayer—ah, neither artist's brush nor rhetorician's tongue could paint that! He is in the very presence of the great God. His tone and manner reveal the fact that he is talking with his Father, with whom he is in close and loving relation. How genuine the thanks for the preservation of the loved ones during his absence! How fervent the petition for the divine blessing upon the work which, with genuine humility, he feels has been feebly done! How mellow and trembling is the voice as he entreats the Father that his children may walk in the truth and adorn the doctrine of God!

C. T. Herndon.

In another part of this volume reference is made to the way in which Rev. A. H. Sands wrote out in commonplace books, in a hand like copperplate, sermons, translations from the classics, extracts from great authors, and essays of his own on various subjects. In one of these books is a sketch of Rev. A. B. Smith, from which that which follows here is almost wholly taken, and sometimes word for word. Mr. Smith, after graduating at Rochester, filled the pulpit in Petersburg, and then was pastor in Lynchburg, succeeding here Rev. Robert Ryland. From Lynchburg he came to Richmond, becoming pastor of the Fourth Baptist Church, which worshipped in a wooden building at the corner of Twenty-first and Franklin streets, at the foot of Church Hill. For many years this was the only meeting-house of the Baptists in the eastern part of the city; it was afterwards succeeded by the present Leigh Street Baptist Church. In the pastorate of the Fourth Church, Mr. Smith was preceded by Elder Duncan R. Campbell, and succeeded by Elder Edward Kingsford. While Mr. Smith's labors in Richmond were earnest and arduous the visible fruit was not great. Everything seemed to be against his success. The location was not attractive. The membership was small and lacking in ability for extensive usefulness. He had little outside help, and was scarcely cheered by a single word of encouragement from others. Doubtless he felt that he might be more useful elsewhere, for just at this time, namely in 1846, a church having been organized in Goochland County, with the name Berea, he was called to its pastorate. He went to work on this field with increased zeal, and the church prospered under his ministry. The services were largely attended, and soon every one began

to love this simple-hearted, godly man. No country church in the State was more devoted to their pastor, or more regular and continuous in their attendance, or more anxious for the gospel than Berea. From the very first the church increased in numbers, efficiency, and Christian zeal. This success was due, under God, to the faithful admonitions, earnest sermons, and wise, godly walk of its excellent pastor. While his town pastorates were not failures, he was preëminently a country pastor. He had no city airs or city affectations. He presented the fittest example of the preacher as portrayed by Cowper. The State Mission Report, for 1855, said that during the year his churches in Goochland and Henrico, had received large accessions, "principally from our colored population, 116 of whom he baptized." The report also states that a new church edifice had been commenced at Dover, which was to be completed in July. Later in his life he was pastor of Taylorsville and Mount Olivet churches. In this field, as in that at Berea and Hopewell, he was successful.

Mr. Smith was not a public man. He shrank from notice. Most of his work was for his churches. At public gatherings he was rarely appointed to preach, yet few had a more exact knowledge of the Scriptures, or could enforce their teachings with greater perspicuity than he. He did not decline, but did not seek public appointments. As an expounder of Scripture he had few equals. At his ministers' and laymen's meetings he was usually called on to explain difficult passages. In his preaching he rarely took a text from the Old Testament. He made much of the words and miracles of the Saviour. He managed old texts in a surprisingly fresh and felicitous way. A year before his death he preached a sermon on "faith," his text being: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy

house." The topic was familiar, yet, as he went on, there was not one in the audience who did not feel that he had been put into new relations to the text, and who did not carry away a more vivid picture of the trembling jailer and the answering apostles. And along with this pictorial power there was in the sermon a clear and beautiful analysis of the elements of a true, saving, Christ-clasping faith such as the apostles had enjoined. When fully himself and fully possessed of his subject, he would, at times, carry his hearers far beyond their ordinary range of thought. Never wanting in expression, always in earnest, ever self-forgetful, seeking your good, and making you feel that this was his single aim, it is not surprising that his sermons always left upon the hearer a delightful impression.

JOHN JOHNS

Virginia Baptists have had many faithful ministers and laymen in their ranks, whom they have been glad to call their own, who were born beyond the borders of the Old Dominion, and some even outside the United States. Elder John Johns belonged to this latter class, for his birthplace was Wellington, Tolland County, South Wales. At this place he first saw the light, January 29, 1811. When about nineteen years of age he professed faith in Christ, and, in 1832, was licensed to preach. On March 25, 1835, he left Wales, sailing for the United States. After a stormy and dangerous voyage he reached New York. On July 15, 1835, he entered Hamilton Theological Seminary, New York, and completed the course of instruction in 1838. He now came to Virginia and visited Rev. Dr. Robert Ryland, then in charge of the Virginia Seminary, now Richmond College. Dr. Ryland describes him as "possessed of simple-hearted piety, and of accurate and extensive theological culture, but singularly defective in common sense and the knowledge of the world." Dr. Ryland and students from the college had supplied the pulpit of Hephzibah (known also as Branch's) Church, in Chesterfield County, and it was no doubt through the influence of Dr. Ryland that, in 1839, Elder Johns became its first regular pastor. In 1841, he moved to Amelia County, where he spent the remainder of his life, serving churches in his own and adjacent counties. Among the churches that had him as pastor were Powhatan Church and Skinquarter; the former was organized in 1771, and from July, 1856, to July, 1864, had him as undershepherd. He was pastor of Skinquarter from March 25, 1848, until June 23, 1855. He

succeeded Elder B. E. Goode, and was the first pastor the church ever had who did not hold anti-missionary views. In 1848, Skinquarter was received into the Middle District Association. During this period this body had a membership of about 100 white and 250 negro members. On June 21, 1841, he was married to Elizabeth C. Chappell. The following description of him, from the pen of Dr. Jeter, is interesting: " . . . In secular business he was a mere child, the dupe of every artifice, and the prey of every knave. In the pulpit he was a man. In proportion to his mental training, and the measure of his religious knowledge, we have scarcely known him excelled as a sermonizer. We heard him preach several discourses, when he was comparatively young, with amazement. His texts were plain and familiar, but he treated them with a freshness and variety that were really startling. His remarks were free from drollery and extravagance, and were notable for their simplicity, pertinency and force, having the appearance of flowing spontaneously from his mind. He seemed to preach by inspiration. We judge, however, that he accomplished little good by his ministry compared with what might have been expected from his gifts. His want of knowledge of human nature, and his lack of practical sense, along with his marked oddities, counteracted to a considerable extent his pulpit influence." His labors were brought to a sudden close, as he was rendered a helpless sufferer by paralysis. A final stroke ended his life, July 24, 1878.

JAMES FENDALL PARKINSON

Mrs. Hemans, in her poem "The Homes of England," says:

> "The stately homes of England,
> How beautiful they stand,
> Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
> O'er all the pleasant land!"

Virginia, in so many ways like England, has many such homes, and "Oak Spring," in New Kent County, since Revolutionary days the home of the Parkinson family, recalls the poet's lines. The place took its name from a splendid oak which shades a generous spring. The house, which was built before the Revolutionary War, stands on a slight elevation, and not far away are numerous poplar trees. In all these years many stories of romance and adventure have gathered around this Virginia country home. During the Revolutionary War two sons of the family were at home on furlough when suddenly numerous "red coats" appeared, who demanded the keys of the smoke house. Down from the "long room" the soldier boys came, and, with sticks as their only weapons, arrested the British soldiers. At "Oak Spring" James Fendall Parkinson was born May 9, 1814. Here he spent his life and here he died. He was the third son of Joseph and Ellie Parkinson. His mother was left a widow at the early age of thirty, but she managed her plantation with such remarkable ability that she succeeded in giving her children a good education. Upon a horse of pony build, she rode over the place from day to day giving directions as to how the work of the farm was to be done. Her son James, after having attended preparatory schools near home, entered the Virginia Baptist Seminary, now known as Richmond

College. Here he gave his especial attention to mathematics and surveying, though the classics were not neglected, as he desired to fit himself for the position of county surveyor. This position, his father, a graduate of William and Mary College, had filled. For some years after leaving the College, Mr. Parkinson was a most successful teacher, and the accurate county surveyor. He was noted for his strict sense of honor and possessed in the highest degree the confidence of all classes of people.

At a camp-meeting held at Emmaus Baptist Church, New Kent County, when Elders John Kerr and J. B. Jeter were the chief preachers, Mr. Parkinson made a profession of his faith in Christ, and was baptized into the fellowship of this church. While a consistent member of the church from the time of his baptism onward, it was some years before he gave himself to the gospel ministry. When this step had been taken his first pastorate was at North Run Church, near Richmond. Later he became the pastor of Emmaus, his mother church, but the greater, and what he considered the most useful, part of his ministry was given to Black Creek Church, in Hanover County, and to Hopewell Church, in New Kent County. These two churches, the former twelve miles and the latter eight miles from his home (New Kent and Hanover are adjoining counties), he served for almost a quarter of a century, and at the time of his death there were not more than two or three persons in either church who had not been received or baptized by him. With loyal devotion the welfare of these churches was among his last thoughts. As a preacher, he was earnest, pointed, practical. He preached Christ crucified, and his hearers always felt that the truth he proclaimed was very precious to his own soul. As a winner of souls he was successful in a high degree, and as a pastor he was faithful and devoted. He was a

most useful man in his community, loved and trusted by all who knew him, and his advice was sought by those who were troubled or in perplexity. He was the peacemaker of the community, and on his own plantation had the affection of his slaves, to whom he was kind and generous.

In 1840, Mr. Parkinson was married to Miss Hannah Williams, daughter of Mr. Jesse Williams, of Richmond, Va. Her death, on the fourteenth anniversary of their marriage, left him with six little children. In 1857, he was married to Miss Maria Louise Cocke, a daughter of James and Elizabeth Cocke, of King William County. The only child of this second marriage was a daughter. The period of the Civil War and the Reconstruction days that followed was a peculiarly trying time to the section of Virginia where Mr. Parkinson lived, and he did not escape the stress and strain of those awful years. His sons went forth with their country's army, one of them serving all through the War as a scout under General J. E. B. Stuart. Mr. Parkinson rendered most valuable service to his community by teaching his neighbors' sons, who otherwise would have been deprived of school advantages, for it is too true that letters no less than laws suffer when war appears; *inter arma silent leges.* When the cruel conflict was over "Oak Spring," along with other Virginia homes, was in a devastated condition, but Mr. Parkinson, with brave and dauntless heart, set out, aided by his sons, to cultivate his farm, guiding with his own hands, when it was necessary, the plow. This severe manual labor, to which he was not accustomed, doubtless shortened his days. Mr. Parkinson was by inclination and habit a student rather than a farmer. His leisure moments found him holding converse with the great spirits of the world through their writings. It was the normal thing to see him with a book in his hand. Yet when the necessity came upon him he kept up his

farm, and gave especial care to his apple orchard. As his sons grew up he sought to see them well started in life. For one he accepted a place in a Richmond tobacco warehouse. After a week or so, however, the youth returned, having ridden home on a passing wagon. He said that he could not stand the confusion of the city, and that he would choose the country even if it meant poverty. As the position offered was too good an opportunity to be lost, Mr. Parkinson sent another son to take it, and he is now one of Richmond's most prosperous citizens.

This record of Mr. Parkinson's life sufficiently shows the spirit of the man, and makes any attempt to further set forth his character unnecessary. Yet one other statement about him, at once interesting and inspiring, should be made. As a boy he is said to have had a most violent temper, but before his riper years were past he had come to have such complete control over himself in this regard that those who did not know him in his younger days little dreamed of the fire that once was quick to burst forth. Yet he had not lost spirit, for upon occasion he could be most positive and emphatic. His life was his best preparation for death, yet during his last illness he gave most emphatic evidence of his firm trust in his Redeemer, and of his entire resignation to God's will. On September 6, 1880, he fell on sleep. His wife followed him to the grave February 5, 1893, and her body sleeps beneath the sod in the beautiful Hollins cemetery.

ALEXANDER BARLOW*

Away back in the long ago there lived in the slashes of Hanover a tall, large-boned, muscular man, with large, blue eyes, high cheek bones, expansive forehead, light hair, fair skin, who was a Baptist minister, by the name of Alexander Barlow. He was of humble parentage, limited education, and sought his associations among the humble poor. When he was born, when converted, and when baptized, and by whom, I have sought in vain to learn from a surviving daughter, still living near Ashland, Hanover County, Virginia. I first learned of him in the Forks of Hanover about the year 1830. He came into the neighborhood of where Hewlett's Station (Chesapeake and Ohio Railway) now stands, and commenced preaching in the groves. My dear departed friend, Alfred Duke, Esq., informed me that the impression he made and the sensation he created were indescribable. Thousands flocked to hear him and numbers were baptized. But few knew anything of the Baptists in that section, and on baptismal occasions, in Little River, the crowds which collected were immense. And so eager were they to witness the ceremony that hundreds would climb into the trees on the river's bank, until the limbs would dip into the water. He soon organized a church called Beaver Dam, on the site now occupied by Elon. Many of the best citizens became members, among whom may be mentioned Parson Nelson, as he was called; the great scholar, his son-in-law, Thomas Owen; John T. and Harrod Anderson, and the saintly Gennette Anderson. At one time this church had a membership of between three and five hundred.

**Religious Herald*, April 27, 1893.

He, also, about the same time, organized a church near Green Bay, some eight or ten miles above, called Goshen. Mr. Barlow was a man of indomitable energy and unbending will. He introduced woman suffrage into the general discipline of both these churches, and, exercising a most pervasive influence over his weaker membership, and himself entertaining, at times, views of church policy at variance with the views of his most intelligent and substantial male members, he always carried his point. The result was that one after another of this latter class obtained letters of dismission and joined churches in the vicinity or in the far West, where many went in the great Hegira of 1832. The result was that these churches dwindled in numbers and influence, and Goshen became extinct. Mr. Barlow continued to preach occasionally at Beaver Dam until 1856, walking eighteen miles to fill his appointment. He continued to preach occasionally in the slashes of Hanover, and four or five times at Elon, until some time near 1880, when he died. Mr. Barlow was a preacher of unusual power. Mr. Duke told me that so impressive were his sermons in the early years of his ministry that he heard a gentleman of high intelligence and finished education say: "If Brother Barlow and the Apostle Paul were to preach at opposite points, equi-distant from him on the same day and hour, it would be a difficult matter for him to decide which he would go to hear." This, no doubt, was an enthusiastic outburst immediately after hearing one of his best discourses. I have heard him several times when he was an old man. And while I heard him on a few occasions make humiliating failures, when he was sick and fatigued, I heard him when he was in good trim preach with great power and attractiveness. I never heard any preacher who could quote the Scriptures with such accuracy and facility as he did. I am sure four-fifths of his sermons

were composed of Scripture quotations. He would announce his text, generally involving some doctrinal subject; divide it into three general heads, each of which contained three or four problems which required demonstration. These he would affirm or deny, as the case might be, and then proceed with his work. To prove his declarations he would quote appropriate passages of Scripture, often running from book to book in the Old and New Testament, giving chapter, verse, and clause. On one occasion I noted some eighty quotations, and referring to the Bible when I returned home, I found his quotations accurate in all respects. His discourses were didactic, logical, and replete with pathos. At the conclusion of his pulpit work he would descend to the floor and strike either "When I can read my title clear," or "Jerusalem, my happy home," and go through the congregation shaking hands. In singing the latter hymn, when he reached the last verse, the enthusiasm seemed to rise to an exalted pitch, the veins in the old man's forehead and neck would swell almost to bursting, while the tears from his large, blue eyes, and his tremulous voice awakened a sympathetic thrill throughout the congregation. His eccentricities and humble associations provoked often severe criticism and unfriendly acts on the part of many of his brethren, and cast a shade over the latter years of his life; but an Episcopalian minister, who knew him well and long, and had heard many unkind remarks concerning him, told the writer that no one could induce him to believe that any one who would walk eighteen miles to preach to a congregation of poor people for many years, was not a devout Christian man. But his work is ended, his weary limbs rest in the silent grave in his beloved slashes of Hanover, and his spirit has gone to receive its reward at the judgment seat of God; and while we would forgive and forget his faults, whatever they were, we

would remember and revere his labors of love in his Master's vineyard, while toiling at his carpenter's bench for a meager livelihood. Sleep on, old soldier! the shadows and sorrows which gloomed thy pathway in life are all dissipated, and we reverently believe you have entered into the rest prepared for the people of God.

"When you've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
You'll have no less days to sing God's praise
Than when you first begun."

L. B. Anderson.

JEREMIAH BELL JETER

Jeremiah Bell Jeter was born in Bedford County, Virginia, July 18, 1802. He first saw the light in the home of his maternal grandfather. The house was "a frame building, one story and a half in height, with shingle roof and stone chimneys. It had four main rooms, with small windows, and doors high from the ground and approached by block steps. It never knew the refining touch of paint, and as a consequence presented to the eye of the stranger a weather-beaten and neglected appearance. But it was not without its attractive features. It was delightfully situated on an elevated plain, and, with its blue-grass turf, its rows of locusts, its mammoth old acorn tree, its adjacent garden of roses and lilacs, and its great orchard, it made an enchanting picture as it nestled near the base of the Piney Mountain." His father was Pleasant Jeter, one of ten children, an uncultivated, vacillating, improvident man, or, as his distinguished son described him, "remarkable for nothing except bad management in his secular affairs and air-castle building." His mother's maiden name was Jane Eke Hatcher. She never united with the church, although she exerted a potent religious influence over her children. Before she passed the meridian of life her spirit took its flight from a body that had always been frail. Her oldest son, Jeremiah, made it a rule to come home at least once a year to see his mother. Her father, after whom this son was named, was Jeremiah Hatcher, a Baptist preacher, whose ministry was spent in eastern Virginia, Tomahawk Church, in Chesterfield County, having been one of his churches. The maiden name of his paternal grandmother furnished Mr. Jeter with his middle name.

This grandmother was ninety-six years old at the time of her death. She kept for a long time a register of her descendants, who, at the time of her death, she judged numbered 300. Shortly after this event young Jeter had 125 living first cousins, eighty of whom were her descendants. The Jeters were probably of Huguenot extraction. In his later years, Mr. Jeter used to say half jocularly that the French word *"jeter"* meant to throw, and that he doubted not but what his ancestors were a race of slingers.

From his own pen we have charming pictures of the scenes and customs in Mr. Jeter's early days. His life covered the eventful period of over three-quarters of the nineteenth century. Dr. J. L. M. Curry writes: "When Dr. Jeter was born there were no railways, no steamboats, no phonographs, no magnificent system of telegraphy and telephony, no McCormick reapers, no lucifier matches, no breech-loading guns, no dynamite." Nor were there any Sunday schools. The day schools were crude. Dram drinking was most common. There was little variety in preaching and every preacher was a polemic. It was the day of "musters," "corn-shuckings," and "log-rollings." When he went to school Webster's spelling-book was just coming into use, Walker's Dictionary was in service, and the scholars were required to commit to memory large parts of Murray's Grammar. One of his teachers, whom he always gratefully remembered, was one Lewis Parker, "who thirsted for knowledge" and "paid attention to accent, emphasis, and punctuation in his instruction." To turn the teacher out seems to have been a common event in those days, and the origin of the strange term of contempt, "school butter," was even in that day unknown. Young Jeter decided to disregard the fashion of his day and give up the use of strong drink. This resolve, made when he was a mere lad, was kept until

after his conversion in his twentieth year, when, judging that the gospel made him free, he took some drinks. In a short time, however, and with his friend Daniel Witt, he took the pledge "to abstain, during the remainder of our lives from the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and to use it only as a medicine if at all." That pledge was sacredly kept. When he was a young man, hunting was a favorite occupation, and in Bedford squirrels, hares, partridges, ducks, wild turkeys, opossums, raccoons, deer, and bears were common. But, as the following story shows, he was undistinguished in hunting and shooting: "The first time I was trusted with a gun I came upon a squirrel standing in a path a few steps from me, nibbling an ear of corn which he had feloniously taken from a contiguous field. I was seized with an instant tremor. After hasty consideration my plan of assault was laid. I ran at the thief to drive him up a tree and succeeded admirably. He climbed a tall oak, thickly covered with boughs, and I saw him no more. It was fully six months before it occurred to me that I might have shot him on the ground."

Mr. Jeter's own pen has told in full the story of his conversion. Greatly abridged here it is in his own words: "'Experience,' as it was generally called, occupied a much more prominent place in sermons and in religious conversation fifty years ago than it does now. . . . I had an experience. . . . I was brought up without special religious instruction. . . . In my boyhood I cherished the hope that in due time I would be converted. . . . I remember distinctly the first prayer that I ever uttered. It was in the summer of 1819. . . . As I was plowing alone my thoughts were suddenly arrested by the presence and majesty of God. I was overwhelmed with awe, and falling on my knees pleaded with God for mercy. . . . For days

I went with a downcast countenance. . . . For several weeks I carefully concealed my emotions, but continued to pray for Divine aid. In this time I became quite self-righteous. . . . In a few weeks my impressions were effaced and my fair resolutions were abandoned. . . . I have referred . . . to the revival which commenced in my neighborhood in the year 1821. In the early summer I attended a Sabbath service at Suck Spring Baptist Meeting House. . . . It was communion season. . . . At first I amused myself with a young lady of my acquaintance, who was looking gravely on the scene. Soon my own attention was arrested by it and I burst into an irrepressible flood of tears. . . . This was the commencement of my second effort to become a Christian. I betook myself to reading the Scriptures, meditation, and prayer. In a few days I attended the burial of a young man I had known. . . . The eyes and mouth of the corpse were stretched wide open, and neither force nor skill could close them. The unfortunate death of the young man, and the horrid appearance of his ghastly face made a deep impression on my nervous system that had been weakened by anxiety and sleeplessness. . . . I deliberately came to the conclusion that, to get rid of my nervous trouble, I must suppress my religious convictions, and, for the present, at any rate, abandon all hope of salvation. . . . Here ends the second chapter in my religious experience. . . . I have given a pretty full account of the commencement of the great revival at Hatcher's Meeting House, in August, 1821. . . . Sunday morning we [Daniel Witt and Mr. Jeter] rode together to church. . . . The services continued till late in the afternoon. When I raised my head and opened my eyes I was astonished to find that all the congregation excepting a few of my friends were gone. Even . . . Witt . . . had

left an hour or two before. My purpose to become a Christian was now fixed. . . . It was not merely my purpose to enter the kingdom of heaven, but to outstrip all my associates in the celestial race. . . . My aim was to become good enough for Christ to receive me. . . . A short time after the memorable meeting at Hatcher's Meeting House there was an appointment for a night service in the neighborhood of my abode. There was a crowded house. Of the sermon I recollect nothing. At the close of it the minister said: 'If any person desires prayer, let him manifest it and I will pray for him.' . . . The struggle was short. In a few moments I said distinctly: 'Pray for me.' I have said many things since which I have had cause to regret, but I have never been sorry that I made that request. . . . I left the house with far less hope of salvation than I had when I entered it. A few weeks later another night meeting was appointed at the same place. . . . The meeting was crowded and the religious excitement was intense. Among the inquirers was a rough, uncouth, and ignorant lad named Bill Carter. Occupying a prominent position he opened wide his mouth and roared like a lion. The scene was indescribably ludicrous, and, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion and my deep concern for my salvation, I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. . . . After weeks of anxiety, watchfulness, prayer, and mourning I seemed to be much further from salvation than I was at the first. . . . About this time, hearing of the conversion of a young female friend, who was awakened some weeks after I was, it seemed a reasonable conclusion that I had missed the road to heaven. . . . About two months after the memorable meeting at Hatcher's Meeting House, I attended a night meeting in a private house near the same place. . . . A song was sung . . . it made an indelible

impression on my mind. . . . Is it possible, I inquired, that the Son of God suffered and died for such a corrupt and guilty creature as I am? . . . One point was settled . . . I would sin no more if watchfulness, prayer, and an earnest purpose could preserve me from sinning. . . . As instructed by one of my religious guides, the Rev. William Leftwich, I had often attempted to adopt the words of the father of the demoniac child: 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.' . . . The sentence invariably changed in my lips to: 'Lord, I *would* believe; help thou my unbelief.' . . . I feared that I did not believe, and my words were deceitful. . . . After all my doubts and reasoning, the impression came over me that I did believe, and I repeated the words with emphasis: 'Lord, I *do believe*; help thou my unbelief.' The burden of guilt and anxiety, which I had borne so long, instantly departed. My mind was in a calm, pleasing frame, which to me was inexplicable, and which I was not careful to analyze. . . . No wave of trouble rolled across my peaceful breast. . . . I strolled to a retired spot, at the head of a ravine, where I might engage in secret prayer. . . . Till then I had never offered a petition for any being but myself. This morning I prayed for my parents, my brothers and sisters, my remoter kindred, my friends, and I continued to extend the circle of my intercession until it comprehended the whole world. . . . As I returned to the house . . . I met Elder Harris. . . . I told him as well as I could the exercises of my mind as stated above. 'You are converted,' said he. This was a revelation to me. I had not even suspected that I was converted. . . . I had heard no voice, seen no light, felt no shock, and had no strange manifestation. I was willing, aye, and resolved, to forsake my sins and serve Christ; but conversion must be something more

wonderful than this. . . . Elder Harris commenced and related to me his experience. It bore a striking resemblance to my own. Of the genuineness of his conversion I had no doubt. . . . The gratitude, hope, and joy of my heart broke out in smiles and tears, as I met the pious friends who had so long sympathized with me and prayed for me. . . . More than half a century has passed since I had the experience that I have imperfectly related. . . . Much of my experience was circumstantial and nonessential . . . but in its chief elements I deem it to be sound and evangelical. . . . Conviction for sin, godly sorrow, reformation, despair of salavation by works, trust in Christ, love to Him, joy in the Holy Ghost—in short an experience which comprehends the struggles of a soul in passing from death unto life—are indispensable to the existence of genuine piety, and a reasonable hope of eternal life."

Mr. Jeter "glided into the ministry." As a youth, it had been his custom, as he plowed on Monday, to preach over, intonations and all, the sermon he had heard the day before. After his conversion he had no hesitation about the church to join. When a boy, having heard much discussion about baptism, he was reading one day, the story in Acts, of Philip and the eunuch. With great delight he ran to his mother, exclaiming: "The Baptists are right," thinking that the chapter he was reading was a new discovery of his. As he came out of the river after his baptism, the first Lord's Day, December, 1821, he made an exhortation. So his ministry began. The following month his "bishop" called on him to preach, and he did so at short notice. The next day he preached again, and so well as to lead to overconfidence, which made his third effort a humiliating failure. Thus from time to time he preached, having, as an evidence of his call to the ministry, his great desire for this work. For

some time after thus commencing his ministry he was without any regular charge or field. He and Daniel Witt, who had come to be a perfect David and Jonathan, began to preach from place to place in their native county. They were young, and a deep religious movement had recently taken place, nor were they lacking in ability, and they did not lack for hearers. Soon their labors extended to Franklin, Pittsylvania, Botetourt, Campbell, and Amherst. They preached at each place, two sermons in the day and one at night, and then moved on. At first, the one who preached first had the advantage, as he had the whole extent of their theological knowledge to range over. Jeter described Witt as pulling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves by way of preparation for the sermon. After the first meeting of the General Association, in Richmond, June, 1823, these two young men, having had an interview, at Bruington, King and Queen County, with Dr. R. B. Semple, were appointed as the Association's first missionaries. Their instructions were written out in the beautiful chirography of Rev. A. Broaddus. From Bedford they went first to the meeting of the New River Association, in Grayson County, and then on through Wythe, Giles, Monroe, Greenbrier, Pocahontas, Bath, Alleghany, Botetourt, preaching in court-houses, school houses, and private residences. After some months of this work they returned to King and Queen County, and rendered an account of their labors.

About this time there came to these young men, through the distinguished Luther Rice, the offer of college privileges, but, upon advice of their older brethren in the ministry, it was declined. Upon the invitation of Elder Nathaniel Chambliss, Mr. Jeter made Sussex County his headquarters, and Greenesville, Brunswick, Lunenburg, Dinwiddie, Prince George, Surry, Southampton, Isle of Wight, and yet other counties his

field of labor. He worked now for the General Association, and now as an independent evangelist. At the home of Elder Chambliss, where he was treated as a son, he made good use of a small, but well-selected, library, reading Dwight's Theology, Mosheim's Church History, and many other volumes of real value. On May 4, 1824, he was ordained to the gospel ministry, at the High Hills Meeting House, Elders Nathaniel Chambliss and John D. Williams forming the Presbytery.

From Sussex he went to Campbell County to preach at Hill's Creek and Union Hill, and also at the Grove and Red House. During the winter of 1826-27, he boarded in the family of Mr. Thomas Hamlet, in the western end of the county. It was an extremely cold winter, ice being more than a foot thick on the ponds. One day he set out for his appointment, but it was so cold he turned back. Then he started again. Five times he turned back, but finally persevered, and as a result of the sermon a young lady from a remote part of the county, where Baptists were little known, was converted, and subsequently baptized. During his sojourn in Campbell he was married to Miss Margaret P. Waddy, of Northumberland County, on October 5, 1826, his bosom friend, Daniel Witt, performing the ceremony. His bride was "of slender frame and frail constitution, and in a few months she fell suddenly sick, and soon after sank to her grave. . . . Her death overwhelmed him with sorrow, and he lamented her loss with great bitterness of soul." His sojourn in Campbell was "the most unproductive and discouraging part of his entire ministerial life. He left the field with a poignant sense of failure. . . . It is certain that he exaggerated his failure. It was not so complete as in his mortification he imagined."

The next nine years of his life were spent in the Northern Neck of Virginia, as pastor of Morattico

Baptist Church, Lancaster County. Before going to Campbell this field had called him. As early as 1825, he had visited this section of the State, having ridden hither from Richmond on horseback, with Addison Hall, then a member of the Legislature, setting out on Christmas morning. The Wicomico Church soon became a part of his field. He ever regarded this as the most important period of his life, and as really his first pastorate. In later years he wrote of no other portion of his career with such peculiar unction. Let his own pen tell of this stage in his life: "I commenced my labors in the Neck under great disadvantages. Not only were the Methodists exerting a preponderating influence, but, preach when or where I might, my appointment was almost sure to be in conflict with some Methodist meeting. They, too, had almost invariably something to attract a congregation beyond the simple merits of their preachers. Sometimes circuit riders would be preaching their introductory and sometimes their valedictory sermons. Quarterly meetings, camp-meetings, and other extraordinary services filled up almost every Sunday, and constantly attracted the crowd. . . . A great and striking change took place in the field of my labor during this period. I baptized about 1,000 persons, nearly an equal number of whites and of negroes. . . . My congregations became larger, and were intelligent. . . . Long before I left that region it was a matter of indifference to me what new or old circuit rider, or popular presiding elder was to preach in the vicinity of my meetings. My congregations could not be materially diminished. . . . The period of my residence in the Northern Neck was probably the time most potential in the formation of my character, and the development of my gifts. . . . A singular event occurred in my ministry while I lived in the Neck. I had an appointment to preach at White

Chapel in the upper end of Lancaster County. It was an old colonial edifice, large, much out of repair, and little used. . . . I had proceeded some distance in my discourse with usual freedom, when a large mass of plaster, more than two feet square and several inches thick, fell from the lofty ceiling, just grazing me in its descent. Had it fallen on my head, it would probably have killed me or would certainly have stunned and seriously wounded me. I was alarmed; but finding the danger over I quickly proceeded to make extempore remarks, suggested by the event, on the perils to which we are constantly exposed, the uncertainty of life, and the importance of being always prepared for the end. . . . When I had finished my unpremeditated remarks, I essayed to recommence my sermon; but all recollection of the text and subject was entirely effaced from my mind. I stood and endeavored to recall the theme of my discourse. My efforts were vain. . . . I turned to the left, where sat my friend Deacon Dunaway, and asked him if he could tell me what I was preaching about. He seemed to be paralyzed or rather petrified by the question. He sat with his eyes and mouth stretched wide open, without moving a muscle. . . . I gradually turned to the right. Deacon Norris, a careful hearer, and noted for remembering the texts of sermons, seeing that I was directing my eyes towards him, cast his head down on the back of the pew before him, as much as to say, 'Don't ask me for your text.' . . . Just as I was about to take my seat, the text and my discourse flashed on my mind, and I commenced my remarks precisely at the point at which they had been interrupted, and finished my sermon with freedom, and a solemnity, perhaps intensified by the danger which I had escaped."

While living in the Northern Neck, on December 29, 1828, Mr. Jeter was married to Miss Sarah Ann Gas-

kins. She was of "medium size and attractive person. She was thoroughly amiable in her temper and had enjoyed unusual educational advantages." Yet she was shy, sensitive, and shrinking, having little confidence in herself, and trembled at the coming of company. She was remarkable for her taciturnity. Once husband and wife made a long journey in a two-wheeled gig. Mr. Jeter sought to engage her in conversation, but getting nothing but monosyllables decided he would not speak again until she did. For twenty miles the silence was unbroken. This good woman had no doubt inherited some of her father's characteristics, for he was of such a melancholy temperament, and so distressingly dismal, that he was nicknamed "Brother Hyppo." Of this union, which lasted twenty years, the one child that was born lived only a short while. That he was not blessed with children was a great distress to Mr. Jeter, for he was fond of children. He once said to a lady, when congratulating her upon the birth of a daughter, that he wished he had a hundred girls.

Mr. Jeter seems to have been very fond of travel. During his years in the Northern Neck he visited Baltimore, and later New York. Some details of these trips from his own pen follow. He spoke of the first of these journeys as "A Voyage to Baltimore": "I arranged to make the voyage in a small schooner engaged in the Baltimore trade. . . . In two or three days' run we reached the city of Baltimore. To me it seemed a great city, containing about 90,000 inhabitants. . . . The few days I spent there were employed in traversing its streets, surveying its fine buildings, and examining its curiosities. I had often expressed the wish that I could meet myself without knowing who I was, that I might form an impartial opinion of my appearance. Strangely enough on this visit my desire was gratified. I went to Peale's museum. While I was employed in examin-

ing the curiosities in a large room, I observed a tall, gawky-looking man, who was engaged with equal interest in inspecting objects in an adjoining room. I eyed him occasionally, but not very minutely. Having finished my examination in the room where I was, I concluded that I would pass into the apartment where the stranger seemed to be intensely occupied. He had closed the inspection of the curiosities in his room and appeared to be making his way into mine. We met face to face, and it was some time before I could perceive that the stranger was my very self, reflected from a mirror that had been fitted in the wall and surrounded by a frame appearing like a door. . . . I may mention a matter out of its chronological order. The Baptists in Baltimore, being few, and their cause feebly sustained, Deacon William Crane, the founder and architect of the Second Baptist Church (of Richmond), a few years from this time, resolved to remove to Baltimore for the purpose of establishing a new church there. . . . I was invited to unite with him in the enterprise. . . . It was for some time undecided whether I should remove to Baltimore or remain in Virginia. Finally it was agreed to leave the question to the decision of a committee of ministers of the Dover Association, at its session with the Upper King and Queen Church, in the year 1834. The committee decided adversely to my removal. . . . I returned to my plain country home quite impressed with the greatness and grandeur of the Monumental City." Concerning his attendance at the Baptist Triennial Convention, in 1832, he says: " . . . Here I first saw a railroad, on which passengers were drawn by horses . . . at the rate of six or eight miles an hour. . . . New York impressed me as a great city. . . . It then contained 200,000, and was rapidly growing. . . . The representation from the South was small. . . .

The routine of the body was dispatched without special interest. . . . Sunday morning I preached to a small Welsh congregation, in Brooklyn. . . . I was assured by a Welsh brother that my manner of preaching was very much like that of the Welsh ministers. I received the remark as a great compliment, as about that time the celebrated extract from a sermon of Christmas Evans . . . was widely circulated, and greatly admired. Howbeit, the good brother did not intimate that my sermon bore any resemblance to the eloquent and seraphic specimen of Evans' preaching, but only to the ordinary style of the Welsh sermons. . . . This was the last harmonious meeting of the Triennial Convention. . . . The subsequent meetings of the body were increasingly disturbed by discussions on the subject of slavery. . . . "

Large success came to the Baptist cause in the Northern Neck through camp-meetings, held during Mr. Jeter's pastorate there. The Baptists were much prejudiced against camp-meetings, and the proposition of the Morattico-Wicomico pastor that one be held awakened much opposition. Finally the matter was decided by lot, and more than one such meeting was held. Among the many blessed results that followed was the conversion of Miss Henrietta Hall, who afterwards, as the wife of Rev. J. L. Shuck, was the first American woman missionary to China.

On the first Lord's Day of 1836, Mr. Jeter began his work as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. This was an epoch in his history. He was passing from a country field to the heavier obligations of a city church. Richmond at this time had a population of about 30,000, and the First Church a membership of 1,717, of whom 1,384 were colored people, and 333 white. In the fifty-six years of her history the church had had as its pastors Joshua Morris, John Courtney,

John Bryce, Andrew Broaddus, John Kerr, and Isaac Taylor Hinton. The meeting-house stood on the corner of Broad and College streets. During his pastorate of thirteen and a half years Mr. Jeter baptized some thousand persons, among whom were many who became able ministers. Among this number were J. R. Garlick and P. S. Henson. At the close of his pastorate the church had some 600 white members. In 1841, a new meeting-house, large and commodious, that cost $40,000, was dedicated. Upon the site of the former house a very large edifice was erected for the colored portion of the church, and Rev. Dr. Robert Ryland, the president of Richmond College, became their pastor. This important move was not made without serious opposition. It was against the law at that time for a negro to be the pastor of a church, and many looked upon the new and separate meeting-house as liable to foster the spirit of rebellion among the slaves. Yet it was impossible in one church house to provide adequate place for both races, and preaching suitable at once for those so ignorant and those of intelligence and culture. In the midst of the discussion of the proposition for a separate church for the negroes, Dr. Jeter thought of calling on the clergy of the city to endorse it. His friend, Dr. W. S. Plumer, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, said: "Don't do it. The clergy might decide against your plan: but it is right—the law is in your favor—go forward in the work, and if you have trouble I will stand by you." And right nobly did Dr. Plumer keep this promise. When he heard that an effort was being made to get an indictment from the grand jury against the persons in charge of the meetings he came to Dr. Jeter and said: "I wish you to understand that in any difficulties you may have concerning the African Church I am to go halves with you." During Dr. Jeter's pastorate at the First Church the various

ministers united in an attack on the theater, each one preaching a special sermon against this evil. Not many years before, when the Richmond theater was destroyed by fire, the dead and dying were laid on the floor of the edifice in which Dr. Jeter delivered his message. This fact doubtless added to the impressiveness of the occasion, furnishing him with a most solemn climax for his discourse. His sermon was requested for publication and had a wide circulation. In 1842, Richmond was blessed by a great revival of religion. It commenced in the First Presbyterian Church, under the ministry of Dr. Plumer. Dr. Jeter called to his help Rev. Israel Robords, an evangelist, whom Dr. Jeter describes as "in some respects among the most remarkable preachers I have heard. He was probably forty-five years old, tall, lean, of an unhealthy complexion, and rather ill-favored. . . . He had the most extraordinary power in dealing with the consciences of men. . . . He was terrible in his denunciations of all kinds of vice." During this work of grace probably some 1,500 persons were added to the churches of the various denominations, 400 of them joining the Baptist churches, and 170 the First Church. Several years after this, Dr. Jeter had to help him in evangelistic services another famous evangelist, Elder Jacob Knapp. His usefulness, however, was largely destroyed by his unfortunate allusions to slavery, and finally he was asked to leave. Dr. Jeter had an eye for the beautiful; one day he saw a young lady in his congregation wearing a Leghorn hat with a handsome ostrich feather; he at once asked his wife to get a hat like that; a bonnet of the same character without the feather did not suffice, he was not satisfied until the plume was added.

In the movement which resulted in the withdrawal of Southern Baptists from the Triennial Convention, and the organization of the Southern Baptist Conven-

tion, Dr. Jeter was prominent, and thus his leadership among Southern Baptists began. At a meeting of the American Baptist Home Mission Society a humorous incident occurred. Deacon Heman Lincoln was in the chair. Slavery was under discussion. Dr. Jeter arose and was recognized. At once there was a vociferous demand that another be accorded the floor. It was insisted that his repeated attempts to gain the floor entitled him to it. To all the demands and arguments the inflexible deacon cried: "Brother Jeter has the floor." After standing perhaps half an hour Dr. Jeter was allowed to make his speech. Upon the action of the Boston Board, adverse to slaveholders, a convention was called by Southern brethren looking towards a separate organization. Prior to this meeting, J. B. Jeter and J. B. Taylor, at the request of their brethren, went to Providence to attend a called meeting of the General Board of the Triennial Convention, to confer as to what ought to be done. They were the guests of Dr. Francis Wayland. The conference revealed the fact that separation was unavoidable. A meeting was called for May 8, 1845, in Augusta, Ga. At this time and place the Southern Baptist Convention was organized. On the way to Augusta, a large party of Virginia and Maryland delegates journeyed together, going from Wilmington to Charleston by steamer. Dr. Jeter was one of the number. A violent storm was encountered. Upon the organization of the convention the Foreign Mission Board was located at Richmond, and Dr. Jeter named as its president. On February 8, 1846, Dr. Adoniram Judson, the famous Baptist missionary to India, visited Richmond, and was given a reception at the First Baptist Church. Dr. Jeter made the address. This address, which was most beautiful and eloquent, is given in full in Wayland's "Life of Judson." In it Dr. Jeter called Judson "the father of American missions." This speech

closed with these words: "One thought pains us. To-morrow morning you leave us. We shall see your face no more. You will return to Burmah, the land of your adoption. There you will continue your toils and there probably be buried. But this separation is not without its solace. Thank God! it is as near from Burmah to heaven as from Richmond, or any other point on the globe. Angels, oft commissioned to convey to heaven the departing spirits of pious Burmans and Karens, have learned the way to that dark land. When dismissed from your toils and sufferings they will be in readiness to perform the same service for you. God grant that we may all meet in that bright world. There sin shall no more annoy us, separations no more pain us, and every power find full and sweet employ in the service of Christ. And, now, my brother, I give my hand in token of affection to you, and of your cordial reception among us."

During Dr. Jeter's pastorate at the First Church he was "called to taste the bitter cup of affliction." His mother "passed to her long home," and he followed to her grave his second wife. No recollection of having disobeyed his mother or uttered a disrespectful word to her gave him pleasure even to his old age, and in a ministry of over fifty years he never witnessed a more triumphant death than that of his wife. In 1849, he was married to his third wife, whose maiden name was Charlotte E. Wharton.

In 1849, Dr. Jeter became pastor of the Second Baptist Church, of St. Louis, Mo. Here was a great change in his life, from quiet Richmond to St. Louis, which promised then to be the great city it has since become. After offering his resignation in Richmond, when he realized how strong he was in the affection and esteem of the First Church, he regretted the step he had taken, but matters had gone too far then to be reversed.

The Second Church was at that time the only white Baptist Church in St. Louis, the First Church having been shortly before united with it. The membership was heterogeneous in character, being made up of people from England, Wales, and almost every state in the Union. No wonder that in such a body there was great divergency of views. And in the city itself many great fundamental doctrines, which in Virginia were universally accepted, had here to be established by argument and proof. At Dr. Jeter's suggestion colonies soon went forth from his church to organize two other Baptist churches in the city. While this was highly advantageous to the Baptist cause in St. Louis it weakened the pastor's hold upon his flock. Many who went out had been his staunchest supporters, many who remained were not satisfied with his preaching. Finally it was proposed that still another division should take place, the pastor and his admirers being one band, and others another. Just at this juncture Dr. Jeter was called to the pastorate of the Grace Street Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., to succeed Rev. Dr. Kingsford, who had recently resigned. Mrs. Jeter was convinced that a return to Virginia was important for her health. While Dr. Jeter did not concur in this opinion, yet her desire in the matter was one factor which led him to accept the call back to his native state. It was with no small degree of reluctance that he left St. Louis. He saw great possibilities there, and the very difficulties of the situation were an inspiration. In taking his departure, however, he believed that his sojourn in Missouri had brought a blessing to his denomination there, and to his own life. And since he was to return to Virginia it was fortunate that he should do so before his absence had been long enough to throw him out of sympathy with his brethren and the work being done. Towards the end of 1852 he began his work at Grace Street.

While sorry to leave St. Louis, Dr. Jeter was glad to return to Virginia. Not that he did not love St. Louis, but that he loved Virginia more. In the Grace Street pastorate his predecessors had been Henry Keeling, Lewis A. Alderson, James B. Taylor, David Shaver, and Edward Kingsford. The meeting-house stood on the corner of Foushee and Grace streets, and his salary was $1,000 a year. Many believe that Dr. Jeter's pastorate at Grace Street, which lasted seventeen years, was in many respects the most useful period of his life. If his career here was not brilliant it was eminently prosperous. He was an instructive and eminently evangelical preacher, but not popular in his style, and, as one has said, to dull people he was a dull preacher. He was an earnest student of the Bible, wonderfully familiar with it. He used the best helps in his study of "the Book," not even neglecting the original languages, although he had had no college or theological training. His sermons were always faithfully prepared. His outline was carefully constructed, sometimes perhaps with too many divisions and subdivisions. Doubtless his voice had much to do with his falling short of the highest oratory. Dr. Hatcher holds to the opinion that his peculiar voice was not a natural infirmity, but a habit of long standing. Another peculiarity that often hindered his work in the pulpit, and likewise in pastoral and social relationship, was his treacherous memory. He rarely remembered persons' names, and often failed to speak to people on the street. He was known to forget in a sermon a pivotal word, for which he would sometimes struggle in vain. He did not attract great congregations; indeed, at night, he often preached to empty benches. Yet this condition did not tempt him to resort to spurious methods, nor did it unduly discourage him. He pursued his work conscientiously, always in the fear of God, with a holy ambition to do

good. His noble presence could but give dignity to his message, and his arms, which were long and seemingly in his way when he was young, became, as he grew older, his servants for power; his gestures were most impressive. Many stories as to his voice and his absent-mindedness are doubtless as apocryphal as they were cruel, but some are well authenticated. At the University of Virginia at the close of a sermon he was called on to pray. "He began his petition by saying, 'O Lord,' in a tone so sharp, queer, and undevout, that the whole audience was amused. One of the professors, an humble and devout Christian, said afterwards that when he heard that singular ejaculation, his first thought was that some one had pierced Dr. Jeter with a needle and that it was an outcry of pain." In those days people in Richmond went to the post-office for their mail; one day when Dr. Jeter went he could not get his letters because he had forgotten his name. Once in the Grace Street prayer-meeting Dr. Jeter said that if he had offended any brother in any way he would be glad to know it that he might make amends. A brother rose at once and said that it hurt him that his pastor never knew him and never spoke to him on the street. The next day Dr. Jeter went to the high building where this man was at work, called him down, and shook hands with him cordially, calling him by name. While as a pastor he was not a great visitor his visits to the sick and afflicted were like a benediction. Once when a certain sick man was allowed to see no one, Dr. Jeter called and was not permitted to go in. When the physician was informed of this he expressed regret, saying that Dr. Jeter's visit would have done his patient more good than his. Of his work as a city pastor Dr. Curry says: "For years he was a bishop of large city churches, and exerted extraordinary influence in molding the opinions, forming the character, and shaping the conduct of his flocks."

Dr. Jeter's pastorate at Grace Street covered the period of the Civil War. He stood faithfully at his post. His church was sadly crippled, his income was inadequate, but he bore his troubles with cheerfulness. Many letters came to him asking him to look after soldiers who were sick and in prison. Once he went to Libby Prison to visit a Federal soldier, the son of Dr. B. Sears. At one time during the war he wrote to a friend and told of the scarcity of all provisions, butter being at that time $1.25 a pound, and eggs $1.00 a dozen. A certain Sunday afternoon a rumor spread through Richmond that the United States vessel *Pawnee* was coming up James River to bombard the city. The news caused consternation. Military companies hastened down the river with their artillery. Some fled, others armed for the fray. Dr. Jeter belonged to this latter class. "He secured an old shotgun, which some said was without lock or load, and set forth for the scene of war. It must have been a curious sight, indeed, to behold him on Sunday afternoon double-quicking down Broad Street with an empty shotgun, going alone to engage a United States man-of-war."

On August 19, 1861, Dr. Jeter's third wife died. They had been married twelve years. "She was a charming woman, not highly cultivated, but gently reared, lovely in person, full of quiet self-respect, ardent in her attachments, almost unduly candid in her manner, devoted to her home, not given to extravagance, modestly proud of her husband, and ever ambitious of his success." In the summer of 1862, at a supper table in Powhatan, some of the company ventured to banter Dr. Jeter on the subject of matrimony. It was an untimely jest. Dropping his knife and fork, he said, as if in reverie: "Ah, my noble and faithful wife! how gladly would I walk around this world barefoot and alone to see her again!" As the War wore on Dr. Jeter

found in the Archibald Thomas home a most congenial circle of warm friends. It was here that he met and became attached to Mrs. Mary C. Dabbs, whom, upon May 5, 1863, he married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows. There was to have been a bridal trip, but railroad schedules were uncertain in those days, and the train that day refused to go. As to this union Dr. Hatcher says: "It was universally conceded that his contact with this brilliant and inspiring woman quickened him into new activity and stimulated him to the most noble achievements of his life."

On March 25, 1870, Dr. Jeter resigned as pastor of the Grace Street Baptist Church. For some time he had undertaken the double load of editorial and pastoral labors. This was too great a burden. Dr. M. L. James, a medical professor and practitioner, was for a time an inmate of Dr. Jeter's home, and he warned his host and friend that there was danger of a serious breakdown. Finally Dr. Jeter, realizing that his friend was right, decided to turn over the church to some younger man, and to give himself wholly to the editor's chair. Thus closed a blessed pastorate of seventeen years.

As factors in his success in the various periods of his life must be set down Dr. Jeter's vigorous constitution and his almost uniform good health. To the end of his life he was fond of walking and of horseback exercise. Dr. Jeter, walking along the street or riding, as erect as a soldier, his hoary head a crown of honor, was a sight of which Richmond might well be proud. He had a good digestion and enjoyed his food. He slept well and was quite regular as to his hour for retiring, and, when he went to bed, he went to sleep. He would commit the cares of the day to God in prayer, and then go to sleep. He used to say that prayer and sleep would solve any problem. Once he came home under the pressure of a serious and sudden financial calamity. It

was a difficult situation. Finally, having cast all his care upon Him, he went to bed and to sleep, though his wife, burdened with the trouble, could not sleep half the night. The next morning he exclaimed upon awaking: "It is all right; I see how the matter can be arranged." Sir Walter Scott was an early riser, and awoke even earlier. In this interim he "simmered" as he called it; his own term is explained when he tells us that the plots of his novels were worked out during this morning season. Not unlike this was Dr. Jeter's method. What he wanted to write and sometimes even the exact form of his sentences took shape at this time.

In November, 1865, Dr. Jeter and Dr. A. E. Dickinson became the owners and editors of the *Religious Herald,* the organ of Virginia Baptists. This paper had been established in 1828, by Wm. Crane and Wm. Sands, and was up to the War a successful and useful paper. The flames that destroyed one-third of Richmond swept away the *Herald,* leaving little for the new firm to purchase save the subscription list and the good will. Yet the paper now entered upon a new era of prosperity. The two editors formed a strong combination, supplementing and complementing each other. Dr. Jeter had no skill in securing long lists of subscribers, nor was he able to report in racy style a great convention, or set forth passing events in brief paragraphs. In these things Dr. Dickinson soon came to be past master. Dr. Jeter wrote, week after week, editorials on a wide range of subjects that attracted attention. They were readable; they were remarkable for their vigorous English style; they were clear, sane, and strong. At a transition period in our national history, the *Religious Herald* did much to bring about good feeling between the North and South, and Dr. Jeter deserves to share with Dr. Dickinson the honor of this praiseworthy work. The *Herald* came to be highly regarded not only

throughout the South, but also in the North. After his resignation of the Grace Street pastorate, Dr. Jeter gave his whole time to the paper. Among his writings for the *Herald* a series of articles, entitled "Recollections of a Long Life," which were afterwards published in book form, took high rank for their charm of style and valuable light on other days.

The work of Dr. Jeter's pen was not limited to the columns of the newspaper. He was an author and the writer of books. Besides numerous tracts and a number of printed sermons, the following books bear his name: "Memoir of Rev. A. W. Clopton," "Life of Mrs. Henrietta Shuck," "Life of Rev. A. Broaddus," "Campbellism Examined," "Campbellism Reëxamined." "The Christian Mirror," "The Seal of Heaven."

Dr. Jeter occupied a large place not only in the work of Virginia Baptists, but also in that of the Baptists of the South. He was known and esteemed by his brethren in the North. Rev. Dr. J. C. Long declared that Dr. Wayland and Dr. Jeter were "the two Baptists who have exerted the widest and most wholesome influence on the religious history of our country." In his early ministry he took a bold, brave stand in the temperance movement, and, in 1830, he was one of those who helped to bring into being the Education Society from which Richmond College came. He was for the rest of his life the friend of Richmond College, for many years president of its Board of Trustees, and, after his death, his name was given to a hall in one of the college buildings. Dr. Jeter was one of the leaders in the organization of the Southern Baptist Convention, and the first president of the Foreign Mission Board. In the various meetings, which resulted in the establishment of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Dr. Jeter bore an important part, and, at the time of his death, was president of its Trustees. In 1872, when troubles

of a most serious nature menaced the Italian Mission, recently established by Southern Baptists, Dr. Jeter was appointed a special commissioner to go to Rome. Dr. Jeter was esteemed not only in the Baptist ranks. He was invited to become chaplain at the University of Virginia. As an index of the spirit and service Dr. Jeter rendered to his fellow-men, take the words of Virginia's Governor, F. W. M. Holliday, as he stood beside the coffin: "Here lies the man, by whose counsel and sympathy I have been more strongly sustained, in my official duties, than by any other man in Virginia." Governor Holliday was not a Baptist. Dr. Jeter was certainly, at the time of his death and for years previous to that event, one of the leading citizens of Richmond and Virginia.

Dr. Jeter died on Wednesday, February 18, 1880, at 4 o'clock in the morning. His death brought distress to all classes of people in Richmond, and to the Baptist brotherhood throughout the State and the South. For some hours before the funeral his body rested in the church where he had last been pastor, and many looked for the last time at his face. The speakers at the funeral were: Rev. Dr. J. R. Garlick, Rev. Dr. T. S. Dunaway, Rev. Dr. D. S. Doggett, Rev. Dr. J. L. M. Curry. The burial took place in beautiful Hollywood.

Many pages more could be written setting forth the story of Dr. Jeter's life, and giving incidents and anecdotes illustrating his character and work. So deep an impression did he make upon the memory of Virginia Baptists that to-day, when he has been dead almost a third of a century, his name is still a household word among us. Perhaps certain striking peculiarities, with scores of anecdotes, some true and some not, which still pass current among us, have played their part in perpetuating his name and fame among us. Who that ever saw him in his old age could ever forget him? How

tall and commanding was his figure! How imposing his intellectual face, his noble head with its crown of white hair! When Dr. Jeter's own pen set down in so interesting a way many scenes from his life, and when such a facile writer as Dr. W. E. Hatcher, who was so well qualified to do so, has written a life of Dr. Jeter, little save selection and arrangement of material was left for this sketch. For the fuller story the reader is referred to two books: Hatcher's "Life of Jeter," and Jeter's "Recollections of a Long Life," to which volumes this sketch owes almost everything.

HENRY F. CUNDIFF

Northumberland County is one of the four counties which form what is known as the Northern Neck of Virginia, or, in other words, that section of the State which lies between the eastern waters of the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. In this county, a land of broad rivers and far-stretching vistas, Henry F. Cundiff was born, lived, labored, and died. His life covered some eight years more than half a century, and came to a close November 4, 1880. In early manhood, Mr. Cundiff, the descendant of an honorable family, professed faith in Christ, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Fairfields Baptist Church, Northumberland County, by Elder Addison Hall. In this church, which was a child of the Wicomico Church, which is described as having been practically a total abstinence church, he continued a faithful and honored member until his death. By reason of his piety and gifts he was called to the pastoral care of the Gideon Church, in his native county, and was ordained to the gospel ministry, the Presbytery consisting of Elders Addison Hall and Wm. H. Kirk. After he had been pastor of this church for several years he resigned, but he continued to preach as opportunity offered until his end came. Physically he was frail and delicate, but he was strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

SOLOMON FUNK

In Rockingham County, a part of the beautiful and historic Valley of Virginia, Solomon Funk was born, November 13, 1825. His education he secured mainly from his father, who, though a self-made man, was in no small degree an educated man, though he had never had college advantages. When he was some nineteen years of age he made a profession of faith in Christ, and soon united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He remained in this church some time, until, becoming dissatisfied with the doctrines of that denomination, he became a Baptist, and a member of the Mt. Crawford Church, where Rev. John E. Massey was then pastor. He was a great lover of music and of the songs of Zion. In this sphere he did much to honor God. He was well known by the musical world of the South, being one of the firm of musical publishers, Joseph Funk's Sons. The very name of the place, where he lived and died, Singer's Glen, is at once poetic and picturesque.

He was the son of Joseph Funk and his second wife, Rachel Britton, being one of fourteen children. Joseph Funk, who founded Singer's Glen and the business that made the place famous, is aptly called, by Dr. John W. Wayland, in his sketch of him in *Pennsylvania-German* (October, 1911), "The Father of Song in Northern Virginia." Joseph Funk* was quite versatile, being farmer, schoolmaster, translator, author, publisher, and music teacher. In 1832, he published a book of sacred music that in subsequent editions, under the name of "Harmonia Sacra," had a large fame. Some seventeen

*The facts given here about Joseph Funk and his work are taken from the article by Dr. Wayland.

editions of this work were published, and something like 80,000 copies of the book sold. At first it was printed in Winchester, bound in Charlottesville, and sold from Singer's Glen. Solomon Funk was associated with his father in this work along musical lines. His father went far and wide over the State teaching vocal music. A letter from Solomon Funk, dated January 29, 1847, tells of a trip father and son took together to Philadelphia in the interest of their business. Their expenses to Philadelphia were $29, and the letter says: "Our city expenses will be about $12." The little frame house in which Joseph Funk began his publishing work is still standing at Singer's Glen. Joseph Funk was a man of strong religious convictions and deep piety. In 1837, when his daughter moved to the west, he gave her a shelf of thirty books, among which were these: Dodridge's "Rise and Progress," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," Young's "Night Thoughts," Edwards on the Affections, Flavel's "Touchstone," Pollok's "Course of Time."

In 1865, a remarkable event occurred in his life. He began to preach. He continued, however, his connection with the musical house, and carried on, also, his extensive and well-tilled farm. Although he entered the ministry later than most men do, he proved a useful and consecrated preacher. Rev. Dr. Charles Manly, who knew him well, says: "His continued growth in power as a preacher and writer was remarked again and again by not a few of us, who met him in our associational and union meetings; and in him we saw a noble and encouraging illustration of a class of preachers that we may well pray God to furnish to our churches through all coming time—men of sound judgment, well-balanced characters, and devoted piety, consecrating themselves in mature age to the ministry of the gospel." He gave much time to the preparation of his

sermons. His thoughts were clear and well expressed, and he was an able expounder of the word of God. He was the pastor of Singer's Glen Baptist Church, and often preached at places near this church. His summons to depart came June 13, 1880, less than a week after his return to his home from the meeting of the General Association, in Petersburg. He was survived by his wife (who was, before her marriage, Miss Elizabeth Koiner), by a daughter, and by several brothers and sisters.

Virginia Baptists have given many men from the ranks of their ministry to other states, and in turn have received not a few from beyond the bounds of the Old Dominion. Some men have come to Virginia, and there won name and fame, but this was not true of Barnas Sears, for when he moved to Staunton, in 1867, he was not only advanced in years, but already distinguished as an educator, an author, and an honored leader among Baptists. Born in Sandisfield, Mass., November 19, 1802, graduating from Brown, in 1825, with the highest honors of the class, after two years spent as pastor of the church in Hartford, Conn., he became professor in Hamilton (now Colgate). From here, in 1833, he went to Germany to study. While there, on April 22, 1834, at Altona, opposite Hamburg, he baptized, in the Elbe, J. G. Oncken and six others, who, through the influence of Calvin Tibbs, a sea captain, had been led to adopt Baptist views; so the Baptist work of the nineteenth century in Germany began. Upon his return from Germany, after being first professor and then president of Newton Theological Seminary, in 1848, he was elected secretary and executive agent of the Massachusetts Board of Education. In this office he succeeded Horace Mann, each of them receiving a salary of $1,500, paid by Mr. Edmund Dwight. In 1855, he became president of Brown University. In 1841, Harvard had conferred on him the degree of D. D., and, in 1862, Yale that of LL. D. He had written the following books: "Ciceroniana, or Prussian Mode of Instruction in Latin," "Select Treatises of Martin Luther in the Original German," "Life of Luther," a revised edition of Roget's "Thesaurus," and had been the editor of the *Christian Review*. This was the man who came to Virginia, in 1867, as the first agent of the Peabody Fund.

In 1866, George Peabody gave $1,200,000, a sum afterwards increased to $3,500,000, for the cause of education in the South. The Board to which the administration of this fund was committed invited Dr. Sears to lay before them suggestions as to the wisest course for them to pursue in their work. This he did on March 14, 1867. When Joseph interpreted the dreams of Pharaoh, the king said to his servants, "Can we find such a one as this?" and to Joseph, "Thou shalt be over my house and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled." In like manner the Peabody Board called Dr. Sears to carry out the plans and the policy he had outlined. This they did on March 20, 1867. To this work he gave himself until his death, that occurred at Saratoga, N. Y., July 6, 1880. When Dr. Sears took up his work the situation in the South was most depressing. Poverty and disorganization were all around. The Southern people certainly confronted a most serious condition of things. While their own heroism and wisdom and liberality in the reëstablishment and rehabilitation of their educational system are not to be forgotten, neither must the timely help of the Peabody Fund be left out of count. Perhaps the work of Dr. Sears may be best set forth here in the words of Dr. Curry, his successor: "Providentially, Dr. Barnas Sears was chosen, and he 'blocked out' the plan and details, admirably adapted to the needs of the South, and from March 30, 1867, to July 6, 1880, executed them with economy and consummate wisdom and ability. The traditions and prejudices on the one hand, and the fanaticism and arrogant demands on the other, the wild expectations of both, which he encountered, made his position one of exceeding difficulty and delicacy. His patience, courage, industry, sagacity, exact knowledge of what was proper and common sense, could not have been surpassed. Mr. Peabody approved

his acts and gave his confidence and friendship; the Trustees generously sustained; and the testimony should be given, cheerfully and gratefully, that for the success of the administration of the Peabody Education Fund the Trustees, the South, and the country, are chiefly indebted to Barnas Sears."

During his life in Virginia, Dr. Sears entered most heartily into coöperation with the work of the Baptists of the State. To begin with he was a most valuable addition to the Staunton Baptist Church, being always interested in the work of the church, the pastor's hearty supporter, and a leader whose wisdom, ability, and Christlike spirit made him helpful in a high degree. Rev. Dr. G. B. Taylor, the pastor of the church when Dr. Sears came to Staunton, in an anniversary sermon, said that the coming to Staunton of Dr. Sears and Mr. John Hart "was a providential blessing to the Baptist cause." Dr. Taylor, in a personal letter, tells of how, when he returned to the Staunton pastorate after two years as chaplain of the University of Virginia, Dr. Sears, on behalf of the church, "made a sweet, touching, beautiful, little address" of welcome. Dr. Charles Manly, who was the other Staunton pastor Dr. Sears had, speaks with no less emphasis of his kindness and coöperation. Dr. Manly, describing his arrival in Staunton, where he was a perfect stranger, says: "We reached the place about 3 o'clock in the morning, when we were met by one of the deacons of the church and by Dr. Sears, who divided between them the entertainment of my family till a dwelling could be secured for our occupancy." Remember that Dr. Sears was at this time upwards of seventy years of age. Dr. Manly says further: "He always kept up with what was occupying the attention of the church, and was always ready to second every movement in the line of progress, using freely and wisely his influence and means." The discussion of the public-school question, which went on

for some time in the columns of the *Religious Herald*, between "Scrutator" and "Civis," was most able, and attracted general attention. For some time it was not known save to an inner circle that "Civis" was Prof. B. Puryear, of Richmond College, and "Scrutator," Dr. B. Sears. Dr. Sears was "an occasional messenger from his church to the General Association, and for several years an honored trustee of Richmond College."

Dr. Sears' residence in Staunton was on a high hill overlooking the whole town and with extensive grounds. Here he lived in his handsomely appointed home, and with his large and valuable library, like a philosopher, yet very distinctly in touch with the community and the State and country. Dr. Sears was tall and of commanding and stately appearance and manner, yet withal gentle, approachable, and with a face that was friendly, and that often responded with a pleasant smile. Dr. Manly says concerning Dr. Sears: "As to his character there was a certain stateliness and grandeur about it that might have led some to suppose that he was lacking in gentleness and tenderness. But along with his majestic nobility there was a delicate considerateness that never failed to manifest itself appropriately. . . . Of all the men I have ever known, Dr. Sears always appeared to me to be one of the wisest, noblest, and best."

Let this sketch close with the last words his gifted pen ever wrote: "Let us learn to think modestly of our attainments, and wonderingly at the unsolved mysteries of our own being, of nature, and of Providence. Neither Huxley nor Spencer can teach us all things. The time may come when they and we and all the men of our day will be regarded as mere smatterers in knowledge. What we know not, and cannot know in this age, may be revealed to those who come after us. Humility in the solemn presence of a mysterious universe, and reverence for the power that framed it, best becomes those who are but the creatures of a day."

CHARLES RICHARD DICKINSON

On April 23, 1824, in Orange County, Virginia, Charles Richard Dickinson, the fourth son of Ralph and Frances Ann Dickinson, was born. While it was in the county of Orange, in which county "Montpelier," the stately home of President Madison, was located, that he was born, it was in the adjoining county of Louisa that almost all of his life was spent. To this latter county his parents moved when he was six years of age. When sixteen years old he was converted and baptized into the fellowship of the Foster's Creek (now Berea) Church, of which church in later life he was to be pastor. After some years of instruction at home, he entered the Virginia Baptist Seminary (now Richmond College), Dr. Robert Ryland being then its president. Here he did excellent work, and, having decided to become a physician, went to Philadelphia to carry on his medical studies. In 1849, he graduated in medicine and was married. His wife, who was Miss Lucy J. Winston, soon became a victim to consumption, and sank into an early grave. As a physician, Dr. Dickinson was popular and successful, and in the practice of his profession he continued until 1868. Before this time, however, a new sphere of service and usefulness had opened to him. As a private church member he had been prompt and faithful to duty, devout and zealous in spirit, a true helper to his pastor. But there came to him a call to even fuller Christian work. There were pastorless churches nearby. His brethren entreated him to become a preacher, and their pastor. After earnest prayer, he decided that it was his duty to take this step. So, in 1860, he was ordained to the gospel ministry, the Presbytery consisting of A. M. Poindexter, James B. Taylor, L. J. Haley, and Stephen Easten; Berea calling for his ordination

and being his first charge. This same year he preached the dedication sermon of Beulah Church, became her pastor, and continued to serve this flock until his death. In 1862, he was married a second time, his second wife being Miss Bertha Valentine. Of his first marriage there were born three sons, and of the second, five. During the course of his ministry, besides Berea and Beulah, Dr. Dickinson served for longer or shorter periods: Elk Creek, Fluvanna, Bethel, County Line, and Mount Gilead churches. "As a preacher he excelled in clearness of statement, in fitness and beauty of illustration, and in the power of holding the attention of his hearers. His preaching, being chiefly of the expository kind, was always rich in soul-winning and soul-feeding truth, sound in doctrine, and bright and fresh in its presentations. As a pastor he was faithful, diligent, and earnest, with exalted views of the duties and responsibilities of the office. In his relations to his people he was tender, sympathetic, and impartial. . . . He was able in evangelistic work and his services were in great demand among the neighboring pastors for holding protracted meetings." There was that indescribable something about him which drew people to him, and which has come to be called magnetism. His manner was quiet and his voice gentle. He was fond of children and they of him. In February, 1871, he was appointed as one of the missionaries of the Sunday-School and Bible Board of the General Association. On March 1st he entered upon his work, visiting Sunday-school conventions, and seeking "to diffuse the Sunday-school spirit among the churches." In 1872, he became general superintendent of Sunday schools and colportage, with a salary of $1,000 a year. In this capacity he traveled many miles, delivered a large number of sermons and addresses, attended many conventions, wrote hundreds of letters and many articles for the papers, mailed over 400 cir-

culars, assisted in the organization of forty-eight new schools, and was the means of converting seventy-five souls. On June 10th, however, he gave up this work and returned to the pastorate.

During the Civil War he went security for some of his neighbors. At the close of this struggle he found himself heavily in debt by reason of these pledges. With patience and determination he went to work to pay these obligations. He established at his home what was known as the Green Spring Academy. By this and by other means he was able to meet every one of these burdensome obligations. Yet his period of heavy trial was not over. One of his sons, Ralph, who had studied at Richmond College, and then assisted his father in the academy, a young man of unusual promise, sickened and died. Nor was this all of Dr. Dickinson's cup of sorrow. One of the students in the school, pointing what he supposed was an unloaded gun at Charles, Dr. Dickinson's third son, shot him and caused the loss of his sight. Almost heart-broken, and with health shattered by his many years of work as doctor, preacher, farmer, and teacher, he "sank slowly but surely until death brought him the rest of heaven." During his last days he called his children around him and said to them: "If I had strength for only three words to you I would say, 'Love your God'; if for but three more I would say, 'Love Jesus Christ,' and if for but three more I would say, 'Love your mother.'" The day before his death he said to his wife, who sat beside him, "I bear testimony to the worth, the richness, the power of the gospel to sustain and comfort under all suffering." Some hours later he said, when he was beyond the reach of human aid: "Here comes in the grace of Christ." On July 11, 1880, his death took place. Of the sons who survived him, one became a physician, another a lawyer, and three ministers of the gospel.

JOHN HENRY LACY

The bounds of this volume take us ever and anon to foreign shores, as Virginians by birth have often proved themselves citizens of the world in a noble sense, as they have gone far away to the Gentiles, carrying to them the Word of life. John Henry Lacy is one of this goodly company. He was born in Halifax County, Virginia, December 15, 1821. On the fourth Sunday of November, 1842, he was baptized into the fellowship of the Millstone Baptist Church, Dan River Association, by Rev. A. M. Poindexter. North Carolina and Richmond helped him in his education. He wrote: "I am under obligations to Brother E. Dodson for my first lessons in Greek. I also taught, and studied with Brother J. J. James, of North Carolina, for several years, and spent six months at the Baptist Seminary, at Richmond, in 1843. These are about all the opportunities I ever had." Mark these words. He was married to Miss Olivia E. Barkley, daughter of Elder J. G. Barkley, of North Carolina, May 1, 1853, by Rev. M. R. Forey, of Murfreesboro, N. C. His certificate of ordination, dated July 1, 1850, is signed by the following brethren: Stephen Pleasant, Samuel Wait, Elias Dodson, Isaac Merriam, John L. Prichard. On July 5, 1853, with his wife, he sailed from Boston, via England, for Lagos, Africa. In the company, bound for the same field of labor, were Rev. T. J. Bowen and Rev. J. S. Dennard with their wives. Alas! in almost less than a year, Mr. Dennard and his wife were in their graves, and, in 1854, the Board reported that they were "deeply afflicted in the return of Brother Lacy to this country." Mr. Lacy had gone to Abbeokuta as his field of labor, but being threatened with total blindness, upon

the advice of the surgeon of the English Navy, returned almost immediately to America, reaching New York, March 4, 1854.

From the time of his return to this country until he died he lived in southern Virginia, the section of the State where he was born and reared. For most of these years he was pastor to one or more churches. During this time he served the Danville, Greenfield, and Chatham churches, in the Roanoke Association; and Millstone, his mother church, and Hunting Creek, in the Dan River Association. He was at the General Association, in 1856, at Lynchburg, at which meeting Rev. George H. Pearcy, who had returned from China, and Rev. S. Y. Trimble, an accepted missionary for Africa, were also present. Towards the end of his life disease hindered him from doing active work, and during his last five years he was a great sufferer, for much of this time an invalid. In all his afflictions he exhibited an unmurmuring patience and a serene faith. His death occurred March 24, 1881.

ROBERT H. LAND*

Robert H. Land was born in Sussex County, Virginia, October 11, 1821. His college years were spent at Richmond and Columbian colleges, his spiritual day dawning for him while he was at the former of these institutions. At Columbian he graduated, in 1847, in the same class with Hon. Wm. Stickney, Judge Joseph Christian (of the Virginia Supreme Court), and others. He soon entered the ministry, and became a pastor in his native county. In 1853, he was working in Murfreesboro, N. C., as pastor of the church, and as a professor in the Female Institute of that town. Here he married his second wife, and then moved to King and Queen County, Virginia, becoming pastor of St. Stephen's, Exol, and Colosse churches. Here he remained for a term of years. Late in life great troubles came upon him in the loss of his parental heritage. This was a severe blow, yet his hope remained steadfast, and his preaching was never more acceptable to his churches. On April 22, 1881, he breathed his last at London, King and Queen County, in the midst of sorrowing friends.

*In substance, from the Minutes of the General Association, 1881.

JOSIAH CLANTON BAILEY*

Josiah Clanton Bailey was born in Sussex County, Virginia, September 12, 1813. In early life he married Miss Sarah Cooper, a beautiful and noble woman, "whose smile cheered and whose hand helped him in the labors of his life," and who survived him. His ministry began when he was quite young, and he received his education at Richmond College, then known as the Virginia Baptist Seminary. Soon after his baptism into the fellowship of the High Hills Church (Portsmouth Association), he was called to the pastorate of this flock. At various times he was pastor of the following churches: Antioch and Sappony, in Sussex County; Fountain's Creek, Hicksford, and Zion, in Greenesville County; Hebron, in Southampton County; Reedy Creek and James' Square, in Brunswick County; Malone's, in Mecklenburg County, and Cut Banks, in Dinwiddie County. Two of these churches, Hicksford and Zion, he had founded. As a preacher he was not the able and distinguished divine that under different circumstances he might have been. He was, as a preacher, comforting rather than brilliant, edifying rather than profound. His gospel message came from a heart full of the love of Christ and love for men. The purity of his life, and the sweetness of his nature were his loudest sermons. As a preacher, prominent man, and leading citizen he lived for nearly fifty years in one community. He was essentially a modest man, and, though of commanding presence and possessed of a stronge voice, he seldom arose to address an assembly of his brethren. He was wonderfully free from the

*Based on and abridged from article by Rev. Dr. A. E. Owen, in *Religious Herald,* January 12, 1882.

spirit of envy and jealousy. His kindness to young preachers was great. He took them to his home, treated them as companions, and invited them into his pulpit. He was a most genial and considerate man. He ruled his household with the power that springs from a noble life and spotless example. He was the father of four sons and three daughters. Two of his sons died before reaching manhood, and his oldest daughter became the wife of Rev. C. T. Bailey, for many years editor of the *Biblical Recorder*. His death was sudden. On Monday, December 19, 1881, about 1 o'clock in the morning, he was smitten with heart disease, and in less than an hour his end came. Two days later the funeral took place, at which time, amidst the sobs of the people to whom his life had been a blessing, Dr. A. E. Owen preached the funeral sermon.

CHARLES QUARLES

In the ranks of the Virginia Baptist ministry there have been very many men who, either before, or along with, their work for the cure of souls, have cared for the cure of bodily disease, doing good service in both these noble callings. To this class Charles Quarles belonged. He was born, May 13, 1813, in Louisa County, Virginia, his mother being an admirable and devout woman. When about sixteen years of age "he became the subject of converting grace," and was baptized into the fellowship of the Mechanicsville Baptist Church (Goshen Association). His life as a private church member was a model one—full of zeal and energy; ready for every good work and word; a pattern of promptness, integrity, and piety." With the help of his brother, John R. Quarles, Charles Goodman, and William Cowherd, "he made his church one of the most prominent and efficient bodies in the upper part of the Association." His education was a good and liberal one, leading at last to his graduation at the University of Pennsylvania. His chosen profession of medicine was so earnestly and conscientiously followed that his services were in wide and constant demand, and success attended him also as a farmer, and along other lines of business. However, he felt called to the ministry, and on Christmas Day, 1854, he was ordained at Mechanicsville Church. He gave up a lucrative practice that promised eminence and opulence to enter what he regarded as a higher calling. "His call to the ministry was revealed by the urgency of events—imperative duties rising up and leading him gradually and step by step into the work until he felt himself shut up to this one thing." He soon became pastor of the church which had ordained him, the church into whose

fellowship he had been baptized, the only church to which he ever belonged, and to which he belonged to the end of his life; and this pastorate he filled until death came. He was also pastor of the North Pamunkey and Zion churches for more than twenty years. For a shorter period he was pastor of Berea and other flocks. His ministry was highly useful to his people, his preaching being hortatory, tender, persuasive, inclining rather towards practical than towards doctrinal truth. He was an affectionate pastor, a courteous gentleman, an honorable, self-sacrificing man. After he became a minister he was a laborious student, becoming "acquainted with all the philosophical and moral questions of the day. He left behind a very valuable library—standard works in the departments of medicine, science, theology, and general literature."

In the field of Sunday-school work he was a pioneer, doing work that brought him distinction and his district blessing and fame. He was the first Sunday-school missionary of the Goshen Association. "Many new schools were organized, old ones resuscitated, and an impetus given to the cause, which was felt" for years. But for his labors his section would not have received from an agent of the American Sunday-School Union the verdict that it was the best organized country district in the United States. The Sunday-school work was near his heart, and his love for little children was unbounded. In his home life he was greatly blessed. His wife, faithful and devoted, the joy and solace of his life, survived him. His two daughters, though themselves mothers of homes, were able to minister to him in his declining days. The end of his life was in harmony with the rest of his record. "The week preceding his death he spent at the church, where a protracted meeting was in progress. It was a melting scene, when, raised from his couch and held in the arms of some

brother, he would press the hand and whisper a word of loving counsel in the ear of young converts. The evening before his departure, he conducted, as had been his custom for many years, private worship in his chamber with his wife and little grandchildren. When the morning light broke on earth, he was in glory." His death took place, August 20, 1881, near the spot where he was born, at his beautiful family residence, "Inglewood," Louisa County, Virginia.

SAMUEL B. BARBER*

Samuel B. Barber was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, in 1835. He professed conversion and joined the Methodists on probation, at old Rock Hill, Stafford County, in 1857. Before his probation was out, however, he was reimmersed by the pastor, Rev. A. H. Spilman, into the fellowship of the Mount Holly Baptist Church, Fauquier County. He studied at the University of Virginia, having as one of his fellow-students, A. E. Dickinson. In 1860, he was licensed to preach, and served in the Confederate Army, first as colporter and then as chaplain. He was ordained at Grove Church (Potomac Association), in 1865 or 1866, Elders Payne and A. H. Bennett constituting the Presbytery. For the next eleven years, for shorter or longer periods, he was the pastor of Grove, Mount Holly, Oakland, Zoar, and Rappahannock churches. In 1870, he was married to Miss Addie C. Wallace, of Stafford County. In 1877, he was recommended by the acting board of the Potomac Association to labor in Loudoun County, but, as the project miscarried, he soon moved to Manassas, and confined his labors to that vicinity, serving Antioch Church, Prince William County, until his death, which occurred at his home near Gainesville, Prince William County, November 8, 1881. He was a good preacher with intellectual gifts above the average. A deep cold, which he contracted in meeting one of his appointments in the winter of 1880-81, went into consumption, which rapidly undermined his apparently vigorous constitution. He left a widow and five children.

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*Based on and abbreviated from article of Rev. F. H. James, in *Religious Herald,* December 22, 1881.

ISAAC S. TINSLEY

Isaac S. Tinsley was born November 6, 1806, in Franklin County, Virginia. At the early age of twelve he embraced religion, and became a Baptist. When still quite young he placed himself, in company with A. M. Poindexter, under the care and instruction of Rev. Abner Clopton, of Charlotte County, with a view to the gospel ministry. The records at hand do not show the churches to which he first ministered, but in 1838 he became pastor of the Charlottesville Church. During this pastorate crowds hung upon his preaching, and the membership of the church was more than doubled. In 1839, he was chairman of a committee appointed by the Albemarle Association to report on the best way of raising a fund for the help of widows and orphans of deceased Baptist ministers of the body. In 1841, he was moderator of the Association, in the session at Priddie's Creek. Upon the recommendation of Hon. W. C. Rives, Mr. Tinsley was appointed chaplain of Congress, holding this position during the session of 1843-44. When he left Washington he became pastor again in Albemarle County, from whence he went to a field in Appomattox County. Towards the end of his life he was pastor of churches in Pittsylvania County. For about a year before his death he was ill, the end coming October 11, 1881. A few days before his death he wrote to a brother: "My health is still bad and I sensibly feel that with me the time is short, but the Lord has been infinitely good to me notwithstanding all my ingratitude, weaknesses, and sins, in permitting me so long to labor in His cause, while nearly all my early companions in ministerial toils are gone. When the Great Commander shall order that I lay my armor down, I trust to be ready, without a discontented feeling, to yield implicit obedience to His will, who, in the depths of infinite wisdom,

> 'Treasures up His bright designs,
> And works His sovereign will.'"

LEWIS P. FELLERS

It has not been easy to secure accurate information concerning Lewis P. Fellers, although only thirty years have passed since his death, and although there are many still living who knew and loved him. Some of the facts given in this sketch are supported by tradition rather than by reliable data. This statement is made that attention may be called to the importance of more accurate family and public records. July 8th saw the birth and also the death of Lewis P. Fellers. The year 1809 began and 1882 ended his earthly career. While Franklin County, Virginia, gave him birth, a large part of his life was spent in Botetourt County. To this section he came when quite a young man, finding a home in the Mill Creek neighborhood, with Mr. William Obenchain, in order to learn the trade of wheelwright. While originally a Methodist, a careful searching of the Scriptures led him to become a Baptist. He united with Mill Creek Church, by which body he was afterwards licensed and ordained to preach. On October 29, 1829, he was married to Miss Mary Fesler, whom he had met and learned to love under the roof of Mr. Obenchain. It may have been before this time that he came to live in Fincastle. Here his association with Rev. A. C. Dempsey began. From this good man he seems to have been instructed in the trade of cabinet making, and also in the work of preaching the gospel.

His work as a preacher appears to have brought him, at least at times, small financial compensation. Like Paul of old he worked with his hands for his support. His family was a large one. Notwithstanding the obstacles in his way he was in labors for God and the extension of the Kingdom of Heaven abundant. At the

time of his death Rev. J. W. Wildman said of him: "Through his labors is largely due our present numerical strength and efficiency in Botetourt County." When it was necessary he was ready to defend the religious views he held, and was fearless in attacking error, yet he had the affection and confidence of the people. First and last he ministered to the churches: Zion's Hill, Catawba, Pleasant Hill, and New Bethel. Since he was so arduous a worker, and yet often received meager support, it is pleasant to know that, at least once, let us hope oftener, he received help from the Ministers' Relief Fund. On Saturday evening he fell asleep. In many a home in the town of Fincastle are yet to be seen articles of furniture made by his hands. Throughout the County of Botetourt are many hearts that received the gospel, as their only way of salvation, under the preaching of this man of God.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY

The minutes of the General Association for 1882 chronicle the death of Rev. Wm. T. Lindsey as having taken place in Richmond, when he had reached the ripe age of eighty-two. The *Religious Herald*, of January 12, 1882, in an editorial paragraph, records his death as having taken place the previous week, and states that in the early part of his ministry he was quite active in the Peninsula, and that for some years he had been too feeble for pastoral work. For a number of years his name appears in the minutes of the General Association, in the list of ministers his address being Richmond. The minutes for 1855 show that he was pastor of the Williamsburg (African) Church, which at that time had 351 members, and that year reports thirty-five baptisms. Further information concerning this "good man," this "earnest and useful Christian," has not been secured.

ARMISTEAD H. OGDEN

The record of the life of Armistead H. Ogden, as found in this sketch, is taken mainly from the *Religious Herald,* that rich treasure house of information about the history of Virginia Baptists. The article from which the facts here given are taken was written by Mr. L. Minor, a Presbyterian living in the neighborhood of Corner Stone Church, Amherst County, Virginia. Mr. Minor's article is prefaced in the *Herald* by an extended editorial tribute to Mr. Ogden. He was born in the northern part of Bedford County, Virginia, about 1805, of religious parents, his mother especially being devout. He was taught, at a very common school, to read, write, and cipher. We are told by this man who knew him well, that, to judge from his life, the teacher and the only teacher under whom he graduated was the Holy Ghost. The record shows us next the man of whom we are thinking, as preacher and pastor. His wife, who was Miss Martha White, of Bedford County, survived him. Five miles away from where he was born, in the County of Amherst, stands the Corner Stone Baptist Church. To this church he ministered for a long series of years. Through all these years he did not rise to any great eminence as a preacher, but his life was a great sermon. An ardent student of the Bible, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, he lived the principles and precepts of the good Book day by day. The general verdict as to him was: "That's a good man." Since the church never adequately supported him he gave considerable attention to his farm, but in this phase of his life his religion was not obscured, but, on the contrary, became the more luminous. In his business affairs he exhibited good judgment and tact, as well as piety. He was a

large tobacco grower, and "one Saturday morning in October, when frost may be expected without warning, its approach was indicated by a sharp southwester." It was the day for him to go to Bedford to fill one of his regular appointments. What must he do? If he went away, leaving the tobacco standing, a frost in his absence would mean a heavy loss. On the other hand there was his appointment in Bedford. After some hesitation he decided to go to his appointment. When he had ridden some miles he noticed that as the day advanced the weather became colder. He stopped and had another conflict with Satan. But the voice of duty, that is the voice of God, prevailed, and he mounted his horse and went on to his appointment. Before night the weather changed, and he cut from the field which had caused his temptation as fine tobacco as he had ever raised. At another time he was in debt for a piece of land he had purchased. A large tobacco crop, by which he hoped to meet his obligation, was a very fine one and just ready to cut. Just at this juncture, he saw one afternoon a terrible-looking cloud approaching, with full promise of wind and hail, which would utterly destroy the splendid crop. He went into his tobacco house, which was his "closet," and was often visited for similar errands, and laid his case before the Lord. On coming out he found that the cloud had split just before reaching his tobacco, utterly devastating two neighbors' fields. The character of the man is shown by another incident. A very lazy fellow in the neighborhood called on him very often to borrow a barrel of corn or other provisions. At last the preacher's patience and generosity had grown rather threadbare. And upon the remonstrance of his wife he decided not to help the man and sent him off. Afterward, upon thinking of how the man's family of little children might suffer, he pursued the fellow and told him to go to a certain clump

of bushes, out of sight of the house, at a certain hour, and that he would find there a turn of corn. In telling the story he would laugh and say that this was the first time he had ever heard of a man stealing from himself to give away. An old corn house, standing some distance from his dwelling, was his Bethel. During the last summer of his life, his little grandson, some nine or ten years of age, would tell his grandmother he was sure they were going to have a good time at the prayer-meeting that night, for his grandfather had been praying for it in the old corn house. Two summers before his death the Association met at Corner Stone Church. He was active in seeing that the brethren were heartily welcomed and made comfortable. With meekness and with melting eye he listened to the proceedings of the body. With his majestic physique, tall, erect, handsome, he was a striking figure, not unlike J. B. Jeter. There was a softened, mellow charm about him that was not of this world. His interest in the cause of Christ was beautiful, blending the glowing zeal of youth and the chastened temper of age. He was a striking specimen of the old-time Baptist preachers. When the Association was ended he was interested in arranging for preaching by one of the brethren who remained over. He came for the preacher, walking over a rugged road, spoke of certain persons whom he was anxious to see reached by the sermon, and prayed mightily for the Spirit's presence in the service. On December 18, 1882, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, this venerable preacher and good man passed to his reward. He was pastor for many years of a field made up of these four churches: Hunting Creek, Bedford County; Corner Stone, Amherst County; Prospect, Amherst County, and Natural Bridge, Rockbridge County. He was the father of twelve children, of whom eight lived to be grown up. The only one of his children now living is Mrs. John Saunders Woolfolk, of Glasgow, Va.

WILLIAM LOGWOOD HATCHER

William Logwood Hatcher was born on the North Fork of the Otter River, Bedford County, Virginia, January 31, 1806. His father died when he was young, and the cares of a large family fell to his lot—the oldest boy. The responsibility was great, but he measured up to it. Educational advantages were not then as now, and he had to grow up with a limited education. Desiring to have an education he improved his spare evenings at home with the few books he could get.

In July, 1831, he attended revival services at Quaker's Meeting House, conducted by Rev. William Leftwich, and accepted Christ as his Saviour. In August, thereafter, he was received and baptized into the membership of Morgan's Meeting House, by Rev. Wm. Leftwich. His church soon saw that he had talent and could do good, and he was licensed to preach. Being modest and retiring, he failed to exercise his gifts while in his native county.

On the 6th of November, 1832, he was married to Miss Nancy Hurt, of Bedford County. Three years thereafter he moved to the County of Roanoke, and settled in the Bend of Roanoke River, six miles west of Salem—the county seat. There were no Baptists around him, and only two between him and Salem, and none in the county west of him. However timid he felt about preaching in his native Bedford, he resolved now to enter the wide-open field before him, and do what he could for the Master. In 1843, after four years of successful labor, he was ordained at Blacksburg, in Montgomery County. The Presbytery consisted of Revs. Nash Johnston, Lewis P. Fellers, Joshua Bradley, and Aaron Newman.

In 1839, he accepted the care of North Fork Church, in Montgomery County, and three years after that it was moved to the top of the Alleghany Mountains, and changed its name to Alleghany Church. After ten years' service, during which the church had many additions and was greatly strengthened, he resigned. In 1843, he accepted the pastorate of Laurel Ridge Church, in Roanoke County, which he served thirty years. His work there was a valuable one. In 1848, he became pastor of Salem Church, which worshipped in a school-house, in the Bend, because too feeble to maintain itself in Salem. Here his labors were so successful that, in 1854, the members resolved to build a good house for the Lord. On the opposite side of the river they built a large brick house, which was dedicated August 29, 1855. The name was then changed to Fort Lewis. He served this church twenty-nine years. Declining health made it necessary for him to retire from the pastorate; this he did October, 1877.

He was a preacher forty-four years, and thirty-five years an ordained minister. Without remuneration he did a great deal of missionary work in Roanoke and Montgomery counties. His was pioneer work. He cleared the way, organized churches, and built houses of worship. So successful was he that the leading denominations opposed him and closed their houses of worship against him. He then preached in the grove in the summer and in private houses in the winter. He worked hard on his farm during the week, and preached every Sabbath. His Bible was his one book of study.

During this time he raised a large family, every one of which, that grew up, becoming a Christian ere the father passed away. Five of the twelve children still live to honor their Saviour and do good. Brother Hatcher possessed a kind heart, and was always ready to attribute good motives, were it possible. He was

prompt to forgive an injury and to pray for his enemies, if any he had. He was very popular in his churches and community, and truly a valuable neighbor. On the evening of November 18, 1882, in his seventy-seventh year, the death angel called for him and he left all, without a struggle, and followed him to the Christian's home in glory.

His companion, who had so willingly shared with him the trials and struggles of life for fifty years, remained here for a little while longer, and then joined her sainted husband in the heavenly home.

W. J. Shipman.

WARREN G. ROANE*

While many of our Virginia Baptist ministers have lived to a good old age, some have fallen in their early manhood, when to human eye it seemed as though they had only commenced their career. Yet so it has been with men in other walks of life. Indeed, some of the world's greatest men have died when they were young men. Of this number Raphael, the great painter, is an illustrious example; he died when he was only thirty-seven years old. The Pantheon, that noble building in Rome, which was erected some twenty-five years before the birth of Christ, is his last resting place. The course of the subject of this sketch was brief. Warren G. Roane was born in Caroline County, Virginia, December 31, 1852. In his early youth he made profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the Massaponax Baptist Church, Spottsylvania County, Goshen Association. He was ordained to the gospel ministry in September, 1875, the Presbytery consisting of Elders James D. Coleman, L. J. Haley, E. G. Baptist, and T. S. Dunaway. He became at once pastor of Waller's Church, Spottsylvania County, where he remained some three years. Next he became pastor of Upper Essex and Mount Zion churches, in Essex County. Here, also, his pastorate lasted some three years. At the time of his death his field consisted of three churches, namely, Louisa Courthouse, Cedar Run (Culpeper County), and Beulah (Fluvanna County). "He was a Christian gentleman of noble nature, gentle manner, elevated aims, chivalrous bearing, and a cultured mind. As a preacher he was self-possessed, clear, logical, forcible, and sound. He was constantly growing in pulpit power, and his last sermons were his best. As a Christian he was deeply pious, simple-minded, and guileless. . . . He bore unmurmuringly the long and wasting sickness which closed his earthly labors and brought him to his heavenly rest."

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*Based on Minutes of General Association. Obituary by A. C. Barron.

ELIJAH WHITE ROACH

In a country churchyard, in Charlotte County, there stands a modest stone over the grave of one of the most useful and beloved pastors of the Baptists of Virginia. For, fifty-three years the pastor of one church, while at the same time having charge of other fields, is an unusual record, and at once marks the preacher as a man of gifts extraordinary. This church was Salem, and others which enjoyed his rich and fruitful ministry were Spring Creek, Falling, Red House, Union Hill, Midway, Rough Creek, Bethel, and Brookneal. In this community in which he lived he conducted gracious revivals from year to year and baptized, according to the record which he himself kept, something near 5,000 people, white and black. Fittingly is it said on the monument over his grave: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

The more interesting is the success of this life when it is remembered that he was born and reared and educated and lived and wrought and died in this same community. His father was a farmer and endeavored to give all of his children such educational opportunities as the county then afforded, but the young man offered to relinquish all his claims on his father's estate, if only he might have further advantages. He continued on the farm until his seventeenth year, at which time a teacher of more than usual attainments was secured for the neighborhood, and young Roach, being a good mathematician, exchanged his knowledge of arithmetic and algebra and geometry for instruction in the classics. He proved himself a most zealous student, carrying his books in his pockets with him about his work, and soon obtained a position as teacher. His eyesight became impaired on account of close night study, and he finally abandoned the idea of a college course.

In this twentieth year he made a profession of religion and united with a Baptist Church, and for several years was an active supporter and helper in every phase of the work. His ministry from the first was closely associated with Witt, Poindexter, McAlister, and Clopton. Rev. Abner Clopton wrought more wisely than he knew when he multiplied the fruitage of his own life by giving much of his time to instructing these young men, who subsequently became so useful and so distinguished. In no case was this more true than in E. W. Roach, for from Mr. Clopton he received impressions which were never effaced, and which showed themselves in the younger man's powerful preaching and faithful labors.

In 1832, E. W. Roach was licensed to preach, he insisting that the church give another three months of prayerful consideration to the matter before taking action. In the meantime, a Presbyterian clergyman preached a sermon in his hearing on the responsibility of one called to be a watchman, and this sermon was used of God to settle the long-fought-out question. In 1833, the church edifice at Midway was built, the church of thirteen members having been constituted. Mr. Roach was ordained as its pastor, and the membership very rapidly increased.

Just as most of the ministers of his day he engaged in other work for his support, the salary from the churches not being sufficient. He taught school, cared for his farm until his last years, and yet, with all the teaching and the agricultural labors, he preached something like 200 sermons each year, and did a great deal of visiting on each of the four fields which he usually had in charge. He organized a number of churches and did much evangelistic work over the State as far as Bristol, and, even in those days of hazardous and slow travel, went as far as Kentucky to hold meetings.

Mr. Roach was early married to a daughter of Col. Isham Harvey, Anne R., and to them were born twelve children, and some of these children have been very useful in the service of the Master. Mrs. Roach was born May 22, 1803, was married June 13, 1819, and died February 24, 1880. J. R. Graves once said to Mr. Roach that he had been told that he was a "milk and cider Baptist," to which he replied that milk and cider Baptists had often Pedobaptist children, but that every one of his family belong to missionary Baptist churches. At one of the great revivals, when some seventy had been baptized and the deacons were trying to persuade one who was hesitating to enter the water, he told them to desist, that he wanted to baptize none but volunteers.

In one of the business meetings at Salem Church, after other matters had been attended to, he arose and said that he had a very painful duty to perform; that his baby daughter who was then before him had been dancing just the week before; that this was positively against the rules of the church, and that as no one else would do it he felt he must bring her case to their attention. The daughter says: "I was dumbfounded, for I did not even know that my dancing was known to him. I promised never to do so again and kept my word."

He had many experiences in marrying couples, at one time performing the ceremony across a swollen stream, and rich stories could be told of his experiences in getting to his appointments, in winning souls, and in being true to the South. A Federal officer went forward at the close of a sermon full of strong Southern sentiments, and the audience thought the pastor would be arrested, but, instead, the officer was so completely won by his fearlessness and the power of the sermon that he asked for an opportunity to speak, publicly commended the preacher's sincerity, urged those present to be true

to the gospel preached, and to go to their homes and be good citizens.

Three of the many negroes who were owned by him in slave time became preachers, and until this day there are kept in Salem Church the galleries in which his negro auditors sat. They were always proud to relate that they had been baptized or married by "Marse 'Lijah." It would be difficult to tell whether he was the more beloved by the whites who affectionately called him "Passun Roach," or those negroes who said "Marse 'Lijah."

He was a delegate at the organization of the American and Foreign Baptist Bible Society, in Philadelphia, and was a liberal contributor to its work; and in heat and cold engaged in the Lord's business at his own door, scarcely ever missing an appointment. For about twenty-five years he was clerk of the Appomattox Association. On the Sunday before he died he preached at Midway Church, rode home on Monday, walked out in the field where his son was at work, and fell asleep in Jesus, as he had wished, "with the harness on." Often had he said that he would far "rather wear out than rust out"; and when in his eighty-seventh year the time for his unmooring came great crowds met to do honor to his memory, and Rev. J. S. Mason, Rev. E. S. Taylor, and Pastor Crews, of a nearby Presbyterian Church, conducted the services. The text for the funeral sermon was Daniel 12:3. These men who knew him so well said that, in contemplating the character and labors and success of this truly godly man, they were constrained to say that a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel, and that probably no man in the denomination had done more work than this veteran of the cross.

Until this day the name of "Brother Roach" is heard many, many times in the homes of Central Virginia, and his memory lingers fragrant in the hearts of those still

living, who knew him and were blessed by his ministry, and on down to children's children do they still delight to do him honor.

In two of the pulpits where he preached so long there still hang portraits of this man of God who labored so faithfully and so well for the good of all whose lives were in any way touched by that of Elijah White Roach.

W. W. Hamilton.

JOHN N. FOX

It would be impossible to record in any full and complete way the lives of men. Hundreds of years ago the words, "Of making many books there is no end" were true. Since then the multiplication of books has greatly increased. Still the record falls far short of being complete. Even a full account of the world's greatest men has never been kept. Yet every life is of deep interest. So when it happens, as in the case of this sketch, that more than threescore years and ten are passed over in a few words, we must needs read between the lines and fill out the picture. John N. Fox was born in King William County, Virginia, May 2, 1811. He was educated at Richmond College, then for several years he taught school in Jeffersonton, Va. During this period he made the acquaintance of Miss Bettie G. Smith, a niece of Mrs. Cumberland George, and, on September 15, 1836, she became his wife. From Jeffersonton he came to Culpeper, where he taught several years. Again he moved, now to Woodville, Rappahannock County. Next he taught in Washington, Rappahannock County, and was for some time missionary in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Some time before the Civil War he was called to the pastorate of four churches, namely, Dundee, Spring Hill, Alum Spring, and Woodville, all in the Shiloh Association. He always went to his appointments on horseback; Dundee and Spring Hill were twenty-five miles from his home, Woodville was twenty, and Alum Spring, ten. Remember, reader, that it snows and rains in Virginia, and that Virginia roads in those days left much to be desired. He continued in this work even when he was so feeble that he needed assistance to mount to the saddle. "He went about doing good." He was clerk of the Shiloh Association for thirty years. He was the father of eleven children, five boys and six daughters, of whom three daughters and two sons are now living. He died July 12, 1883, in his seventy-second year.

JOHN HUBBARD CAWTHON

John Hubbard Cawthon was born March 26, 1812, near Rocks Baptist Church, Charlotte (now Appomattox) County, Virginia, his father having been reared in the same section. His father died when he was nine years old, leaving six children, he being the oldest. He was converted when he was a young man, and before he became a preacher the record of Bethany Church shows that he served faithfully as a deacon. From 1845, when the church was constituted, until December 19, 1848, he was present at every meeting of which there was a record. On December 3, 1848, the church called for his ordination as a minister. The Presbytery, consisting of Elders Samuel Davidson, E. W. Roach, S. G. Mason, and John C. Hamner, met December 19th, and, after the examination, held the services, the ordination sermon being preached by Elder Samuel G. Mason. The next month the church called Mr. Cawthon to become their pastor and he accepted, holding the work until June 5, 1858. Even then they would not accept his resignation, hoping his health would improve. It was not until October 30, 1859 that his successor was chosen. There is now no church in the Appomattox Association known as Bethany. The meeting-house of this church was destroyed by fire, it having caught while a negro was clearing new ground near by. Mr. Cawthon was pastor also of Rocks and Reedy Spring. He married Miss Jemima Catharine Thornhill, who bore him seven children. His two sons are deacons in Baptist churches, and all the daughters, save one, were Baptists. He was a man rather above the average height, with dark hair and brown eyes. He was vigorous in health almost up to the time of his death. He was a preacher-farmer,

and for some years before his death had no regular preaching appointment. In business, one of his mottoes was: "In making a trade put yourself in the other man's place and see how you would like his side—especially in a horse trade." On July 26, 1882, his wife died, and on January 26, 1883, he followed her to the grave.

JOHN O. TURPIN

John O. Turpin, who was the second son of Rev. Miles Turpin and Fanny Frayser Turpin, was born at "Dovehill," in Henrico County, eight miles east of Richmond, in December, 1810. His father died before reaching the decline of life, leaving a widow, six sons, and three daughters. The youngest of these daughters, Keziah, on April 14, 1846, became the wife of Rev. Samuel Cornelius Clopton, and on the 22d of the following June sailed with him as a missionary to China. When about eighteen years old young Turpin entered business in Richmond as a silversmith. At the age of twenty he decided that it was his duty to become a preacher, and in 1832 he entered the Virginia Baptist Seminary, now Richmond College. Here he remained three years, and in the list of students, when this institution was at Young's Pond, four miles north of Richmond, his name stands first. He was ordained in 1833, and became pastor of the Four Mile Baptist Church, Henrico County, where his father had been pastor some ten years. For about two years he taught in a seminary for young women, in Richmond, conducted by Rev. Henry Keeling. At the end of these two years he gave up teaching and devoted himself wholly to the work of the ministry.

In 1836, he was married to Miss Martha Brown, of King William County. His field now consisted of Four Mile Church and three churches in King William, namely those at Old Beulah Meeting House, and in the two colonial buildings, Aquinton and Cattail. In 1841, he and his wife, with their two sons, moved to King William. In March, 1845, Sharon Church, King William County, was dedicated free of debt and he was elected its pastor, in which office he continued for thirty-

eight years. In 1853, this church had 596 members, 444 of them being colored persons. In the same year, Beulah, of which church he was pastor for forty-eight years, had a membership of 294, of whom 164 were colored. In 1855, Hebron Church, King William County, where he was pastor for eight years, had a membership of 301, the majority of whom were doubtless negroes. The galleries of his churches were crowded with colored persons whenever he preached; they were always orderly and attentive, and frequently gave vent to their feelings. Not many country pastors baptized as many colored people as he did. Under his ministry his churches grew and prospered. No other preacher who ever lived in King William ever baptized so many people or married so many couples. He was esteemed and respected by all sorts and conditions of men; by those who were of other denominations, and by those of no denomination little less than by those of his own charge. His godly walk and character were admired by all. God has given to Virginia Baptists few men of greater consecration and godliness. His very presence in a gathering was apt to prevent questionable jokes and profanity. A distinguished lawyer on one occasion used an oath, but immediately turned to Mr. Turpin and said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Turpin, I did not know you were in the crowd." Mr. Turpin, pointing with his finger upward, said: "Ask pardon up yonder." He took his part in the work of the denomination. At the session of the Dover Association, in 1853, at a meeting Sunday morning to promote the interests of Sunday-school work, he was one of the two speakers. He and his wife were strong advocates of temperance, at a day when this great cause was not as popular as it is now, and sought to impress these principles on all, especially their nine children. Three of his sons were privates in the Confederate Army, the oldest

being a prisoner for two years at Elmira, N. Y. His daughter and three of his sons are still living.

After an illness of ten days he passed to his heavenly reward, on March 3, 1884, having been an ordained minister for fifty-one years. His death was triumphant. The physician who was with him in these last moments described the scene as one surpassingly pathetic and impressive. The good man's body, in the presence of a large crowd of white and colored people, was laid to rest at Beulah Church, beneath the shade of the tree to which he had tied his horse every other Sunday for almost half a century. The funeral sermon, on the text: "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed," was preached by Rev. Dr. J. R. Garlick.

WILLIAM HEATH KIRK

William Heath Kirk was born in Lancaster County, Virginia, at "Mars Hill," near Kilmarnock, on August 18, 1804. His parents, Major William Kirk and Ann D. Heath, were of respectable families, and lived in comfortable circumstances. From an early age until he was nineteen years old he attended school in six counties, and had among his teachers Rev. Daniel McNorton, Cyrus Pinckard, John Nelson, Alexander Keith, John Lawrence, and Rev. John Thornton. He afterwards said concerning his school days: "I went to school to everybody and learned nothing." His failure to make the best of unusually good opportunities was a source of lifelong regret to him, yet these years were not wholly fruitless, since he committed to memory Murray's Grammar, read Cicero, and learned to survey. Upon the death of his father he took up the study of medicine and, after several years under Dr. Charles Taylor at Kilmarnock, and Dr. Joseph Basye at Heathsville, and at the end of two sessions at the Maryland University, he took his diploma.

At the age of twenty-four the young doctor settled at the old home with his widowed mother for the practice of medicine. He looked after the farm and cared for his patients. He was a dashing young fellow, well dressed and fine looking, but without God, and having no hope in the world. Fortunately there came a change. On the third Sunday in March he attended service at the Kilmarnock Meeting House. Before leaving home his aged and pious mother had said: "William, I want you to try to behave yourself to-day." The pastor of the church was Rev. J. B. Jeter, but that day the preacher was Col. Addison Hall, a lawyer, and a licentiate of the

Morattico Church. The young doctor, on account of unkind feelings arising from a law suit, did not want to hear Mr. Hall, so he took a back seat in the gallery, and was soon sound asleep. When he awoke the sermon was over, and the celebration of the Lord's Supper going on. In deference to his mother's wishes he left the gallery and went out of doors as quietly as possible. Yet something drew him back to the church to look at the emblems of the Saviour's death, and to hear the exhortation of one of the deacons, the Supper being over. The spirit of God came upon the young doctor and he wept freely. The pastor saw his tears, came to him, and spoke words of encouragement and sympathy. The next night there were services at his mother's, and special prayers were offered for his conversion. The first Sunday in May a meeting was held at Deacon Rawleigh Dunaway's house, on Currotoman River. The morning was inclement, the congregation was not large. Dr. Jeter announced his text: "Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" Dr. Jeter, describing the occasion, says: "My mind, when I attempted to preach, was so dark, and my heart so apathetic, that I deemed it best to stop, and I called on the brethren to sing. Deacon Norris, perceiving my embarrassment, fell on his knees, saying: 'Let us pray.' He offered one of the simplest, most tender, and moving prayers that I have ever heard." Then followed the hymn, "Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive." With streaming eyes Dr. Kirk arose and said: "Mr. Jeter, please pray for me." While they prayed, the burden that for many days had been crushing his spirit was removed, and he passed from darkness to light. The first Bible verse that came to his mind was: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

The day after his baptism, which took place at Dymer's Creek, Lancaster County, Saturday, May 16, 1829, when the sermon was over, according to a previous understanding with the pastor, he arose to take formal leave of his old companions and to exhort them to go with him. This address was the beginning of his service as a minister of the gospel. After having preached for the Farnham Church every month for several years, the practice of medicine being given up, on August 13, 1835, at the Northumberland Baptist Camp Ground, he was ordained. The ordination of Addison Hall, the quondam lawyer, took place at the same time.

In the Providence of God the two men ordained that August day were to labor together in unique and beautiful union and fellowship.

At Coan Church they were co-pastors for some nineteen years; at Fairfield they worked together in like manner for ten years, and for the same length of time the Lebanon Church had their services as fellow-pastors. While they were in many respects very different yet they labored together harmoniously and successfully. Dr. W. F. Dunaway thus describes and contrasts the two men: "Hall was the better theologian, Kirk the superior orator. The former was more logical, instructive, convincing, while the latter was more pathetic, eloquent, persuasive." For thirty-six years they labored together in the churches of Lancaster and Northumberland, the Lord greatly blessing their labors. Four excellent church houses were built, many souls were added to the Lord, and the missionary zeal of the churches greatly quickened. For nearly half a century Dr. Kirk preached the gospel at Coan and Fairfield churches. For some forty years he was sole pastor at the former place and for thirty at the latter. Not long before his death he gave to each of his churches an elegant communion service, engraved with his name. As a preacher, he was

not noted for studious habits, nor for extensive learning, nor for powers of clear analysis. There was an intimate connection between his conversion and his preaching. It was the grace of God as exemplified in the atoning death of Jesus Christ that constrained him to repent, believe, obey, and he presented to his hearers that same grace as the only reclaiming power. In the pulpit he was sometimes cold and dark, then sentences were framed with difficulty, and utterance was broken. Generally, however, his mind was clear and his heart warm. His manner then was free, noble, engaging. His sonorous voice poured forth in elegant periods the thoughts that filled and warmed his soul. Flowing tears, mingled with perspiration, coursed down his cheeks, nor did he think of, or pause to use, his handkerchief, so wrapt was his spirit in the love of God, and in zeal for the salvation of men. His physique was noble. Tall and well proportioned, his presence was commanding. His strong and vigorous constitution enabled him to labor and preach with almost undiminished power to the end of a long life. His love of the truth was so great that it dominated his every word and act, and often led the superficial observer to believe that he was curt and dogmatic. His manner was but the outcome of his holy hatred of evasions, equivocation and deceit, and of all those subterfuges and shifts which are the allies of falsehood. He was strictly faithful to all his promises and engagements. In his mind punctuality was an element of honesty, a feature of genuine religion. Dr. Kirk was a cordial advocate of missions, and it was his custom and pleasure to collect and carry up each year to the "June Meeting," as large a sum of money as possible. The last that he carried was the largest. It was his habit to attend the General Association, and during half a century he failed to attend its sessions only two or three times. In 1879, at the meeting of this body, he was elected one of its vice-presidents.

Dr. Kirk was married twice. On August 12, 1830, Miss Elizabeth M. Myers became his wife. Of this union ten children were born, of whom six are now living. His first wife having died, Dr. Kirk was married, on October 21, 1856, to Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Blakey. Upon the occasion of this marriage he moved to his wife's residence, in Lancaster County, which was known as "Hunter's Lodge," where he spent twenty years of happy married life.

His death came March 15, 1884, the day when he expected to meet his regular Saturday appointment at Coan Church. He was buried in a spot he had selected near the pulpit of Coan Church, and at the memorial services held in this his old church, the sermon, preached by Rev. Dr. W. F. Dunaway, was from the words: "By the grace of God I am what I am," a text he had selected for his funeral. The congregation contributed some $200 for a monument over his grave. This sketch is based, in part, on a pamphlet on the life of Mr. Kirk by Rev. Dr. Dunaway.

ABNER ANTHONY

On September 16, 1790, George Washington being president of the United States, Abner Anthony was born. His father, Rev. John Anthony, was for many years a minister of the gospel, in Bedford County, being the pastor of the Otter Church from its origin until just before his death, in the year 1822. The son made a profession of religion, and, in 1814, united with his father's church, Otter, now called Bethlehem. On September 13, 1815, he united by letter with the Staunton (Bedford County) Church. Of this church he was for a term clerk, and he was frequently its messenger to the meetings of the Association. He was first licensed to preach, and then, in 1829, was ordained, the Presbytery consisting of Elders William Leftwich, William Harris, Joel Preston, and James Leftwich. Soon after this he became pastor of his church, "which office he held as long and even longer than his strength justified, and with reluctance yielded his charge." He was pastor also of Mount Airy and Difficult Creek churches, and perhaps of others. He lived in Bedford County near the line and near the point where Pittsylvania and Franklin corner, so his labors reached over these three counties. During the larger part of his life he had good health and strength, and did a large amount of traveling. During his long ministry he baptized many people, conducted a great many funerals, and married more than a thousand couples.

Finally disease laid him low. For more than two years he was confined to his bed, unable to move his body or his legs. During this sore affliction his mind was at times affected, but his patience never gave away. During this season of distress he often talked of the meetings, the friends, the scenes of other days, of the

future, and of his own death. He enjoyed the visits of his brethren as they came to his bedside, bringing now a sermon, now a prayer; his response was in the language of joy, declaring that he was ready to depart and be with Christ. On March 3, 1884, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, having seen twenty-one presidents occupy the White House, he fell on sleep.

SILAS BRUCE

Culpeper County, lying along the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, famous in colonial days and in the period of the Civil War, was the birthplace of Silas Bruce, and the section where most of his life was spent. He was born February 16, 1804, his parents being Joel Bruce and Ann Dowling. In 1824, he was baptized by Elder James Garnett, and at once became an earnest worker in Bethel Church. When his thoughts turned to the ministry he felt the need of a fuller education. So be became a student first at Mount Salem Academy, conducted by Rev. Wm. F. Broaddus, and later at the New Baltimore Academy, in Fauquier County, an institution of which Rev. John Ogilvie was then the head, a position he filled for twenty years. He was licensed to preach, December 24, 1831, and on July 21, 1832, upon the request of the Carter's Run Church, of which church he immediately became pastor, was ordained to the gospel ministry. During his long ministry of over half a century he was pastor of many churches of the Shiloh Association for long periods. Especially notable in this list was Mount Lebanon, a body which he organized, in 1833, and where his work went on for about half a century. Three other of the best churches in this section of Virginia, namely, Mount Zion, Slate Mills, and Mount Carmel, were founded by him, in 1833, 1855, and 1850, respectively. Besides his regular work as a pastor, in which capacity he preached a large number of funerals, married many couples, and baptized nearly 2,000 persons, he was also active in protracted-meeting work. "He was a fluent speaker, commanding in person, graceful in manner, persuasive in style. His heart was guileless." His whole life was passed in what was first

his parents' home and then his own, where he tenderly cared for his father and mother in their years of feebleness, and then for some afflicted members of the family. He was married to Miss Tennessee Smith, who was his faithful and loving wife. Of this union the following children were born: Mannie D., Joel T., John Silas M., Sue, Maude, James G., Mollie, Luther R., Lou, and Cornelius. After a lingering and painful illness, he died, at his home, October 29, 1884. To have the true picture of the character and work of this man of God, the reader should pause to consider how much labor is suggested by many statements in this sketch. See this godly minister for half a century going to his appointments, attending marriages and funerals, holding protracted meetings, baptizing in clear mountain-born streams hundreds of people, and rearing a large family, and caring for aged parents and afflicted loved ones! What a beautiful—what an inspiring picture!

WILLIAM ALLEN TYREE

From a home in Amherst County, Virginia, the ranks of Virginia Baptist preachers received two valuable members. In the Fourth Series of these "Lives" there will be a sketch of Rev. Dr. Cornelius Tyree; his brother William Allen was born January 19, 1824. Young William made a profession of religion in 1839, and was baptized into the fellowship of Mount Moriah Church, Amherst County, by Rev. S. B. Rice. He attended the best schools of the county, and then, in 1847, set out for Richmond College, where he spent two sessions. He next attended Columbian College, Washington, where he graduated in 1851.

Soon after his graduation he was ordained to the gospel ministry, the Presbytery consisting of Elders J. H. Fox, William Moore, and Cornelius Tyree. In 1851, he became pastor of the Farmville Baptist Church, where he remained two years. In 1852, he was married to Miss Susan B. Penick, of Halifax County. This event led to his becoming pastor in Halifax, where he lived some fifteen years. While living in Halifax he was pastor first and last of these churches: Beth Car, Hunting Creek, Childrey, Meadsville, Catawba, and Brookneal. "This was the most laborious part of his life." During the Civil War he was for a season the president of the Danville Female Institute. From this work he returned to his pastorate in Halifax, but before long his feeble health led him to go back to his native county, where he became undershepherd of the Mount Moriah Church. He settled near the county seat, and in the face of many obstacles succeeded in building at this center of influence a large and beautiful house of worship. Not long after the completion of this edifice, his health, which had not been good for a considerable time, gave steadily away.

In the fall of 1884, it was plain that the end was not far off. He realized his condition and began to set his house in order. He was called upon to suffer great bodily pain, but, on December 14, 1884, he entered peacefully into the rest prepared for God's people. Years of poor health unfitted him for mental and physical work, but notwithstanding this serious handicap he was an able and useful preacher, an excellent pastor, an earnest Christian worker, and, withal, a refined gentleman, a sympathetic friend, and an ardent lover of Christ. His son, Rev. Dr. W. C. Tyree, is a preacher of power and usefulness.

ROBERT BURTON

Robert Burton was born in Chesterfield County, Virginia, in January, 1818, his parents being Jesse Washington and Mary Franklin Burton. The First Baptist Church of Petersburg sent him forth to preach the gospel. To prepare himself for life and for the ministry he studied at the Virginia Baptist Seminary (now Richmond College) and at Columbian College, graduating at this latter institution in 1846. Shortly afterwards he took charge of several churches in Charlotte and Mecklenburg counties. For some forty years he was a member of the Concord Association, and for the first half of this period was pastor of some of the leading churches of the body. During the latter half of this forty years he labored as a missionary in the Association. Among the churches he served were Liberty, Shiloh, Bethlehem, Antioch, Bethel, Mount Zion, Horeb, and Concord. His lifelong friend and fellow-laborer, Rev. A. F. Davidson, says of him: "He was a talented and cultivated minister of the gospel, and in the earlier years of his ministry especially impressed himself most favorably upon the churches, and was instrumental in doing much good." In 1863, when the Concord Association met, August 12th to 14th, with Liberty Church, Mecklenburg County, Mr. Burton made the report on "Education." It is doubly interesting since it shows something of the stress and distress of those days of the War. The report says in part: "Owing to the War the work of education has been suspended some say to the extent of two-thirds. . . . The necessities of the War and not the spirit of our people have produced this evil. . . . This spirit has shown itself in the zeal with which our patriotic women have come forward to the responsible work of training the youths around them in the absence

of men who were formerly engaged in it. This spirit is seen also in an increased interest and effort in the Sunday-school enterprise which must be relied [on] now, more than ever, as God's appointed agency for rescuing thousands of the young from ignorance and its attendant evils." Mr. Burton was married twice, first to Miss Margaret Ann Jeffress, and then to her sister, Mrs. Eloise Jeffress Gregory, daughters of Deacon James H. Jeffress, of Liberty Church, Mecklenburg County. Of these two marriages nine children were born, six of whom are still living. On September 25, 1885, he passed away. "He was called suddenly, but the call found him ready." This sketch might have contained many more details concerning the life of this good man, had not his valuable library, with full records of his work as a minister, been destroyed by fire in 1875. The impress of his consecration and piety seems to be seen in his children and grandchildren.

While a student at Columbian College he was the means of leading his roommate to Christ. Years afterwards, when Mr. Burton was dead, by chance one Sunday his son was in the congregation of Dr. Gwaltney, Edgefield, S. C. In his sermon that day the preacher told of his conversion and called his roommate's name. No wonder that after the service the son made himself known. Mr. Burton had dark hair, mild blue eyes, broad and high forehead, aquiline nose, expressive mouth with a perfect set of teeth, not one decayed, at the time of his death, when he was sixty-five years old. Until his last years he always went clean shaven. His face was radiant, always with an expression of perfect peace. One of his daughters says: "I never saw him frown. I do not believe he could frown. In fact, his countenance was an index to his noble character, and of the spirit of love for the Master and His cause." He was never too preoccupied or too weary, as he set out or returned from

his long journeys to his churches, to embrace each member of his family affectionately. He shared their pleasures and perplexities. In conversation he was gifted, having a great fund of anecdotes. Even after his active ministry ceased he was in great demand for funerals and marriages, and often went long distances to officiate at such functions. His children and grandchildren rise up to call him blessed.

WILLIAM CAREY CRANE

William Carey Crane was born in Richmond, Va., March 17, 1816. His father, William Crane, was a lineal descendant of Jasper Crane, one of the original founders of Newark, N. J., and of Robert Treat, Governor of Connecticut, when the charter was hid in the historic oak. His father's mother was a Campbell, being descended from the Campbells of Argyle, Scotland, while his mother, Lydia Dorset, traced back her ancestry to the noblest branch of the Dorsets of England.

His educational opportunities were the best and he made excellent use of them. After having had as his teachers, in Richmond, Henry Keeling, Thomas H. Fox, Wm. Burke, and Rowland Reynolds, he spent a year at Mr. C. W. Taliaferro's boarding school, in King William County, six miles from Hanover Court House, and near Mangobrick Church, where he heard Andrew Broaddus preach regularly. Before he was thirteen years old he had committed to memory the main parts of Ruddiman's Latin Grammar and translated selections from Cæsar, Ovid, Cicero, Sallust, and the Latin Old Testament. After a break of one year spent in his father's counting-room, his student life went on. At the age of fifteen he was sent with his brother, A. Judson Crane, to Mount Pleasant Classical Institution, Amherst, Mass., where he pursued studies preparatory to commercial life, among other things, learning to speak French, and taking drawing lessons from an Italian master. Here he had as his fellow-students James Roosevelt Bayley, late Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church, Baltimore, and Henry Van Lennep, missionary to Constantinople. One of his teachers here was Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, author of a Greek Grammar and a lexicon of Byzantine

Greek. Henry Ward Beecher was at this time a student in the same village; later in life he was so much like Mr. Beecher as often to be taken for him. While here, at a Congregational revival meeting, he was converted, and at once decided to preach. On July 27, 1832, he was baptized into the fellowship of the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., by Rev. James B. Taylor. The first year of the Virginia Baptist Seminary (now Richmond College) found him one of its fourteen students, another of the fourteen being J. W. D. Creath, afterwards a leader in Texas Baptist work. He next attended Columbian College, where he received his A. B. and A. M. degrees. Next he spent three and a half years at Hamilton, having as his teachers there Thos. J. Conant, Joel S. Bacon, Barnas Sears, Nathaniel Kendrick, Geo. W. Eaton, and A. C. Kendrick.

Upon leaving Hamilton he taught and preached for a year at Talbotton, Ga., and having been licensed to preach when he was only seventeen years old, he was on September 23, 1838, in the Calvert Street Baptist Church, Baltimore (having been one of the constituent members of this body), ordained to the ministry. On the 17th of March, 1839, his twenty-third birthday, he became pastor of the Baptist church in Montgomery, Ala. During his pastorate here the membership was multiplied threefold, but his voice failing he returned to his native State, and for several years worked as the general agent of the Virginia Tract Society. A diary, which he kept during the period of this agency, shows how earnest were his labors. He preached, spoke, sold books, took collections, and arranged for agencies in all parts of the State, working with the various denominations. At a mass meeting he held in Petersburg, Rev. Mr. Leyburn, in an address on the importance of good literature, spoke of the ignorance of the lower classes in Europe, telling how in Paris he asked a hundred hackmen before he

could find where Lafayette was buried, and how in Geneva the man living in John Calvin's house was ignorant of this fact. From 1844 to 1860, his home and work were in Mississippi, he being pastor first of Vicksburg and then of the Hernando Church. While in Mississippi he was president of the Mississippi Female College, and was offered the presidency of five colleges and six seminaries.

From 1860 until 1863, he was president of Mount Lebanon University, at Mount Lebanon, La., the number of students increasing during his administration from 90 to 170, and this although the War was going on. Along with his work as president went the pastoral care of several churches. In July, 1863, he visited Houston, Texas, and was called to the pastorate of the Baptist church there. He declined this call, however, to accept the presidency of Baylor University, at Independence, a position he filled until his death, February 26, 1885. Many things conspired to make his work at Baylor most difficult. Dr. Burleson, the former president, carrying with him his whole faculty, established at Waco, Texas, what was called Waco University. With grim, lion-like determination Dr. Crane succeeded in placing Baylor in the very forefront of educational institutions in the South.

Dr. Crane occupied many positions of honor and importance in the denomination and in other spheres. He was first vice-president, and then president of the Texas Baptist Convention, holding this last office for nine years. For some years he was one of the secretaries of the Southern Baptist Convention, and more than once vice-president of this body. He was for several years president of the State Teachers' Association, of Texas, and was on the committee, invited by Governor Roberts, that recommended plans which resulted in the organization of the first Normal School in Texas, the Sam Houston

Normal College. He held high offices in the Odd Fellows and Masonic orders, and in the Sons and Friends of Temperance, and often made addresses before these organizations. He was a member of the American Philological Association. He was active with pen as well as with voice. Besides contributing many articles to the *Christian Index, Religious Herald,* New York *Chronicle, National Baptist, Baptist Banner, Western Pioneer, Christian Repository, Louisiana Baptist, Southern Baptist Review, Baptist Quarterly,* and *Southern Literary Messenger,* he was the author of several books. His first brain-child, a modest little volume, printed for private circulation, in honor of his first wife, was "Memoirs of Alcesta F. Crane." In 1853, he published "Literary Discourses," while his "Life of Sam Houston," the only record of the life of this remarkable man, authorized by the family, was published in 1884. Dr. Crane was married three times, his first wife being Miss Alcesta Flora Galusha; his second, Miss Jane Louisa Wright, and his third, Miss Catharine J. Shepherd. An incident showing Dr. Crane in lighter vein is told as follows by his son, Mr. R. C. Crane, a lawyer of Sweetwater, Texas:

"I recollect one incident as told by my father, as I recall, after his return from attending the Southern Baptist Convention, which impressed itself on my memory as indicating a quickness at repartee.

"Dr. Fuller had been a lifelong friend of his and of his father; my father and Dr. Fuller jollied each other when they met, in or out of a crowd. One day at the Convention, Dr. Fuller, in a little crowd of preachers, said to Dr. Crane: 'Crane, what is the difference between a Crane and a turkey buzzard?'

" 'Well,' said Dr. Crane, 'the turkey buzzard is fuller in the body, fuller about the head, and, in fact, is (pointing to Dr. Fuller) Fuller all over.' "

This sketch may well close with the description given of Dr. Crane in "Flowers and Fruits, or Thirty-Six Years in Texas," by Rev. Z. N. Morell, which is as follows:

"As a scholar Elder Crane has but few equals; and his superiors are very scarce. His conversation, his literary addresses, and his sermons all show that he is not only a profound scholar, but that he has always been a student, and is still a student. His mental discipline has been of the most rigid character. In person he is of medium height, with compact form inclined to corpulency. He has a vigorous constitution, and but few men are able to do the amount of work he does. When I first saw him, I though his manner somewhat haughty and stiff. Each time I met him afterwards I saw my mistake more plainly. I can now say, that a more loving, kind, and social spirit it has rarely been my lot to meet. His kind consideration and affectionate demeanor toward his brethren in the ministry, who are his inferiors in point of education, I do think worthy of admiration. His powers as a preacher, when fully in the spirit of the Great Master, can only be understood and appreciated by those who have heard him when he was moved and stirred by the soul-inspiring, experimental truths of the gospel. Under the pressure of all the duties of a college president, he preaches regularly, and to his ministry devotes much thought. He is doing a noble work for the churches, and the cause of education."

BARNET GRIMSLEY

The same year that gave to New England, Henry W. Longfellow and John G. Whittier, and to Virginia, Robert E. Lee, saw the birth, in Culpeper County, Virginia, of Barnet Grimsley. When, on December 17, 1807, the baby in the Culpeper home was two days old, at Haverhill, Mass., the Quaker poet first saw the light. Thomas Jefferson was then president of the United States, and the village, near which the future Baptist preacher was born, bore the name of him who was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Look not on the present map of Culpeper County to find Washington, for now it is in the County of Rappahannock, which was formed from Culpeper. Unfortunately the names of Barnet Grimsley's parents, Wm. Grimsley and Agnes Norman, must stand here without facts or figures, but the name of the place that gave him birth, and was the arena of his work, calls to mind the long line of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains that bound the horizon on the west for miles and miles, giving glory and dignity to the landscape. At nine years of age the boy entered the school of Mr. B. Wood, where he remained for portions of four sessions, and where he gave evidence of his wonderful memory. He was twelve years old when, at a commencement occasion, he declaimed the whole of a sermon on "The Being and Perfections of God," from the British Pulpit. Until he was eighteen years old he helped his father on the farm and used his spare time for reading. His books were few, but those he had were committed, in large measure, to memory. At twenty, he chose what he intended to be his life work, milling, and went at it with such characteristic energy that soon he excelled in

this business. In those days farmers paid for their grinding in toll, and millers solicited crops in advance. One farmer, whose wheat young Grimsley bespoke, promised it, provided the miller would subscribe to the *Religious Herald*. The condition was complied with, and he became a regular and lifelong reader of the paper. During the five years given to this business two important events took place, his marriage to Miss Ruth Updek, a farmer's daughter, and the conversion and baptism of the young husband and wife. The baptism took place near Washington, in November, 1831, Rev. W. F. Broaddus being the administrator, and Mount Salem the church. About a year later he was licensed to preach, and not long afterwards the mill was abandoned. On November 25, 1833, he was ordained to the gospel ministry, and became pastor of Cedar Creek, a church he had gathered together and organized.

The licensing of that young miller, in October, 1832, was the beginning of a fruitful and distinguished ministry of over half a century. The scenes of these years of service and success were the counties of Culpeper, Madison, Fauquier, Frederick, and Clarke, all of which, save two, lie in Piedmont Virginia. The churches served, some times, according to the custom of the day and section, in groups of four, for longer or shorter periods, were: Mount Salem, Cedar Creek, Liberty, Beth Car, Long Branch, Pleasant Vale, Jeffersonton, Gourdvine, Bethel, Pleasant Grove, Flint Hill, and New Salem. While the length of these pastorates varied, it appears that practically unvarying success marked them all. Some men come surely but slowly to a high degree of power in the ministry. Not so with Mr. Grimsley, for his development was phenomenal; in one year's time he had reached the very first rank. This is in keeping with what we are told of his capacity for intense application, and of his marvelous memory. In

his school days. English grammar having had no place, during the first year of his ministry he went for four days and a half without either food or sleep that he might master and commit to memory the substance of Kirkham's Grammar. Committing to memory what he desired to know or use passed into a custom with him, and the saddle, where he spent so much time, became the place where much such work was done. Pollok's "Course of Time," and Rollin's Ancient History were two of the books which thus he stored away. During his ministry he was often called on to repeat a sermon that had given profit and pleasure. This he could do upon a moment's notice. Dr. W. F. Broaddus declared that he heard him once comply with such a request, when the reproduction was exact to the dotting of an "i" and the crossing of a "t." Upon another occasion some people, who had come a long way to a meeting, were not satisfied to return home until they had heard Grimsley. "Give us," they cried, "your Paul sermon." Their request was immediately and easily granted. When Mr. Grimsley began his ministry anti-missionary sentiment was widespread, and, as a consequence, the churches were but little trained in the matter of pastoral support. For a season he worked as a missionary, receiving his support, at least in part, from the Board of the Salem Union Association. He became a most effective opponent of the antinomian doctrines. Dr. W. F. Broaddus waged a victorious war against such teachings, and his work was most ably seconded and carried forward by this his son in the gospel. He was by no means superficial in his discussions of this very vital subject. His discussions of the questions at issue went down to basal principles, yet he knew how to make his argument popular and effective by the means of illustrations. Dr. John A. Broadus, who as a boy heard Grimsley, tells how real the "old school" and "new

school" controversy was, and how it colored much of his preaching. He says: "While he greatly delighted in formally stating and restating the points of an argument, he understood the necessity of illuminating his points by illustration in order to convince the popular mind, and his command of illustration was something extraordinary. He seemed to remember whatever he had read, and he quickly discerned analogies between religious truth and the objects or experiences of ordinary life. Some of his illustrations would flash like a meteor for a moment, while others rose slowly upon us like the morning sun, till they seemed to fill the whole heavens with light and glory. Into his exhortations he poured all the tremendous earnestness of strong convictions, great-hearted love, and a deep sense of ministerial responsibility. His homely but strong-featured face would glow with impassioned feeling, the great veins on his forehead would swell out as if threatening to burst, his voice would rise to a sort of intoning, that was faulty and yet curiously impressive, and his erect, energetic figure would fling itself back or throw itself forward with a power that was startling. The side gallery in which I used to sit was almost within reach of him as he stood in the pulpit. The peculiarities of his appearance and utterance were thus closely observed. Yet they did not divert attention from his solemn theme. All that he said was admitted as true and binding, and his own straightforward sincerity and consuming earnestness were fully recognized. Many a time the old gallery seemed to shake with the passion of his appeals." Another says concerning his preaching: "As a preacher he has had few equals. His reasoning is clear, constructive, and closely logical; his language choice, chaste, and weighty; his descriptive power remarkably vivid, and his manner earnest and impressive." Yet another, baptized and induced into the ministry by him, says of

him: "Gathering momentum he carried his congregation up and onward until we thought: How he soars, sings, scintillates! Who would not be a Christian? To preach thus is the greatest earthly glory." Yet another gives this illustration of the tenderness and effectiveness of his preaching: "On one occasion, at his own church, his sermon was so powerful that the whole congregation was melted to tears, many coming forward and asking the prayers of God's people. As soon as quiet was restored, one of the brethren rose and suggested that the meeting be continued through the week. He stated that they all intended sowing their wheat that week, it was the best time, but it was far more important that their children should be converted than that their wheat should be seeded. The meeting was continued with gracious results. It was noted that at the next harvest the wheat crop was unusually good." Mr. Grimsley was the great preacher of that section of the country. After hearing Richard Fuller people would say: "He can not preach like Grimsley." Towards the end of his life he came to have the title of "the old man eloquent." Rev. Dr. M. D. Jeffries tells of a great sermon Mr. Grimsley used to preach on the text: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," and of how when he was just commencing his ministry this venerable preacher asked him to preach at Gourdvine Church. He did so. Mr. Grimsley added a few remarks, which contained more, so the young preacher thought, than his whole sermon.

The distances to his churches were so great, in one case thirty-five miles, that much of his time was spent in the saddle. Towards the end of his life he told some one that he had traveled 125,000 miles on horseback, and this was probably a moderate estimate. In those days even more than to-day churches called pastors with almost utter disregard of distance. What is considered

now in our country districts a compact field, that is, one made up of churches in contiguous communities, was almost unknown. A preacher aimed to remain a day or so after an appointment in a community, and so pay pastoral visits, but even then much work, such as funerals, marriages, and baptisms, fell to his brother minister, who lived near at hand. It was balanced up at the other end of the line. Cumberland George and Barnet Grimsley were contemporaries, fellow-pastors. Because of the situation just alluded to much of Mr. George's work fell to Mr. Grimsley, and vice versa. So it was doubtless that a young man named John A. Broadus, who with his father's family belonged to Mr. Grimsley's congregation, having made a profession of religion, was baptized by Mr. George. It is interesting to know that not long afterwards this same young man was led by a sermon of Dr. A. M. Poindexter, on the parable of the talents, to decide to be a minister. After the service was over, with streaming eyes he came to his pastor and said: "Brother Grimsley, the question is decided; I must try to be a preacher."

Not only in the pulpit, but in the social circle as well, Mr. Grimsley was highly esteemed and most useful. He was so frequent a visitor in the home of Major Broadus as to cause some complaint on the part of other members of the church. Dr. John A. Broadus gives interesting memories of these visits to his father's house, and of neighborhood discussions in which the pastor bore his part. He says: "Into these discussions Mr. Grimsley entered with great eagerness, and often started them himself. Besides the grammar and Walker's larger dictionary, reference was constantly made to Shakespeare and Pope, to Goldsmith, and Cooper's novels, to the Richmond *Whig,* and the *Religious Herald.* . . . I remember a discussion, that lasted several months and stirred the whole neigh-

borhood, upon Mark 11:24: 'What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them.' Some took the ground that 'receive' was in the subjunctive mood, meaning in order that ye may receive. They might well think so, for these teachers were all making earnest efforts to resist the growing neglect of the subjunctive mood, which at the present day has become almost universal. Nobody ever thought about the Greek—which would have shown in a moment that the verb is indicative, and past tense—nor did any one in the neighborhood have a commentary. . . . Though so destitute of helps, the pastor and the schoolmasters spent much time in discussing the meaning of Scripture, and this gave a heightened importance to English grammar. It is difficult to estimate properly the glorified recollections of early youth; but my impression is that never at the University of Virginia nor in a theological seminary have I heard more interesting or (I am tempted to add) more able discussions of the meaning of language and the teachings of Scripture, than in that country home when the pastor would come to see us. It was very interesting to hear him talk upon the ordinary topics of country life, crops, and stock, and agricultural processes and implements. . . . He had much accurate information upon these matters, and could tell of the agricultural methods employed in several other counties. He took an immense delight in receiving or imparting information and in exchanging ideas, which made his conversation uniformly attractive and inspiring. . . . Many politicians came to our house, including occasionally a Congressman and once a governor; and many preachers came, not only from different parts of the State, but agents from New England and elsewhere, representing the Bible Society, the Sunday-School Union, etc. The growing boy regarded the preachers as, in general, much

more interesting than the politicians, though a fierce political partisan himself. Of course this was 'a childish ignorance,' for most people are fully persuaded that ministers are, in general, weak and dull. . . . Among all those who came often enough to be now remembered, the lad regarded Mr. Grimsley as decidedly the most interesting talker, and always hailed his visits with joy. How much the preacher gains in his hold upon the youth of the congregation, from the pastor's visits to their homes—how much, that is, if he be agreeable in conversation and genuinely earnest in his religious tone. Mr. Grimsley's conversation would pass with perfect facility from ordinary topics to something religious and back again. The thought never entered my mind that he was too fond of talking upon other subjects. In fact it was an atmosphere in which religion entered very readily into social conversation upon whatever topic."

Several years before his death, the loss of his voice and the infirmity of old age prevented him from continuing his active labors, but he was lovingly ministered to and cared for by his friends and brethren. The Mount Salem Church never accepted his resignation, and continued to pay his salary in these years of his decline, their new pastor doing all the work and receiving also a salary. In 1872, he (Mr. Grimsley) was present at the General Association, in Staunton, and the minutes of that session close with the words: "Elder B. Grimsley led in solemn prayer, and the Association was declared adjourned, to meet with, etc." He died April 23, 1885.

SAMUEL BLAIR RICE

Virginia Baptists have had, within the last half century, two ministers by the name of Rice, both being of Presbyterian stock, and both being physicians, yet not kin to each other. One of these men was Samuel Blair Rice, who was born in Halifax County, Virginia, June 16, 1801, being the son of Dr. William Rice and Temperance Crenshaw Rice. His paternal grandfather, Rev. David Rice, was one of the founders and one of the trustees of Hampden-Sidney College, and afterwards known as the "father of the Presbyterian Church" in Kentucky; and married the daughter of Rev. Samuel Blair, who, Parke Godwin, in his "Biographical Sketches," declares was "second to no man in the country for piety, learning and integrity." Mr. Rice's maternal grandmother was Sarah Bacon, sister of Izard Bacon of "The Brook," near Richmond, a man of large wealth and influence. Mr. Rice graduated in medicine in New York, but soon left the practice of the healing art to become a preacher of the gospel, which is the balm of Gilead to sin-sick, troubled hearts. He was ordained in 1835. He was first pastor of churches in Charlotte and Halifax counties, and later of the Scottsville (Albemarle County) and Lovingston (Nelson County) churches. Next, it seems, he was pastor in Amherst. While pastor of Mount Moriah Church in this last-named county he baptized A. B. Brown, who afterward was so distinguished as a preacher and as a teacher. This event was the more remarkable as Mr. Brown, while teaching school in the family of Mr. William M. Waller, a wealthy citizen of Amherst, had joined the Episcopal Church; however, the Baptist Church had

in it many intelligent men, such as John W. Broaddus, Benjamin Taliaferro, Dr. Gibson, and others, and young Brown, "whether from intercourse with these intelligent and kind Baptists and their pastor Dr. Rice, or from his own independent investigations," became a Baptist. Motley, in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," gives a description of the appearance, even to the color of the hair and eyes, of more than one of the distinguished personages that his pen has made to live again. Certainly such details help us to see those of whom we read. We are so fortunate as to have some such minutiæ concerning Dr. Rice from two different men who knew him. The Rev. Dr. Paul Whitehead, a distinguished Methodist minister, when just a boy, used to hear Dr. Rice preach in the pulpit of the small Episcopal Church in New Glasgow, Amherst County. While neither texts nor matter of the sermons were remembered "the peculiarly rapid enunciation and direct and earnest manner" made a deep impression. Dr. Whitehead says: "I have not lost the impress of the tall, straight figure, lean and dark skinned, as it seems to me, of the grave and earnest look, of that steady and rapid flow of speech. The lips were not widely open (as if he might have held secretively a small *quid* in his jaws, too much enjoyed to be quite laid aside even in the pulpit); gestures were few, mainly a waving or laying off of the hands in front; the sermons were not of inordinate length; and, on the whole, he seemed to be acceptable and very much respected by the little community divided between the several churches."

During his life in Amherst an event took place which is described by his son, Mr. W. L. Rice, at present Mayor of the City of Bristol, Va., as follows: "About 1850 or 1851 there was a tremendous revival spirit going on in Amherst County, Virginia. All denominations joined in union services, which began in the Metho-

dist churches. These meetings had continued for five or six weeks, moving from church to church, my father taking an active part in them. Finally they closed at a Methodist church, and, by agreement, the doors of the Methodist and Baptist churches were opened to receive new members. It had been the understanding at other churches, when the meetings closed, to open the doors without making any sectarian remarks, leaving the choice of the churches to the applicant; but, at this last meeting, a Mr. Wood, a Methodist, made a strong talk against immersion, and challenged my father to discuss the question at a later date. My father accepted the challenge and articles of agreement were drawn up giving the parties about thirty days to prepare themselves. They were to meet at Amherst Court-House, where an immense arbor was erected; were to debate three days and if either party was not satisfied to continue a day longer. Three prominent gentlemen, not members of any church, and unbiased so far as known, were to decide as to the merits of the discussion. At the conclusion of the three days the judges asked the question, 'Are you satisfied, gentlemen?' and the immense crowd yelled for a decision. Mr. Wood arose and stated that he thought it would be best not to render a decision, since it would not settle the question. I omitted to state that before the debate closed other denominations were drawn into the discussion, and my father had to fight the battle alone. As a result of this discussion more than one church was almost depopulated." The foregoing incident, which shows clearly that Dr. Rice was a strong Baptist, will make doubly interesting two remarks concerning him, one by his son who has just been quoted, and the other from his daughter, the late Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, of New York City. Mayor Rice says: "My father was beloved and respected by all who knew him. If he had a fault it was caused by his liberality, both

in respect to the opinions of others, and generosity with his means." Mrs. Pryor says: "His was a very warm and sympathetic nature. He was an ardent patriot and a most devoted minister. Were I to recall any one characteristic above all others I should say that the Baptist Church and its interests absorbed him utterly. He lived for it and was forever engaged in producing harmony and affection among its members, willing to travel long distances on horseback to settle differences among families, in which he invariably succeeded. Hard feeling, bitterness, strife, melted away under his influence. He was the blessed peacemaker beloved and revered by his people." It will be interesting in this connection to remember that John Bunyan died of a fever contracted from riding forty miles from Reading to London through a drenching rain to reconcile an angry father to his son.

From his Amherst-Nelson field, for he had been pastor of Adiel in the latter county at the same time he was at Mount Moriah, Dr. Rice moved to Staunton. Of his organizing a Baptist church in Staunton and beginning the erection of a house of worship Rev. Dr. G. B. Taylor, who immediately succeeded him as pastor in Staunton, says: "We knew that Dr. Rice was a man of imposing presence and that he had the gifts and experience necessary for the pioneer work which he came to accomplish. Through him the resident Baptists were, in October, 1853, gathered together, forming this church. Thirteen members united in the organization. Thenceforward the bulk of his time and strength was given to raising funds for the erection of the church house, which was seen to be a prime necessity. . . . After the brethren and sisters here had done what they could, Dr. Rice traveled all over eastern Virginia, largely in a private conveyance, visiting not only the town and city churches, but those of the country as well,

telling of the labors and sacrifices, specially of one of the members here—how her skilful and busy fingers wrought ever in the interest of the building that was to be. . . . The building rose slowly, some prophesying that it would never see completion." In the summer of 1857, Dr. Rice closed his pastorate in Staunton.

After leaving Staunton, the remainder of his life was spent in Eastern Virginia. He was pastor, first and last, of Fork and Little River churches, in Louisa County; of Waller's, in Spottsylvania County, and of Ephesus, in Essex County. "Later in life he settled in King George County, and rendered valuable service to the Baptist cause. From feebleness the last several years of his life were quietly spent in the family circle, and yet he sometimes preached and addressed Sunday schools up to the last. His mind and sight were clear, his strength remarkable, and his interest in the cause of God and man unabated to the end. He lies buried, as requested, in the cemetery of the Potomac Baptist Church, with which he held his membership, and was identified from its origin." Dr. Rice was married three times. He left a widow, a number of children and grandchildren. He died suddenly at his home near Comorn, King George County, Virginia, November 6, 1885.

ABRAM BURWELL BROWN*

Abram Burwell Brown was born at Allen's Creek, Amherst County, Virginia, October 20, 1821. His father, Martin Brown, was the son of Jeremiah Brown, a Revolutionary soldier of English descent. Jeremiah Brown and all his children were apt and eager to learn, and possessed with retentive memories. One of the daughters had so remarkable a memory that she came to be called "Macaulay." Martin Brown's wife was of Huguenot extraction, her great-grandfather, Abram Seay, having fled from persecution in France, first to England and then to Virginia. Although Mrs. Brown died when her oldest son, Abram, was only eleven years old, the memory of her intelligence, piety, and unusual beauty were with him through life a tender benediction. Her untimely death broke up the family, all the children save Abram going to live with their grandfather, Joseph Seay. Abram remained with his father. The father loved to read and handed down this taste to Abram, who, when grown, said: "My father loved learning and loved me, and so he made many sacrifices to give me educational advantages." The boy read the political addresses of the day and the newspapers, finding in these last his best ideas of the condition of the country from the advertisements. His mother having taught the boy to count and his letters, several teachers helped him through several stages on the road to learning. Concerning these teachers he afterwards wrote: "James B. Davidson . . . so taught me spelling and reading in one year that any im-

*Part of the material for this sketch is derived from Hatcher's "Life of A. B. Brown."

provement since made has been without conscious effort. The next year he imbedded Murray's grammar in my memory for future uses. Edwin T. Ellett, in teaching me Latin in my twelfth year, incidentally utilized my previous acquirements in English, and made me as good a grammarian as I ever became till I was introduced, in middle life, to the more rational and logical methods of Kühner, Greene, and Mulligan. This able and efficient teacher so thoroughly grounded me in the Latin forms and syntax, and so carefully trained me in translation, that subsequent improvement was the easy result of continued practice and increasing mental development." A Frenchman, named Cruiseau, taught him the languages, and as for mathematics at an early age he was the one to whom all the other boys came to have their examples worked. Unfortunately his physical development did not keep pace with that of his mind. It seems that he did not work on the farm. He committed much poetry to memory, he hardly knowing the time when he did not have at his command "The Lady of the Lake." His description of himself, when in his eighteenth year he began to teach, with what we know of his mental grasp, show that his scholars, if they must have one so young, were fortunate in having him. He says: "Having added to my acquirements a little Greek, rather more French, a larger complement of geometry and a meager scantling of other mathematics, I commenced teaching school. . . . Unfortunately I divided my leisure hours between preparation for my classes and the study of law."

While teaching, he boarded in the home of Wm. M. Waller, an Episcopal family. Here he made a profession of religion, joined the Episcopal Church, and took deacon's orders, expecting to preach. Later, through a study of the Bible and Dr. Carson's work on "Baptism," he was led to adopt Baptist views. At this

time, he heard the preaching, at Mount Moriah Church, of Dr. S. B. Rice, who later took part in his ordination. In the session of 1841-42, he entered Washington College, where he "prosecuted with great intensity Greek and mathematics." The session of 1846-47 he spent at the University of Virginia, and speaking of him at that time, John A. Broadus, his fellow-student, afterwards wrote: "In Moral Philosophy I was his classmate. Before the middle of the session it was apparent to me that he was the foremost man of the class. . . . We soon began to see that Mr. Brown greatly relished philosophical subjects. . . . He was singularly exact in expression and at times quite happy. . . . I had occasion to introduce my friend to the ladies of several families. Not then prepossessing in appearance and not so felicitous in the adjustment of apparel as in fitting a word to a thought, he was also embarrassed in company by his constitutional shyness, yet . . . the young ladies saw very soon how uncommonly intelligent he was, how elevated in feeling and tone of character. . . . Before the end of the session I had a great admiration of his mental powers and his sincerity, simplicity, purity, quiet energy, and thorough conscientiousness. He was also very prompt and cordial in appreciation of others, and even his shyness showed no touch of unpleasant self-consciousness." He graduated at the University in the schools of Moral Philosophy, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, taking certificates of proficiency in Geology and Mineralogy.

After leaving the University, first he taught school and did some preaching, and then engaged in missionary work in Lewis County, now a part of West Virginia. While out among these mountains, he was once overtaken, on his way to an appointment, by a snowstorm so severe that he narrowly escaped being frozen to death. Upon asking the lady with whom he boarded

while he was teaching how much his bill was he received this reply: "Mr. Brown you owe me nothing; your influence over my boys has been so helpful to them and so pleasing to me that I feel that I am in debt to you."

His pastoral life began in Halifax and Pittsylvania counties, where his field consisted of the Arbor, Mill Stone, and Ellis Creek churches. Here he met and, in November, married Miss Sallie Wimbish, a sister of Mrs. A. M. Poindexter, Rev. S. G. Mason performing the ceremony, the bride being eighteen years old, and the groom thirty. After a few years in this country field, Mr. Brown accepted an invitation to take charge of the departments of Moral Philosophy and French, at Hollins Institute. Again, at the close of his Hampton pastorate, he went to Hollins to teach, this second time his chair being English Language and Literature. Dr. C. L. Cocke said that the pupils, teachers, and Sunday congregations soon realized that they had in their midst "a genius and a master, a man of eminent gifts and scholarship, of great originality and grasp of both thought and expression. . . . He was indeed a teacher of no ordinary mould. . . . His mind seemed to weary of well-worn ruts and narrow channels of feebler intellects, and reached its conclusions by new and more elevated roads. . . . From leadership in any sphere, however humble, his peculiarly sensitive nature caused him instinctively to shrink; but, whether in the social circle, in public assembly, or the lecture-room, when this reserve was once broken and all restraint removed, words, thoughts, anecdotes, classic allusions, beauty and strength of illustration flowed in smooth, rapid current, charming, edifying, and impressing all so fortunate as to be his hearers."

All though his life the slightest disturbance in the congregation worried him and caused him to lose his self-

control and some say his temper. One incident that occurred while he was at Hollins shows a weakness in this man who had so much that was strong and great. The Enon pastor, Rev. J. A. Davis, had lost one of his children, and Mr. Brown was to preach Sunday morning. He had begun his sermon when some conversation or laughter led him to break off his sermon abruptly, turn and say to Mr. Davis: "You can preach to your people yourself; I will not"; then he rushed from the church. One of the boys met him as he walked rapidly towards the Institute, and not understanding the situation demanded: "What is the matter, Mr. Brown? Are the Yankees coming?" He did not go home, but to a grove to weep over his behavior. The children, who saw him go quite often to this grove, would always say as he passed, walking in that direction: "Mr. Brown is going to pray."

In January, 1857, Mr. Brown left Hollins to become pastor of the church in Hampton. Before his call to this place he had supplied the pulpit one Sunday, and the announcement that "a Brother Brown" would preach had brought together a large congregation. This ordeal was a trying one for Mr. Brown, for the church had had a number of able men for pastors, and he was timid. The winter of 1856-57 is remembered as the coldest ever known in Virginia, and on a cold, dark day, the first Sunday in January, 1857, Mr. Brown began his work in Hampton. Ships and steamers were icebound in the Chesapeake Bay. Communication between Hampton and Norfolk was cut off for two weeks. Several large immigrant ships bound for New York came into Hampton Roads. One of the few persons who could communicate with the Germans aboard these vessels was the pastor of the Hampton Baptist Church. While not fluent in speech, such was his knowledge of German and so great his ability to learn quickly anything to

which he turned his mind, that he was found talking to and interpreting for these foreigners. This delighted his members. At this period the Hampton Church had in its membership a large number of persons of wealth and culture. There was in the town a military academy. The Chesapeake College for young women was also there. In June, 1858, the Baptist General Association of Virginia met with the Hampton Church. During the session of the body there was a beautiful scene, in which the Hampton pastor bore a conspicuous part. Seven young people were baptized in the Chesapeake Bay. More than a thousand persons from all parts of Virginia and from many other states witnessed this burial with Christ. The eloquent Dr. J. L. Burrows made the address of the occasion. Not giving heed to the advance of the incoming tide, when he finished his speech his feet were covered with water.

As illustrating the childlike candor of Mr. Brown, Rev. J. C. Hiden, at that time teaching in the Chesapeake College, tells the following incident: "On a certain Sunday, just after taking his stand to preach, he said: 'I suspect that some of my hearers to-day will think, what I can not but agree with them in thinking, that the discourse is not even up to my usual imperfect standard of preparation. My excuse is that I have been so engaged during the week that I have not given my usual amount of time to the preparation for my pulpit work to-day.' . . . The truth was that Brother Brown had just gotten hold of Randall's 'Life of Jefferson,' . . . and . . . this . . . so took possession of his mind as to cheat him out of his time. . . . A day or two after this apology I was in his study, and pointing to Randall's book, which was lying on his study table, he said: 'There is the fellow that robbed me of my time last week.' "

In November, 1859, Mr. Brown left Hampton to become pastor of the Charlottesville Baptist Church. At

this time the Albemarle Female Institute, manned by an unusually brilliant corps of teachers, with John Hart at its head, added to the fame of Charlottesville as a seat of learning. Not only was Mr. Brown to have University professors and students in his congregation, but he was to succeed John A. Broadus. At the "June Meeting," of 1859, held in Charlottesville, just as Mr. Brown was about to preach, a brother preacher whispered to him: "Do your best. They are thinking about calling you here." This most unfortunate and untimely remark almost ruined the sermon. That which was one of Mr. Brown's most marked gifts may have kept his Charlottesville pastorate, perhaps all his pastorates, from reaching marked success. His was such a master intellect that perhaps most of his sermons were over the heads of his hearers. The distinguished Lewis Minor Coleman, at that time a professor at the University of Virginia, after hearing Mr. Brown for the first time, asked: "Mr. Hiden, who is this man Brown?" Later he remarked: "Mr. Brown has my exact range; he hits me every time." There seems to be difference of opinion as to whether he was a popular preacher; certainly he was a profound thinker and a master of expression in the most classic English. A plain man, a mechanic, a member of his church, remarked: "I hear folks complain that they can not understand Mr. Brown; I believe it is because they know so little about their Bibles." Certainly men like John Hart were charmed with his preaching. Mr. Hart said that he reminded him of Milton. He also said: "When I have tried to set forth with some completeness of discussion, an important doctrine of Christianity, I have been surprised to see with what distinctness the struggle of thought brings up what I at once recognize as a residuum of the teaching of A. B. Brown." Mr. Hart gives other interesting facts about Mr. Brown: "Dr. Brown taught the

Moral Philosophy course in the Institute during the session of 1860-61. . . . Metaphysics was his mind's native element. Women are usually thought to be disinclined to the severe logical process, pertinent to this subject. But Dr. Brown's class caught his enthusiasm. . . . In person A. B. Brown was not handsome. Tall, lean, limber, and singularly given to acute angles in gesticulation, he was yet a remarkable consistency. The ponderous, rugged, and stimulating thoughts he was wont to throw out could never have suited a pulpit Chesterfield. Very soon his hearers felt the subtle harmony that bound up the man and his thoughts into one unique whole—to the integrity of which one part then seemed as essential as another. But a stranger was surely pardonable whose attention was mainly attracted for a time to the sensible rather than the intellectual. . . . I doubt if any man ever heard him make a harsh comment on the sermon of a brother preacher. Occasionally when some one else occupied his pulpit he was ever a patient and interested listener and very commonly almost enthusiastic in commendation—and this sometimes when I was obliged to confess that I had been bored."

Dr. H. H. Harris, who was a student at the University when Mr. Brown was pastor at Charlottesville, tells this incident, which gives clear evidence of what a thinker and student Mr. Brown was. Dr. Harris says: "There was in his congregation a certain University student who was a graduate in the school of Greek, and had pursued a course of post-graduate study. The new pastor . . . sought him out . . . stated that he himself had some little knowledge of Greek, but would like to refresh his acquaintance and get up with any recent advances in philology. The young collegian was highly flattered and readily accepted an invitation to spend an hour at the parsonage every Thursday after-

noon. . . . On the appointed day the student went down with a comfortable sense of his own importance. After a little pleasant bantering as to whether teacher or pupil should begin the recitation the so-called teacher was induced to commence turning the Greek into English. But stop a moment, a question; presently another, and then another. 'Why is this tense used? Why this peculiar position? What is the meaning of this root, and what are its forms in cognate tongues?' . . . Such are examples of the queries which came thick and fast. . . . In less than half an hour . . . the relation of teacher and pupil was entirely reversed. . . . At the end of the hour not more than two dozen lines had been read, but one of the two had learned a great deal."

Dr. Geo. Frederick Holmes, so long a professor in the University of Virginia, and so widely known through his series of "readers," speaks thus of Mr. Brown and his sermons: "I frequently attended the services at his church for the instruction, direction, and consolation derived from his sermons. These were always full of matter, well-considered and suggestive; and were both a guide and a cardiac. The thoughts were abundant, strong, and closely concatenated. There was a novelty as well as a straightforwardness in their presentation which aroused interest and secured acceptance, after careful examination. Unquestionably his discourses were too compact and abstruse to be fully apprehended by an inattentive or unsympathizing audience. Their delivery was awkward and at times grotesque. This impaired their effect on a promiscuous congregation. But the negligence of manner and the disregard of form drew attention to the substance of what was said, and won upon the regards of those who discerned the value of the gem without caring for the setting."

The second time that Mr. Brown gave up his work at Hollins it was to go to the army that he might preach

to the soldiers. He was scarcely physically equal to the hardships of camp life, yet he could not stand aloof in this time of his country's emergency, so his family was sent to Pittsylvania, while he turned to the army and became missionary chaplain to Carter's Artillery Battalion.

At the close of the War, Mr. Brown became once more a country pastor, and, besides, a farmer and a school-teacher. The general poverty all over Virginia and the South and the changed condition of things made such a combination of duties the lot of many a preacher. Mr. Brown was not fitted by physical constitution or previous manner of life to make a good farmer, yet he laid hold of the drudgery even of the farm with a brave hand. Teaching young men was for him far more congenial work, and gradually this as well as the farm work was given up that he might minister to churches near him in the counties of Halifax and Pittsylvania. During the years spent in this section he served as pastor these churches: Mill Stone, Arbor, Ellis Creek, Greenfield, Shockoe, Catawba, and County Line. A lady who heard him preach in 1874, at Greenfield Church, thus describes the occasion: "I had the opportunity long desired of hearing him preach. His subject was the Prodigal Son; his audience an average country congregation. His treatment of his subject was all that could be asked even of him. I could not restrain my tears, and there were few there who could. . . . One would suppose that as a preacher he would not be understood by the mass of the people, and, doubtless, in some of his exalted moments, when the grand reaches of his imagination could scarcely find words even in his vast range of speech, he could not be followed by the majority of his hearers; but, even then, there was always an abundance of thought which could be appropriated by minds of every capacity. So even the plainest of his hearers was pleased and taught, and all knew and valued his worth."

An incident is told which shows how very liberal Mr. Brown was even in the difficult years just after the War. The district association was in session at Black Walnut Church. Mr. Brown had some money which his wife had given him with which to buy a vest. After hearing an impassioned appeal for foreign missions from Dr. A. M. Poindexter he rose and said: "Here is money my wife gave me when I left home to purchase me a vest, but the vest may go and I will do without it, and foreign missions can have it." Soon after the War, Richmond College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in 1884 he received the degree of LL. D., from the University of Tennessee.

It is not surprising that at least once Dr. Brown, in a deep train of thought, forgot where he was and the business in hand. It was at a meeting of the Dan River Association. The brother appointed to preach the introductory sermon was absent. At short notice Dr. Brown was called on to perform this duty. He agreed to do so provided he might have a few moments alone in the woods to collect his thoughts. When he delayed to return some of the brethren went to look for him, thinking that perhaps in the midst of his deep meditation he had lost his way. It proved to be even so. He returned to the church and preached a noble sermon.

In 1871, the General Association met in Petersburg. The State Mission Board confronted a serious crisis, probably the most serious in its history. There was a debt of $5,000, and, in view of the impoverished condition of the country, this was a mountain of difficulty. Various brethren spoke, but discouragement and gloom rested upon the Association. At this juncture Dr. Brown arose and spoke. His speech was epoch making. It saved the day. He showed that Virginia needed the gospel as Virginia Baptists were able to present it. He made a plea for coöperation. One illustration which he

used has been preserved. He declared that the missionaries were at the front, that those of us at the rear should freely give them our support, and then he said: "Mr. President, I suppose that the Battle of Gettysburg decided the fate of the Confederacy. At the time that Pickett's Division made its splendid charge, the angel of history hovered over the scene to write down, *a nation is born*, but the division which was to *support* Pickett's failed to respond, and the broken squadrons of the Northern Army rallied, and plucked from their hands their hard-earned victory; and that angel turned away with tears of iron, and, with a pen of fate, wrote *the lost cause*." The day was saved. Dr. Brown's speech led to a collection which swept away the Board's debt and gave it a new lease on life. At the close of Dr. Brown's speech one of the preachers rushed out of the church exclaiming: "Let me get out. After hearing Brown, I can hear nothing else."

When Dr. J. L. M. Curry resigned his chair at Richmond College to accept the agency of the Peabody Fund, Dr. Brown was elected Professor of English. He accepted the position and filled it with distinguished ability up to his last illness. He was popular both among the students and in the community. He held the affection and respect of the boys, and a brother professor said of him when his work was done: "Both by faculty and students he was the best loved of us all." When it was known that Dr. Brown was to deliver one of the "faculty lectures" the Richmond people never left a vacant seat in the hall. Dr. Chas. H. Ryland, who knew him so well, speaks of some elements of his greatness, and tells a characteristic anecdote: "His wonderful versatility brought all the college to his feet. He was encyclopedic, and many of the 'hard questions' which arose in the multiform relations of student life were referred with entire confidence to him. His

genius was the admiration of the college. . . . His college life was marked by rare equanimity, purity, unselfishness, and beauty. . . . One day as he was borne along by the inspiring theme of his lecture he dropped his spectacles. He picked them up and put them on *upside down.* The effect was irresistible; there was a titter, then a laugh. For the first, and only, time, so far as I have ever heard, the doctor lost his self-possession and dismissed the class. The room was cleared, but no sooner was the hallway reached than the cry arose: 'It will not do! It will not do! Dr. Brown must not think we meant to treat him with disrespect.' Three of the older men were deputed to return at once and explain the cause of their involuntary merriment, and ask the loved professor's pardon. When they went in they found him with a look of indignation upon his usually kindly face. But no sooner had their case been presented than he joined in the laugh, and, patting the three upon their shoulders in the most forgiving way, said: 'It is all right—tell them it is all right!' "

Dr. Ryland well speaks of his knowledge as being encyclopedic. He was a great linguist. Without a teacher he learned German, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Anglo-Saxon, Spanish, and Italian. In his school days he had acquired French, Latin, and Greek. Italian was the last language he learned. Just a few weeks before his death some one saw him reading "Pilgrim's Progress" in Italian. And just a few days before his death Manzoni's great novel, "I Promissi Sposi," was taken to him from the library. He had learned Italian without the use of a dictionary.

Rev. J. B. Williams, who, while a student at Richmond College, boarded in Dr. Brown's family, gives some interesting incidents of him in his home life: "Dr. Brown was one of the most indulgent fathers I ever knew. . . . It was his custom to pray at family worship

for his absent children by name. . . . The hour for worship was always an interesting one. He would read the text in different languages, sometimes Greek, sometimes Hebrew, Latin, or French, and would usually comment on it as he read. . . . The servants always liked him. . . . An old colored woman, who had lived with him a long time, said the reason why 'Marse Abram' never troubled about anything was that his thoughts were 'way up yonder.' It was his custom to read at family worship on Christmas Day Milton's Ode on the Nativity of Christ."

His children thought he had a splendid voice and loved dearly to hear him sing. He used to sing some of Burns' national songs with such pathos that it was impossible to listen to him and not to be melted to tears. One of his favorites was:

> "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
> Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
> Welcome to your gory bed,
> Or to victory," etc.

He always sang in the morning, upon waking, some familiar hymn.

While Dr. Brown was always a frail man, when he came to his last illness he said that he never had had a serious illness, and had never known the day when he could not dress himself. Yet to look at him one would have supposed that he was often ill. He was a victim to constitutional infirmities; he was singularly exempt from ordinary diseases. He was on the streets on Saturday, in his usual health, and the following Friday (November 27, 1885), at 9.20 P. M., he passed away. The funeral took place at Grace Street Baptist Church, where he had held his membership, on Sunday afternoon. It was a terrible day. The rain fell in torrents without ceasing. The streets were flooded with water.

The wind was cutting. Yet a great congregation gathered. Prof. H. H. Harris, assisted by Rev. Dr. C. F. James, conducted the exercises, and the speakers were Rev. Dr. W. E. Hatcher, Rev. Wm. C. Tyree, who represented the students, and Rev. Dr. Wm. D. Thomas. On account of the very inclement weather the burial did not take place until the next day. Then, in the presence of the family and the faculty and students, his body was laid to rest on the College lot in beautiful Hollywood.

With these words from the pen of Dr. Andrew Broaddus, of Caroline, this sketch may well close: "In character and deportment Dr. Brown was the most unassuming man of prominence I ever knew. . . . He never lost the engaging simplicity of childhood, and of him it might be said as truthfully as of any one the writer has ever known, 'Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there in no guile.' It is thought by some, that superior intellectual gifts are usually coupled with a cold heart; that the light of the intellect dazzles but does not warm. If this be generally true . . . Dr. Brown's case certainly formed a marked exception. His heart was as warm as his intellect was brilliant. His hearty grasp of the hand, and his cordial words of greeting furnished an index of his genial, loving nature. A lady of my acquaintance, who is herself adorned with no ordinary attractions of person, manners, mind, and heart, says she always liked to meet Dr. Brown on the street, because instead of bowing or lifting his hat, as he passed on after the manner of most town people, he stopped, and seizing her hand in his cordial grasp he accosted her with a beaming smile and pleasant words of greeting. In intellect and heart, in motive and aim, in character and conduct, Dr. Brown was a man among a thousand."

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